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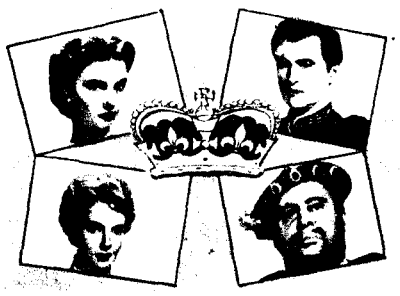
Picture OF THE MONTH

With the Coronation of England's young Queen Elizabeth so much to the fore, our fancy has been fleeting back to that other Elizabethan Age . . . to another Coronation, another England, another Elizabeth who became Queen at the age of 25.



We heartily welcome a radiant motion picture that carries us back to that rich and rowdy day with a reality and a splendor outstripping any picture we can remember.

M-G-M's all-star, Technicolor production of "Young Bess" plunges us heart-deep into the court and times of King Henry the Eighth. We are there when his daughter, Bess the girl, becomes, in the arms of the dashing Tom Seymour, Bess the woman . . . and when Bess the woman becomes Elizabeth the Queen. Margaret Irwin, in her best-selling novel, has drawn a portrait of the illustrious Elizabeth, young and vital, that gives us a new sympathy and understanding of this famed queen.

Young Bess, as Jean Simmons portrays her, is a spirited love-hungry girl. She lives in all-or-nothing days, when love *and* hate took root at first sight, when tempers flared at the drop of a wink, a word, or the blade of the beheading block.

M-G-M waited two years for lovely Jean to play this once-in-a-lifetime role. We feel that she was wonderfully worth waiting for. Her big chance is our good fortune. She's every inch the queen-to-be, every atom the woman-in-love. And her co-stars make a dazzling diadem. Stewart Granger (fresh from "Salome" and "Prisoner of Zenda" triumphs) is brilliant and bold as Admiral Tom Seymour, for whose kisses Bess courts scandal. Their fateful romance flames amid the pomp and pageantry of the Castle Ball, the royal banquets, the mighty English Armada.

As Catherine Parr, Deborah Kerr is as breathtaking as in "Quo Vadis". Charles Laughton (who else?) recreates his Academy Award portrayal of Henry the Eighth. Guy Rolfe ("Ivanhoe's" Prince John) sparkles at the top of a supporting cast fit for a queen. George Sidney, famed for many memorable screen entertainments, directed for Producer Sidney Franklin, who here crowns 40 years of history-making movie-making.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in color by Technicolor "YOUNG BESS" starring JEAN SIMMONS, STEWART GRANGER, DEBORAH KERR and CHARLES LAUGHTON with Kay Walsh, Guy Rolfe, Kathleen Byron, Cecil Kellaway and Leo G. Carroll. Screen play by Jan Lustig and Arthur Wimperis. Based on the novel by Margaret Irwin. Directed by George Sidney. Produced by Sidney Franklin.

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May 30, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

The coin-scale mirror reflects consternation on the part of the blue-eyed blonde as the indicator tells her she weighs 123. That can't be right, she thinks—then remembers she hasn't paid much heed to her diet lately. The revelation is probably worth every cent it cost her.

Week's Mail

Latest Opus

EDITOR: Come, come, where are your spies? Twentieth Century Unlimited is by no means Bruce Bliven's most recent book, as you state in your editorial It Just Ain't Practical (April 11th). I think it was published in 1950. Bliven's Preview for Tomorrow was published just a month or two ago.

ALFRED A. KNOPF, New York, N.Y.

Our apologies to Mr. Bliven and his publisher, Mr. Knopf. We can only say, by way of defense, that editors sometimes get snowed under by the manuscripts on their own desks, and therefore can perhaps be forgiven for missing the appearance of a new manuscript published by someone else.

Thanks from Teachers

EDITOR: I am writing on behalf of the Bishop Jones Methodist Church, Basking Ridge, N.J., and myself to express our sincere appreciation for the very fine pictures appearing in the April 18th issue of Collier's (Sunday-School Teacher).

We do appreciate Eve Arnold's fine pictorial interpretation of the spirit of our church school, and the sensitive and understanding article accompanying the pictures.

ANNE M. FORSMAN,
Basking Ridge, N.J.

. . . We at the Scottdale, Pa., Methodist Church realize, along with you, that Sunday-school teachers do not sit back awaiting tribute. Too often, however, the devoted work of these teachers goes unnoticed even by those who attend their classes regularly.

Congratulations to Collier's for bringing the Sunday-school teachers to the attention of its readers.

C. L. AXTELL, Scottdale, Pa.

Too Many Rules?

EDITOR: How Traffic Lights *Cause* Accidents, by Ben Merson (April 18th), is really great. I never realized before that you could have too many rules. We make everything so complicated that the rules themselves cause more accidents than they prevent.

Every state should hire traffic engineers and give them the power over all roads. The local roads cause as many accidents as the state roads. Just correcting the booby traps in our local roads would save countless accidents, also many lives.

D. R. HARP, Aubrey, Texas

. . . Your article throws considerable light on a subject which concerns us in our effort to improve traffic conditions along the Florida east coast.

Approximately one fourth of the entire length of U.S. Highway 1 is in the state of Florida and one of the objectives of this nonprofit organization is to

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improve traffic conditions along this heavily traveled route. Considerable improvement has been effected during the past few years but we have found in some cases that lack of understanding of the technical problem of traffic safety still exists.

Governor Dan McCarty and the new State Road Department have pledged the completion of the four-laning of this route between Jacksonville and Miami during the next four years and we anticipate that this will greatly improve our situation with regard to safety. As a result of your informative article we have contacted the Automotive Safety Foundation and the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies for further assistance which may be applied to the traffic situation on U.S. 1.

GEORGE I. FULLERTON, President,
East Coast Highway Assn. of Florida,
New Smyrna Beach, Fla.

"A Dear Friend"

EDITOR: I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for printing The Day F.D.R. Died (April 18th).

April 12, 1945, was a day of great sorrow for me also, and a day I will never forget.

Yes, Ruth Stevens, he *was* "a soldier, a great humanitarian and a good neighbor," and so far as I am concerned, the best President we have ever had.

MRS. MARTIN J. PARKER,
Cleveland, Ohio

Watch That Bite

EDITOR: I hope that every legislature in Washington and in the 48 states as well reads John Lear's Is the Russian Bear Putting the Bite on You? (April 18th).

The implications in that article are so important that if action is not taken along the lines suggested, our economic future may topple like a house of cards.

DORIS PATTERSON, Ardmore, Pa.

About Editorials

EDITOR: Congratulations on your two editorials of April 18th (Lay Off, Friends, Lay Off! and No Phony Camaraderie). There is every reason to believe that President Eisenhower is on the right track in cleaning up the Washington mess left by the Truman administration, and in meeting the present-day problems.

As you say, "we cannot expect the remedy in a few weeks or months." It will take much time and the co-operation of all groups. The Taft, Dewey, Southern State-righters and the independents must learn to bury their pet whims and support unitedly the solid programs presented by President Eisenhower, who has said: "There is no longer any room in the Republican party for Eisenhower Republicans, or any other kind of Republicans. We are a team you have elected."

In your second editorial you present three real good reasons in support of the stand taken by Henry Cabot Lodge. He did a kindness and an honor to the American people in his snub of Russia's Mr. Vishinsky. We have already taken more than enough from Mr. Vishinsky.

REV. W. H. HARDAKER,
Baldwin, Mich.

. . . I noticed in your editorial of April 18th that you gave credit for the quotation: "Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies," to the French Marshal de Villars. Should it not, instead, be accounted to Voltaire, who made the remark after several of his friends had made a habit of encroaching upon his hospitality, rather than bother to secure lodgings at an inn? ERALD SHEA, Centerville, Md.

Miss Shea will have to file her objection with the editors of Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, who credit the remark to Marshal de Villars.

Southpaw Drummer

EDITOR: Your March 28th cover is one of the best paintings of a trap-drum set I've seen. However, as any drummer will recognize, there are several errors in the arrangement of the drums. These are:

1. The snare drum is tilted the wrong way. The drummer is left-handed as evidenced by the way he is holding the drumstick in his left hand and the fact he is using his left foot on the bass-drum pedal. Left-handed drummers play with the snare drum tilted from right to left in relation to themselves.

2. There are no spurs on the base drum. It is customary to use spurs on the back rein of the drum to tilt it slightly toward the player. This prevents the drum from sliding and also shortens the length of the bass-pedal stroke.

3. The cowbell is on the wrong side of the bass drum.

A final note: There is a conductor shown prominently in the foreground of the TV jam session. He would be as out of place as a glockenspiel. Jam sessions aren't conducted, man, they're just blown! DONALD BUNIN,
South Charleston, W. Va.

O'Flaherty's Wild Man

EDITOR: I'm writing in appreciation of the distinguished story by Liam O'Flaherty, The Wild Man of County Galway (April 18th). It's hardly a short story—at least not by Frank O'Connor's definition in the Sunday Times Book Review—and it certainly isn't what I expected to find in your magazine, but I salute you for publishing something so unusual.

Stories of this genre make reading Collier's an exciting experience.

MRS. ROY YERGER, Tuckahoe, N.Y.

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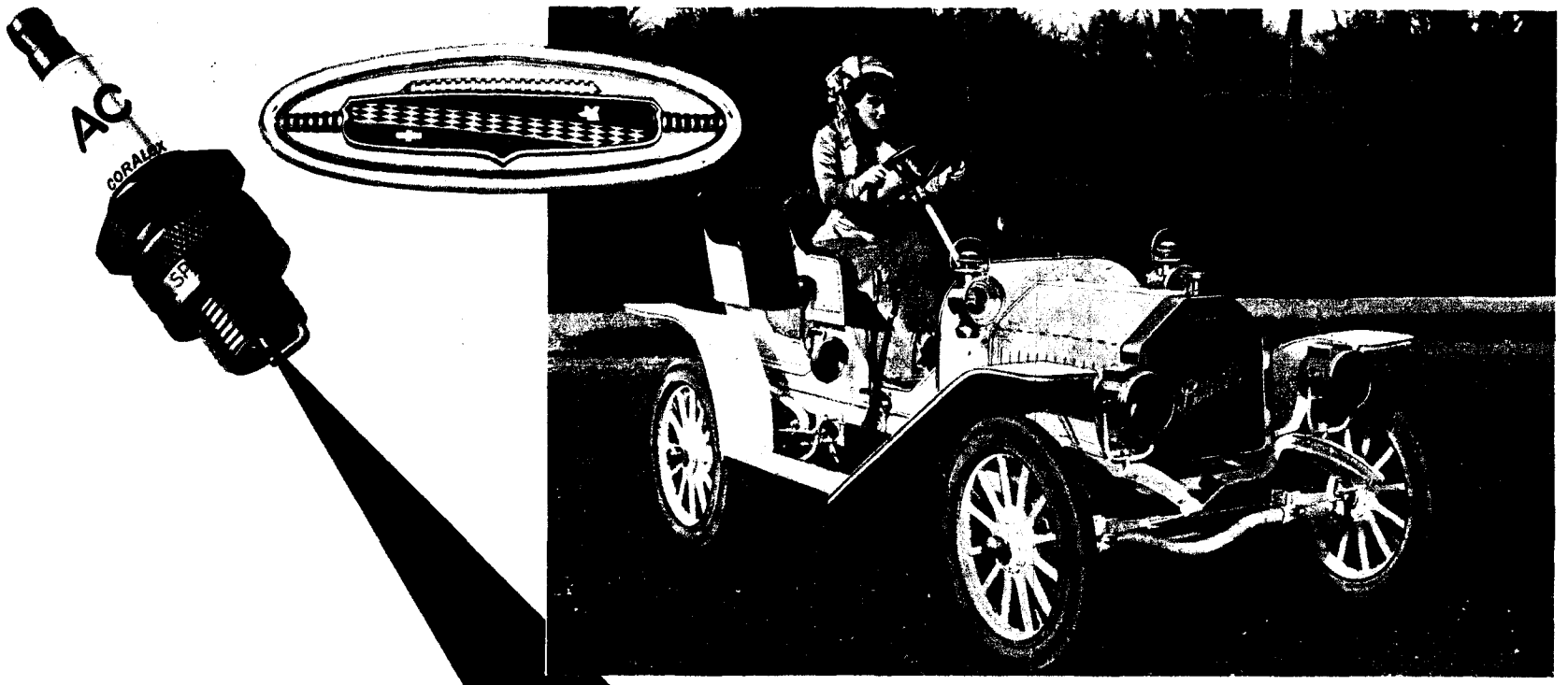

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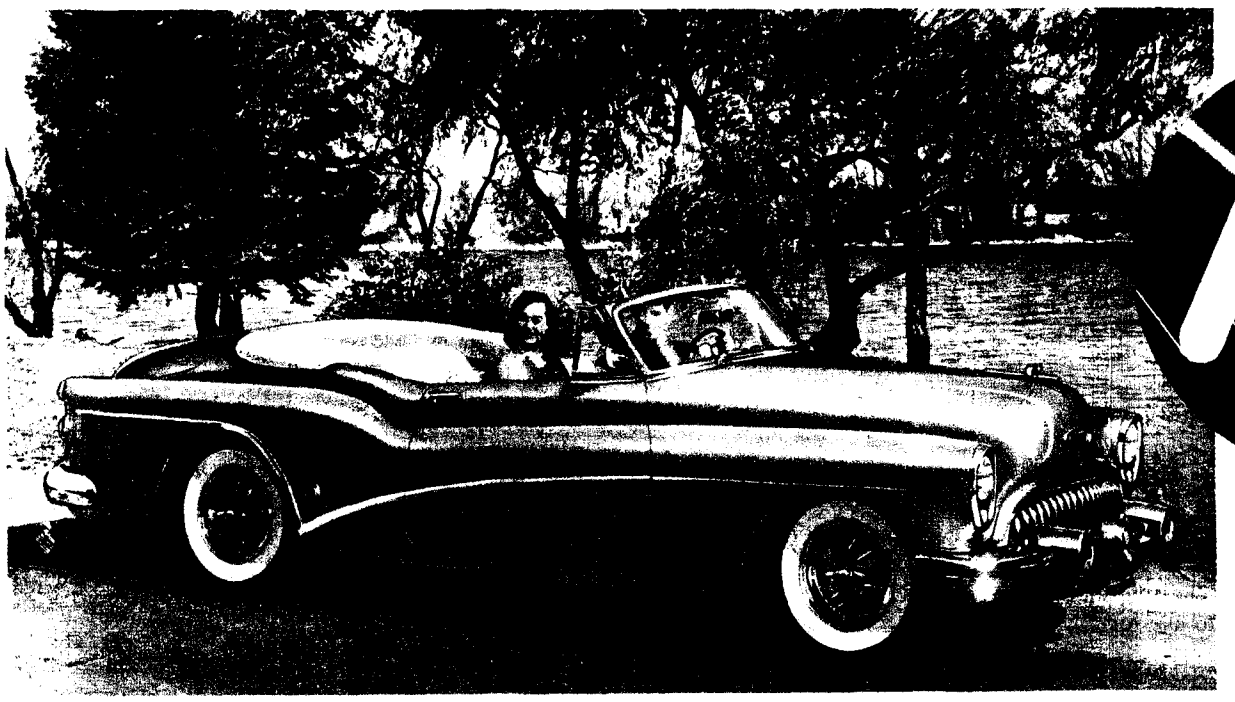

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WIDE WORLD

Deputy Marshal Lil McLaughlin (right) escorts Mrs. Rosenberg to court to hear death sentence

"I TAKE THE GIRLS TO PRISON"

By GLEDHILL CAMERON

Lil McLaughlin, deputy U.S. marshal, finds chocolate cake more useful than a gun when traveling with prisoners. Here's her behind-the-scenes story of atom spy Ethel Rosenberg and other famed defendants

WHAT should a housewife take with her on an overnight trip with a woman smuggler, a thief, a dope peddler, a spy, or a murderess? Should she carry a blackjack? Gun? Handcuffs? Chocolate cake?

Mrs. Lillian McLaughlin, who is a deputy United States marshal as well as a housewife, carries all four. But she finds the cake, preferably gooey, the most useful item of all in her travels about the country taking her unorthodox companions to prison—and, incidentally, while listening to their woman-to-woman confidences.

In 17 years on the job, Mrs. McLaughlin has yet to pull from her handbag either the lead-and-leather blackjack she bought for $1.25 many years ago or her pearl-handled .25-caliber pistol (she finds the regularly issued .38-caliber gun too big).

"Not that I can't use them," she says. "I know how to swing the blackjack and where it should land. As for the gun—well, I shoot best at a moving target! Of the two, though, I favor the blackjack. In a small train compartment a bullet could ricochet, and I'd rather take my chances with a blackjack than a bullet."

The woman deputy frequently doesn't even handcuff her prisoners, and the chocolate cake is one reason why. "When you take along something like cake or fruit—something the girls don't get in prison—they like it and get the idea the trip can be pleasant and friendly. Besides, if I give them the refreshments to carry, I can see what they're doing with their hands."

Lil, as even some of her prisoners come to call her, is one of about 200 women among 1,043 U.S. marshals, chief deputies and deputies in the 94 federal judicial districts. She and six other women deputies are attached to New York's Southern District. But when Lil resigned as secretary to the dean of Fordham University in 1936 to become a deputy, there was only one other woman officer in the district. Lil took the job, she says, because it paid more money and seemed to offer a chance for interesting experiences. She hasn't been disappointed.

New York's Southern District is the busiest

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judicial district in the country, and since she became a deputy Lil has had charge of some of its best-known women defendants—among them, condemned atom spy Ethel Rosenberg, buxom Communist leader Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, government girl Judith Coplon and Nazi agent Johanna Hofmann. She got to know most of them as people rather than headline personalities, to chat with them as one woman to another.

The Agency's Most Important Duty

As an $82.50-a-week deputy United States marshal, Mrs. McLaughlin is a member of the oldest and least publicized federal law-enforcement agency. It was established at the same time as the federal courts in 1789 and once performed all the duties now handled by such agencies as the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Secret Service and the Bureau of Narcotics. Today one of its most important functions is guarding federal prisoners in transit between jails and courts, while on trial, and, if convicted, on the way to the institutions where they will serve their sentences.

At first glance, Lil looks miscast as a deputy marshal. She is only five feet two and weighs 120 pounds, but once was considerably plumper. "I think my size sort of disarms some women prisoners," she chuckles.

On an average day, Mrs. McLaughlin, a devoted wife and mother in her off-duty hours, rises early in her home in the Bronx section of New York City. She breakfasts with her family, then sees her husband, Thomas, a printing salesman, off to work and packs a school lunch for her eight-year-old daughter, Lynn. Although Mrs. McLaughlin's mother lives with her, Lil does most of the cooking and on Friday night does all the marketing on her way home from work.

Family duties out of the way, Mrs. McLaughlin drives to lower Manhattan and her office in the U.S. Courthouse at Foley Square. She spends more than half her working time at her desk, checking and recording writs, summonses, subpoenas, and other court papers. But the rest of the time she is on guard duty. And her travels with federal prisoners, either to deliver them to the prisons where they will serve their terms, to ports for deportation, or to authorities in other federal districts, have taken her over most of the United States.

I went with Mrs. McLaughlin on a routine trip to deliver two prisoners to the Federal Reformatory for Women in Alderson, West Virginia.

We rode by subway from Lil's office at Foley Square to Greenwich Village and, in line with her somewhat unusual methods, stopped off at Balducci's Market. Lil used her own money to buy bananas, tangerines and apples—a change from the chocolate cake she usually takes on such trips. Clutching the paper bag, she crossed Greenwich Avenue as it wedges into Sixth Avenue, and precisely at 5:28 P.M. entered No. 10—New York City's House of Detention for Women.

Lil had a friendly word for the turnkey, the matron, the office clerk and even her two prisoners, glumly waiting. Seven minutes later, necessary papers signed, we were on our way by taxi to Pennsylvania Station to catch the 6:40 P.M. train for Alderson, an overnight trip from New York. For extra safety, a male deputy—Walter Geary, graying and pleasant—accompanied us.

Both the prisoners had been sentenced to a year in prison for stealing government checks from mailboxes. One, whom I'll call Laura, was twenty-five, lithe and nearly five feet nine, with a striking figure and an obviously happy disposition. She hugged a cardboard candy box which contained a rolled-up slip and seven or eight candy bars. The other woman, Mary, was thirty-six, barely five feet tall, rather morose and more nervous than Laura. She had a previous record of arrest (theft and prostitution), and Lil gave her the fruit to carry.

On the way to the station, Lil asked the women what they'd had for supper. "Hash," said Laura. Mary gloomily added: "Hash? That wasn't hash. It was potatoes—potatoes with bread in them." (Number one gripe of women prisoners, says Lil, is the food they get. Number two: the number of physical examinations to which they are subjected.)

It is left to the discretion of the deputies whether to handcuff prisoners, and Geary had shackled the women to each other before we left the House of Detention. At the railroad station, Lil took one woman by the arm while Geary walked behind them. I watched the faces of people we passed, expecting startled looks or comment. It was pathetic the way the prisoners walked protectively shoulder to shoulder, arms stiffly down, trying to hide the handcuffs. But not a single person among the hundreds we passed in the six-o'clock rush turned to stare.

None of Lil's prisoners has ever tried to escape from her custody. In fact, only one woman prisoner has ever escaped in New York's Southern District, and she was recaptured several days later in a drugstore near her home. (Loss of a prisoner means suspension for the deputies involved, and dismissal if the prisoner is not recaptured.)

But Lil took no chances; since the train was not ready, she conducted her prisoners to the office of the stationmaster. Then, when the gates were opened, she quickly walked the two women to the accommodations reserved for them on the train: two bedrooms with the partition between them folded back to form a single compartment. As the prisoners turned their chairs around to make a conversational group, it was clear that they (like most prisoners, according to Lil) bore the deputies no resentment for taking them to jail.

Once we were settled, Geary took the handcuffs off the two women. And by the time we reached Newark, New Jersey, Laura and Mrs. McLaughlin were comparing notes on their daughters, aged six and eight respectively. "My little girl, she's so *smart*," Laura said. "Why, from the time she could hardly walk, she'd climb right out of her crib and come out into the room with us. And if I tell her something now, she'll look at me and say, 'Lu, is *that* right.' (She calls me Lu.) I don't know how they get so smart nowadays."

"Yes, I think children are getting smarter all the time," Lil agreed. "Why, Lynn wants to know everything about my job. She says she's going to be a woman marshal when she grows up." She smiled. "You know how kids are."

Geary, who was quietly reading the evening papers, shared a chocolate bar with Mary, and Lil ate a piece of fruit. Laura finished off her second candy bar and everyone appeared to be relaxing a bit. Mary, whose hands had shaken when she lighted a cigarette back in the railroad station, leaned her head back against the seat and closed her eyes for a few minutes.

Presently Geary stepped into the corridor to smoke a cigar. In fact, he went out to smoke more and more often as the evening wore on and conversation turned to children, clothes, obstetrics and other feminine topics.

Mary was less talkative than Laura. She listened silently for some time while the other two women discussed their daughters, but then she volunteered: "I never had no children. But I've been married twice. As a matter of fact, the only time I was ever out of New York before this I went to Arkansas to meet my husband's people—that was my first husband. I was only nineteen."

"This is my first trip away, too," Laura giggled. "Except for once, I went to Philadelphia with my boy friend to see a prize fight."

Laura asked eagerly about a pregnant woman prisoner, recently moved to Bellevue Hospital from the House of Detention but still under federal guard 24 hours a day. Lil had just completed an eight-hour shift of guard duty at the hospital and gave Laura news of her friend.

"See, she used to be in the bed right next to me," Laura said in explaining her interest in the expectant mother, a bad-check casher. "She used to wake me up at night and say, 'Oooooh, I'm having a pain. Wake up. Talk to me. Talk to me.' I used to say"—Laura's voice was full of mirth—"I used to say, 'Listen, you and *it* go back to sleep so I can get some sleep.' "

Off duty, Mrs. McLaughlin relaxes in Bronx home with her eight-year-old daughter, Lynn

MARTHA HOLMES

When Prisoners Are Hard to Manage

All in all, it was a congenial evening—in marked contrast to some Lil has spent while traveling with other prisoners. When prisoners are depressed, sullen or otherwise difficult, deputies try to get them into bed early. Usually, Lil says, it doesn't take too much urging. "I guess the white sheets look sort of inviting. The girls are tired and, besides, most of them have a lot to think about."

Tonight, however, it was ten-fifteen—pretty late—before Lil asked the porter to make up the berths. The prisoners washed, took off their shoes and climbed into the two upper berths. Geary and Lil locked the two doors of the compartment and took turns napping and sitting up in the lower berths. Nobody slept very well—including me in the next bedroom.

It was a little after 6:00 A.M. when we arrived at Alderson, and only a lone, dim bulb glowed in the cluster of buildings on the single street of the town. No one was in sight as we five—the two prisoners again handcuffed—got off the train and stood shivering in the cold dawn. We looked around us dejectedly, then trooped silently to a dreary station and the warmth of a dusty coal stove. Geary found a telephone and called up the reformatory.

Ten minutes later, a car picked us up. Laura and Mary were silent on the way to the reformatory, especially after we entered the gates of the 500-acre institution. The driver described points of interest—a large house of vaguely English architecture (the warden's home), the Georgian-type cottages where the prisoners live in groups of about 30, the administration building and so on.

Alighting at the reception building, where the prisoners were to be showered, examined, reclothed and quarantined for three weeks, the two deputies exchanged greetings with a smiling woman in horn-rimmed glasses. Important papers were quickly signed, and Lil and Geary said good-

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by to their charges. The two prisoners smiled weakly as we left.

Geary went back to town to a local boarding-house. He'd spend the day reading and sleeping until the next train for New York at eight twenty-four that night. Lil, who has friends at the reformatory, had breakfast in the dining room and then went to sleep in the room of one of the officers. However, in fine weather she often sits out in the sun instead, and on hot days she goes swimming in the pool (used by both officers and inmates).

While walking through the buildings and about the grounds later in the day, she met a number of "old girls" whom she had escorted to the reformatory on previous trips.

Counterfeit Passer Tells of Parole

In the kitchen of one of the cottages, a plump, flat-faced blonde, imprisoned for passing money for a gang of counterfeiters, eagerly called Lil over to say she was going up soon for parole and hoped to return to her family in a small town. "They've been to see me nearly every month, so I'm going back to them," she said with almost tearful pride. And in the laundry, a slim, saturnine girl, in on a narcotics charge, told the woman deputy, "I sure hated to see you go the day you left me here."

Although Lil seems calm about her job, she admits it's a relief to turn over prisoners safely to someone else. Possibly that's why she generally gets her best sleep on the train returning from a trip. "Once I slept 14 hours," she told me. "The porter said, 'I've known people to sleep—but lady, you have the record.' It was an old-style Pullman and I had to walk up the aisle in my nightgown and robe to the ladies' room, past all the other passengers already sitting up. It was embarrassing."

Arriving back in New York early the next morning, Lil went directly to her office and another day's work. She frankly prefers field work, however. She doesn't mind the responsibility or the travel and finds handling prisoners an absorbing job—primarily, she says, because almost all women prisoners want to talk.

"It's human nature, I guess," Lil says. "But we always let them take the initiative. If they want to talk, we listen. If not, we don't ask any questions. Take Ethel Rosenberg, for example. In the eight months she was held pending and during her trial, I saw her almost every day. Naturally, we got to talk quite a bit—but always about everyday things such as clothes, the weather and her two boys, never about her case."

Mrs. Rosenberg and her husband, Julius, were condemned to death in April, 1951, for betraying American atom-bomb secrets to the Russians. "On the day I took Ethel to the federal courthouse to hear the sentence," Lil recalls, "all she talked about in the van going downtown was my hat. She said it was so springlike. It was really cute—red velvet and natural straw—but after all, Ethel was going to hear her death sentence!"

Mrs. Rosenberg didn't blink an eye when the judge ordered her execution, according to Mrs. McLaughlin. "In fact, once she even put out her hand to steady her husband. He wasn't going to faint or anything, but he swayed a little when he heard his sentence."

Down in the detention cell at the courthouse afterward, Lil says, Mrs. Rosenberg sang Goodnight, Irene, an aria from La Bohème and God Bless America. "She had a very pretty voice. I would say it was trained. Later, I asked if she wanted an aspirin or anything and she said, 'No, thanks. I'm all right.' But after a moment she changed her mind and said, 'I think I will have that aspirin after all—just one.' I told her, 'Ethel, if I had your headache, I'd take two at least,' and we both sort of smiled."

Lil regards Mrs. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, sentenced last February to three years in prison for

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

Mrs. McLaughlin says she got cold-shoulder treatment from government girl Judith Coplon (right), whose conviction on spy charge was later reversed by U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals

conspiring to teach and advocate the forcible overthrow of the government, as one of the most friendly prisoners she has guarded. (Mrs. Flynn has appealed her conviction and has been released on bail.) Once during her trial, she stopped Mrs. McLaughlin on the street and complimented her on the outfit she was wearing. On another occasion, Lil recalls, someone remarked to the Communist leader that one of the girls involved in a recent vice trial was really beautiful, "the beautiful-but-dumb type, though." Motherly-looking Mrs. Flynn dryly commented: "Since when do you need an IQ to be in her kind of trouble?"

Hairdresser Accused as German Spy

Another co-operative prisoner, Mrs. McLaughlin says, was Johanna Hofmann, a hairdresser aboard the old German liner Europa, who was arrested as a German spy a year and a half before the outbreak of World War II.

"Johanna was really a beautiful woman," Lil says; "auburn-haired, handsome and very, very pleasant. She was wonderful with her hands, too. She tried to teach me how to knit and knitted sweaters, scarves and socks for all the correction officers at the jail. She finally was exchanged for Etta Shiber, the American woman who wrote Paris Underground and had been arrested in France by the Nazis."

One of her most hostile charges, Mrs. McLaughlin says, was Judith Coplon. A political analyst in the U.S. Department of Justice, Miss Coplon was convicted in March, 1950, of attempting to hand secret government documents to a Russian employee of the United Nations in New York and was sentenced to 15 years in prison. The conviction later was reversed by the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

"Miss Coplon was cold and arrogant," Lil recalls. "While I was escorting her to the courtroom and back to jail, she was always trying to shrug off my hand. And we had only as much conversation as was absolutely necessary."

The largest number—nearly 40 per cent—of prisoners Lil guards are narcotics violators, and she takes many of them to the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky. "They're the really difficult ones," she says. "They're in a different class from other prisoners—really in a world of their own. Sure, sometimes they say they'll die if they don't get a shot, but they always arrive standing up."

The next largest group comprises those arrested for mail theft; some $2,500,000 worth of government checks were stolen last year in the New York Southern District. "They're young women usually and most often work with a man accomplice," Lil explains. "He steals the checks and the girl cashes them. It's easier, of course, for a woman to cash a serviceman's dependency check, a relief check or that sort of thing."

But of all the prisoners she has traveled with, Mrs. McLaughlin says she finds those in Mann Act cases—involving the transportation of women across state lines for immoral purposes—the easiest to guard and the most talkative. There's a glint of Irish humor in Lil's eye as she explains: "I guess they're more used to meeting people. More social-minded, you might say." ▲▲▲

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Under the Burning Sky

By H. A. DEROSSO

Beginning a new, two-part Western story . . . U.S. Marshal Burt Grayson didn't know who the train robbers were, and everyone in Blue Hat wanted to keep him from finding out. If they had to, they'd kill to stop him

I

GRAYSON reined in the steeldust on top of the rise and hooked a long leg about the saddle horn. He got out tobacco and papers and, while he rolled a cigarette, his narrowed eyes studied the land ahead of him.

This was arid country. Rain, when it came, was usually in cloudbursts that filled the arroyos with raging torrents for a little while, and then the water disappeared and the arroyos were dry and not a drop of moisture remained in the parched ground. Under circumstances like these, sage and mesquite and greasewood and cactus all flourished, for they seemed to thrive on aridity, but little else grew. The sage-dotted hills hunkered lonesomely and the mountain crests reared up bleak and barren, all giving an impression of hostility and desolation under the burning sky.

Yet men—some of them because they were foolish and some because they were gamblers and some because they were homeless—had settled in this land. They left their marks in the glittering stretches of barbwire, and in their houses and barns and sheds that seemed to shrivel beneath the heat of the sun, and in the brave thrust of their windmill towers. It was a harsh and meager existence, yet some of these men loved this country and would not have exchanged it for the greenest, lushest spot in the world.

Here, as wherever else men settled, they brought with them their joys and their sorrows, their hopes and their despairs, their goodness and their wickedness. It was because of men's wickedness that Burt Grayson had come into this country.

Grayson was twenty-nine years old, and in that time he had come into contact with quite a large amount of iniquity, for his job had to do with the badness in men, so that he had acquired a hard shell of cynicism. He knew there was good in many men, but that all men had their weaknesses and failings. Yet Grayson never lost his faith in man. Like all lonely men, Grayson was a dreamer, and if there was nothing good to dream about, then a man might just as well be dead.

He sat in his saddle, smoking thoughtfully, consuming the cigarette down to the tiniest butt before pinching it out and tossing it away. The buildings of Twin Hearts seemed to dance and shimmer in the heat waves, and Grayson studied them carefully. A strange reluctance gripped him, but it was like this for him with the beginning of every job. He supposed it was because he did not yet know what particular brand of rottenness he would probe into this time.

With a shrug of irritation and impatience, Grayson took his leg from around the saddle horn and put his foot in the stirrup. He touched the steeldust gently with a spur, and the horse moved on.

As the figure whirled, Grayson lunged, one hand grabbing the rifle by its barrel and twisting it aside; then he was staring into the startled, contorted face of Anita Flores

The buildings ahead appeared deserted. Nothing moved about them. There was a hot wind, and the windmill clanked creakingly as it pumped water. This was the only sound. Grayson looked about him, intrigued by the name of the place and the brand—Twin Hearts. It denoted someone with romantic leanings, which was not exactly in keeping with a business that included castration and the burning of living flesh with a hot iron. However, every man had a right to choose a brand that suited him, Grayson thought.

The buildings were not only sun-blasted; they appeared run-down, as if whoever owned them no longer cared. Remembering what he knew about a former resident of Twin Hearts, Grayson could understand. Sometimes the death of a loved one tore the will and the heart out of a man—or a woman.

Grayson glanced again at the house, and this time he saw a girl standing there. She had come out of the door, and now she stood bareheaded, the wind making a tangled disorder of her hair.

Grayson dismounted and started toward her, leaving his horse to drink. He realized that his was a rather forbidding appearance. He was very tall, standing all of six foot four, and he walked with the slight slouch that most extremely tall men have. His hair was black, and he also affected a black mustache that drooped down around the corners of his wide mouth. His nose was prominent and hooked, and he had high cheekbones that produced a permanent squint in his brown eyes. It made him seem like he was forever gazing off into the vast distances. He was wearing a black, wide-brimmed hat and a checked cotton shirt and black trousers tucked into the tops of plain black riding boots. The only gaudy thing about him was the pair of large-roweled, silver-plated Mexican spurs. The sun kept winking off these, and off the badge pinned to Grayson's shirt.

He came to a halt, and he touched his hat and said to the girl, "Are you Anita Flores?"

THE girl was staring at him with suspicious eyes. She seemed tense and apprehensive. Her glance darted once to the badge on Grayson's shirt, and he thought he saw a look of utter hate in her eyes. Then she was studying his face again.

She gave no indication that she had heard him. She just went on staring at him with that cool hostility, a tall, dark girl with long, black hair swirling about her face. She was obviously of Spanish extraction. Her face was round, and the lips were full and the color of ocotillo blossoms in bloom. Sun and wind had darkened her skin beyond its natural olive tint. Beneath the plaid blouse appeared the sharp, firm thrust of her breasts. She was wearing a divided riding skirt, and around her waist she had a belt studded with silver conchas that reflected the sun brightly.

When she did not speak, Grayson said, "Are you the sister of Ben Flores?"

She nodded.

"I'm Burt Grayson," he said, "U.S. marshal for this territory. I'm investigating the Border Pacific holdup at La Fuente."

A shadow passed through her eyes, like the reflection of some unpleasantness, but it was quickly gone, and the only emotion she indicated was a slight, angry tightening of her lips. She said nothing.

Grayson found it difficult to continue. She looked cold and hostile standing there, and though he could appreciate the bond that must have existed between her and her brother, he had his job to do. So he said, "I'd like to know if you've got any idea who your brother's side-kicks were."

He thought he caught a glimmer of defiance and scorn in her glance. She shook her head.

"Who were your brother's closest friends?"

She finally spoke. "I'm not telling you anything." Her voice was low and cool.

Grayson sighed. "I wish you'd co-operate," he said. "You can't hurt your brother any more. He was killed during the holdup, and we have nothing to go on. His pals all made clean getaways. Wouldn't you like to see them caught?"

"I have my own ideas about that."

HE PAUSED, puzzled by her attitude. She did not look like the kind to have been involved in the matter along with her brother. But of course appearances could be deceiving, as Grayson had learned on other occasions. He could not see where loyalty would enter since her brother was dead, although someone else dear to her could also have been a member of the bandit gang. Grayson had not thought of this before.

"I wish you'd tell me," he said quietly. "I can find out about your brother's friends from other sources, but I'd rather get it from you. You know how people twist things."

Her face paled a little. "You don't think very highly of the kind of man my brother was, do you?" she said.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Anybody who was my brother's friend is automatically a member of that holdup gang. Isn't that what you're driving at?"

"You're assuming too much," said Grayson. "I don't mean that at all. Whoever was in the holdup with your brother was obviously an acquaintance of his. I doubt very much that he'd have thrown in with a bunch of strangers." He looked at her keenly. "Don't you have any idea who your brother's partners were?"

"If I have, I'm not telling you!"

"Why?"

"I don't have to explain anything to you."

"Look, Miss Flores," he said, starting to feel a little exasperated. "I'm only working at my job. The bandits in that holdup made off with a bullion shipment for the mint in Denver worth close to a quarter of a million dollars. There was an express messenger killed as well as your brother. I'm going to find those bandits, and I'm going to recover that bullion."

(Continued on page 52)

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

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Safety Gadgets—They're

By LT. GEN. JAMES H. DOOLITTLE, USAFR

Sure, extra equipment weighs down our airplanes and sends costs skyrocketing. But where would we be without it? A great military flier, answering critics, says U.S. pilots in Korea saved the day with gadgets—some of them fully revealed here for the first time. And more exciting projects lie ahead

The author (l.) examines new radar gun sight with J. H. (Dutch) Kindelberger, chairman of North American Aviation, Inc. Gun sight is among Air Force's latest complicated gadgets

Last March 21st, Collier's presented in an article the views of some Air Force pilots who felt that their planes were hampered in combat by excessive equipment. Here's a rebuttal from one of our most renowned air generals, leader of the first air raid on Tokyo and later Eighth Air Force commander in World War II, now a vice-president of Shell Oil Co. and special assistant to Gen. Vandenberg, Chief of Staff for Air

THE time has come to examine our accomplishments in the air over Korea. The record is impressive—more impressive than most people realize. By stopping the Reds in the air from the very start, our pilots protected UN ground forces from merciless air attack. They kept our casualty figures from skyrocketing, and our military position from becoming precarious, if not downright impossible. History may show that they prevented a critical shift in the balance of power between the free world and aggressive Communism.

And the great untold story of this tremendous air victory is the part played by our arsenal of modern aircraft devices—many of them, until now, in the secret-weapon category.

We have seen history's first battles between jets: a handful of Americans flying the F-86 fighter, opposed by four times as many Communists—definitely including white men—flying the Russian-built MIG-15. Up to mid-1952, statistics show that eight MIGs have been downed for every American plane lost. Since that time the score has been thirteen to one.

This record has been established despite conditions which greatly favored the enemy: superior numbers of planes, the advantage of fighting close to his own bases, and immunity from attack on his home grounds, beyond the Yalu River. How can we explain our high margin of victory?

The superiority of our pilots is a big reason, of course; the men who held the air over Korea when the going was toughest were battle-seasoned veterans of World War II. But since mid-1952, after most of those "old men" had returned to the States, the youngsters who replaced them, fresh out of flying school, have done as well—or better.

Equipment made the difference: those same gadgets which have been criticized so often by the men who use them. In effect, we replaced combat experience with gadgets. In doing so, we further complicated an already complex flying machine. Naturally, some men complained. ("A guy doesn't get into a jet fighter," they joked. "He puts it on.") It isn't hard to understand their objections.

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Helping Our Fighter Pilots

Suppose you're a fighter pilot going out on a combat mission. You are packed into the cockpit with an uncomfortable, tight-fitting G suit to protect you from extreme accelerations. You are loaded down with heavy clothing, a bulky crash helmet, an oxygen mask, a parachute. In front of you are about 100 controls, plus 24 other instruments, plus a dozen or so warning lights. Crowded into the fuselage is electrical and electronic gear as complex as the circuits of a city power system. Wrapped around you is a maze of hydraulic lines, fuel lines, cooling and heating ducts, oxygen lines. There are gadgets to help you breathe, to create the right amount of artificial atmospheric pressure, to cool and warm your body, to insure your survival in an emergency; and more gadgets to control your plane automatically, simply because your senses are not acute enough nor your reactions fast enough to guide it with accuracy.

Your mission is to find an enemy airplane and, if possible, shoot it out of the sky. If you're an old-timer, you are inclined to sneak up on the tail of your opponent, as you did over Europe or the Pacific, and give him the works. But you are flying twice as fast as you did in World War II; at extreme altitude your plane is likely to get wobbly and unstable—which makes for bad shooting—and, worse, it may not pull out of a dive so easily as the slower planes of World War II.

A Secret Control Device

Now comes the first of the secret gadgets—a device called the "irreversible high-pressure dynamic-control system." It's something like powered steering in an automobile; without it you had to keep both hands on the control stick at high speeds—now one hand can do the job.

The MIGs apparently lack powered controls: judging from Korea, enemy pilots don't make the most of their gunnery, and in tight maneuvers sometimes go out of control and crash (as a result, several of our pilots are credited with downing planes on which they didn't score a hit).

Powered controls help outmaneuver an enemy; how about shooting him down?

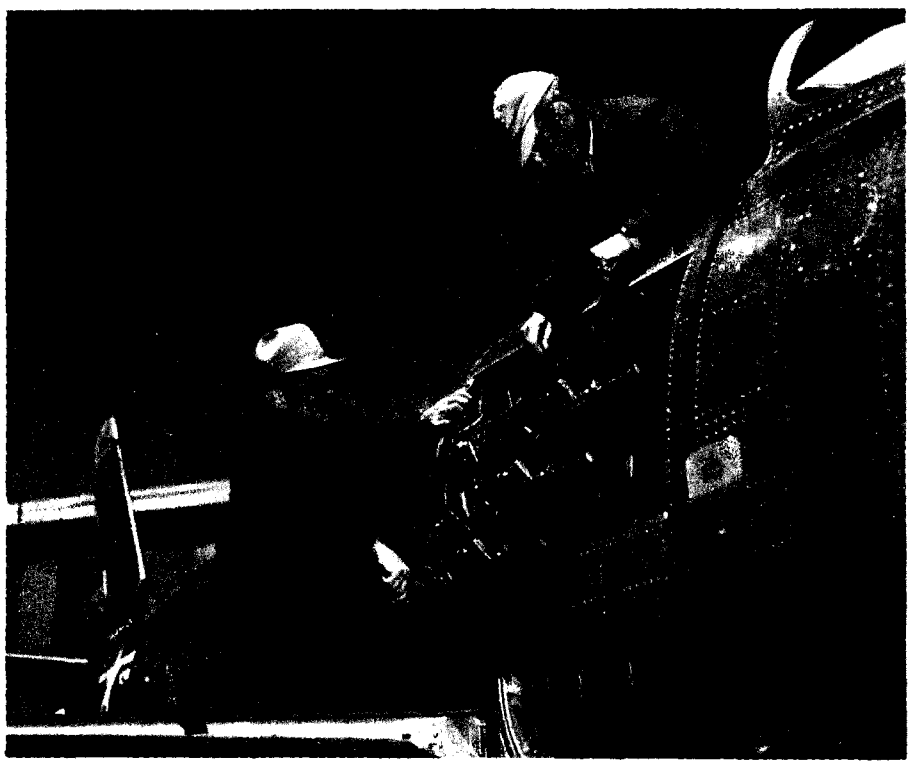
That's the job of another secret weapon, the A-1CM radar gun sight. The A-1CM is one of the principal reasons for our 13-to-1 advantage in MIG Alley, and its story can now be told in some detail for the first time.

In jet combat you are chasing a small and elusive speck in a very large sky, and you have only seconds to shoot at it. You are traveling ten miles per minute, twisting and turning; your senses can't measure the speed and range of the target, or the angles involved in hitting it—and even if they could, you lack time for the necessary calculations.

The new gun sight does it for you. Its gyroscopes measure the angular rate of turn of the enemy fighter. An electronic computer figures the speed of the bullets and the effect of gravity on their flight path, and—using radar information—determines the angle of fire necessary to intercept the speeding target. The radar equipment tells the pilot when he is within effective firing range. The pilot watches an illuminated circle and dot reflected on the windshield of his cockpit. When circle and dot are in the right position, superimposed on the target, he fires.

Suppose it's cloudy. The gun sight tracks the enemy through the clouds; if the pilot can get one glimpse of his target, just long enough to line it up with the dot and circle, he can fire away.

The A-1CM gun sight is a wonderful device, but when it was introduced into combat in Korea most of the pilots didn't like it—and for good reason. Spare parts and test equipment weren't on hand. Neither were the technicians required to maintain the sight. Rough landings at forward airfields played hob with the delicate alignment of guns and gun sight. Few of the pilots had been trained to use the new equipment and, quite naturally, they were suspicious of it. The A-1CM was labeled too complex.



Doolittle watches as electrical inspector Charles Corner checks F-86 guns. They're heavy, but vital

But as maintenance improved and the reliability of the gun sight increased, younger pilots trained in its use at our gunnery schools became jet aces. The gun sight gradually gained the confidence of our pilots, and the mounting box score in MIG Alley spelled out the results.

The complexity of new equipment has plagued military airmen since the time of the Wright Brothers. In 1908, Orville and Wilbur Wright not only had to produce a 40-mile-per-hour flying machine, but had to equip it with gadgets so it could be taken apart and fitted into a horse-drawn Army wagon. Throughout World War I, our pilots flew without parachutes; when General Billy Mitchell attempted to introduce them, his own fliers (I was one) turned the chutes down as an unwarranted nuisance. I feel very kindly toward parachutes now: they have saved my life three times.

Complexity in aircraft increased rapidly between the wars. Retractable landing gears, landing flaps and controllable-pitch propellers, now standard equipment for modern aircraft, were so complicated, heavy, costly and unreliable at first that many experts opposed their use. The reversible-pitch propeller, used to slow up planes after the wheels touch the runway in landing, has proved its value. But when it was first tested, by the late General Muir Fairchild in 1922, the propeller accidentally reversed in flight; the plane crashed, and Fairchild suffered minor injuries. This "complexity accident" retarded the development of reversible-pitch propellers for at least 25 years.

Obviously, there may be times when both the pilot and the plane maker are right in objecting to new devices. There *is* no excuse for complicated, heavy, expensive gadgets which provide only trivial benefits. But equipment which does an important job may be justified despite numerous disadvantages. The trick is to weigh the good against the bad, to decide what is essential and what isn't, to determine when the advantages outweigh the disadvantages.

What do we eliminate from our combat aircraft? It has been argued that we could do away with wing deicing systems, presumably because little ice is encountered at high altitudes. But planes sometimes pass through icing areas before attaining altitude, picking up enough ice to spoil the lifting characteristic of the wings. Perhaps as our aircraft get faster we can dispense with deicers (extreme speeds will create enough frictional heat to prevent icing) but right now, no.

Too Good to be Discarded

Could we get rid of some radio navigational aids? That, too, has been suggested. But these aids increase our ability to navigate in bad weather, which more than compensates for their weight.

We might eliminate automatic temperature-control equipment, it is said. But our aircrews must function from treetop level to 45,000-foot altitude or higher, a requirement which imposes swift, drastic variations in cockpit temperature. Such temperature changes can reduce efficiency so sharply that both the expensive flying machine and the men aboard it are endangered.

Emergency fuel pumps also have been questioned, but so long as the operation of our aircraft depends on fuel they would seem to be a worthy investment. I recall the plight of Les Arnold on the Army's round-the-world flight in 1926. After his mechanical fuel pump failed, Les hand-pumped the fuel to the engines for several hundred miles over the North Atlantic, a backbreaking task—and an impossible one in combat.

Armament weight? True, our .50-caliber gun is heavier than we like; but it is the best we have right now, and of the guns available it provides the most effective firepower per pound.

Again, we have been told that we could eliminate self-sealing fuel tanks in our jet aircraft, since jets

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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Discussing complexity problems with veteran pilots. L. to r., Lt. Col. William F. Barns, Gen. Doolittle, test pilot J. O. Roberts, Maj. Theodore S. Coberly. Coberly and Roberts, a former major, flew in Korea. Some vets of MIG combat have objected that American planes have too much equipment, but Pentagon discussions indicate they hesitate to make changes

burn a "low inflammable fuel." Crash tests prove, however, that when conditions are right any fuel will explode. The weight reduction, in my opinion, just isn't worth the risk.

There is one suggestion for a saving in weight—the elimination of some armor plate—which we're studying closely, although the protective plate in some of our latest aircraft is lighter than it was in World War II planes.

Opinions Differ About Armor Plate

Some of our F-86 pilots back from Korea have recommended doing away with armor plate in front of the pilot. That's a good example of what we are up against in this aircraft complexity problem: in combat between fighter planes the pilot is rarely vulnerable in front; but we have to be prepared for the possibility of bombing attacks, too—and an enemy bomber's flexible guns will pose their main threat to the front of an attacking fighter. Ground fire may strike head on, too. What do we do? Build special ground-attack and bomber-interceptor planes, at great expense? Or, at a relatively slight increase in weight, adapt one plane to all three jobs?

This last is the course we've chosen, and I think it's a wise one; Russia would achieve a major victory if we permitted the MIG-15 to standardize our fighter aircraft.

Gadgetry has given us far more effective planes, on the whole—but hasn't it raised costs excessively? The B-25 medium bomber of World War II cost $150,000; today's B-47 medium bomber, $2,145,000. The B-29, our most modern heavy bomber of World War II, cost $650,000; the B-36, our standard heavy bomber for the next few years, $3,500,000. The B-36 engines cost as much as the entire B-29, and the gunnery equipment in the B-47 is more than twice as expensive as the entire B-25.

There's no denying that planes are getting more complicated and more expensive. But where shall we save? Russia's planes are improved, too. Ours have got to be better—and that costs money. Sometimes you pay dearly for only a few extra miles per hour in a combat plane; whatever you pay, if it gives you the desired advantage over the enemy, the price is worth it. Under atomic attack, a sure-fire defense against a large fleet of invading bombers would be worth virtually any price. The alternative might be annihilation, at which point a balanced national budget would be slim consolation indeed.

Defense against invading bombers is only one Air Force mission. The Air Force must also be able to deal devastating retaliatory blows, to maintain air superiority anywhere in the world, and to support surface operations. To do all this, it must have interceptor fighters with relatively better performance than enemy bombers. It must have bombers with relatively better performance than enemy fighters. It must have fighters capable of clearing the air of enemy fighters, and it must have special-mission aircraft of various types.

The Air Force, in short, must have planes which can operate effectively day and night in a variety of missions, in all kinds of weather, and in all parts of the world from the equator to the poles.

The requirements today are much tougher than any we've known before—and new military requirements inevitably breed complexity. For example, we started World War II with the much-publicized Norden bombsight. It weighed only 75 pounds and cost $5,000; it had no vacuum tubes, and was not difficult to maintain. A complicated and secret weapon in its time, the Norden bombsight is simple and inexpensive by today's standards. More important, it doesn't meet today's requirements. It permitted precision bombing only by daylight, and only when the bombardier could see the target. It required a long, straight bomb run—a drawback which made our bombers easier targets.

The first electronic bombsight was introduced in 1943. It weighed about 600 pounds and contained 200 vacuum tubes, thus presenting a new type of maintenance problem. Its radar permitted, for the first time, precision bombing at night and through overcast skies. Although it had the potential ability to revolutionize air warfare, this gadget was generally opposed by our aircrews—understandably: it had several operational limitations, most of which have since been overcome.

Radar Bombsight Effective on D Day

This bombsight was a key instrument in the invasion of Western Europe. Our planners wanted pattern bombing of the beaches to neutralize enemy defenses minutes before our D-day landings. The mission was assigned to the Eighth Air Force, of which I was the commander. Our B-17s and B-24s carried out their orders—through an overcast which kept our aircrews from seeing the landing beaches or landing forces. I was flying a P-38 under the overcast as the first landings were made. We did the job—largely because of this radar bombsight.

In Korea, our B-29s, besides knocking out strategic targets with daylight bombing, became employed as tactical bombers against enemy troops and equipment, including the network of airfields which the enemy frantically sought to establish south of the Yalu River. If these airfields in North Korea could be maintained, they would give enemy jets added range to oppose our F-86s and attack our ground troops, and might very well tip the balance of power. The B-29s went after the airfields in daylight and found that the faster enemy jet fighters caused unacceptable losses. It became necessary to bomb the airfields at night, when the MIGs were relatively ineffective. We did, successfully, largely because of several complex, heavy and costly electronic devices in the B-29, including a radar bombsight.

These gadgets paid dividends in Korea which, by normal business standards, are tremendous. They protected our heavy investment in expensive B-29s and their crews, and they protected our heavy investment in ground equipment and ground troops.

Meanwhile, we have progressed in our bombsight development to the K-1 system, long a secret. This radar bombsight weighs 1,700 pounds, contains 365 vacuum tubes and costs $200,000. It links automatic sighting with automatic navigation, and permits high-speed bombing at night and through overcast skies at 35,000 feet with greater accuracy than did the Norden bombsight in broad daylight at lower speeds and at only half that altitude. Moreover, the K-1 permits these performance advantages without the dangerous straight and level bomb run.

The K-1, a complex gadget you probably have heard very little about, has stood between war and peace in the critical years since 1945; it has made possible the free world's long-range atomic striking power which Winston Churchill has credited with preventing World War III.

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—and, at the same time, are planning planes so gadget-loaded they won't need pilots

In gaining the advantage of equipment like the K-1, we have had to make an important sacrifice: weight. And the actual poundage of the gadgets is only a small part of their total cost in weight. For every basic piece of equipment we add to a plane we must also add wing area, engine power and fuel load to sustain the weight, and new structures to accommodate the changes. Extra weight means extra cost—about $40 per pound. Our A-1CM radar gun sight weighs 250 pounds and costs $9,600—but adds many more pounds to the gross weight of the aircraft and hence many more dollars to its cost.

Other Factors in Weight of Aircraft

As you can see, many things besides gadgets contribute to aircraft weight. The B-17 of World War II carried 18,000 pounds of fuel; the B-36 carries 180,000 pounds. There are structural problems which add pounds, too. The F-51 fighter of World War II vintage has a wing with the conventional thin skin. The wing of the F-86H requires a very thick skin.

This stronger wing is required to cope with modern high speeds, great stresses and added weight. The wing structure itself is highly complex. As a result, the wing of the F-86 costs three times that of the F-51.

The USAF Air Research and Development Command, aided by combat-experienced personnel just back from Korea, is doing everything possible to reduce both the weight and the complexity of our planes. Under Lieutenant General E. E. Partridge —himself a World War II combat leader and former commanding general of the Fifth Air Force in Korea—this command is not only developing new, essential equipment, but is also studying ways to make existing equipment simpler, lighter, cheaper, more reliable and easier to produce, maintain and operate.

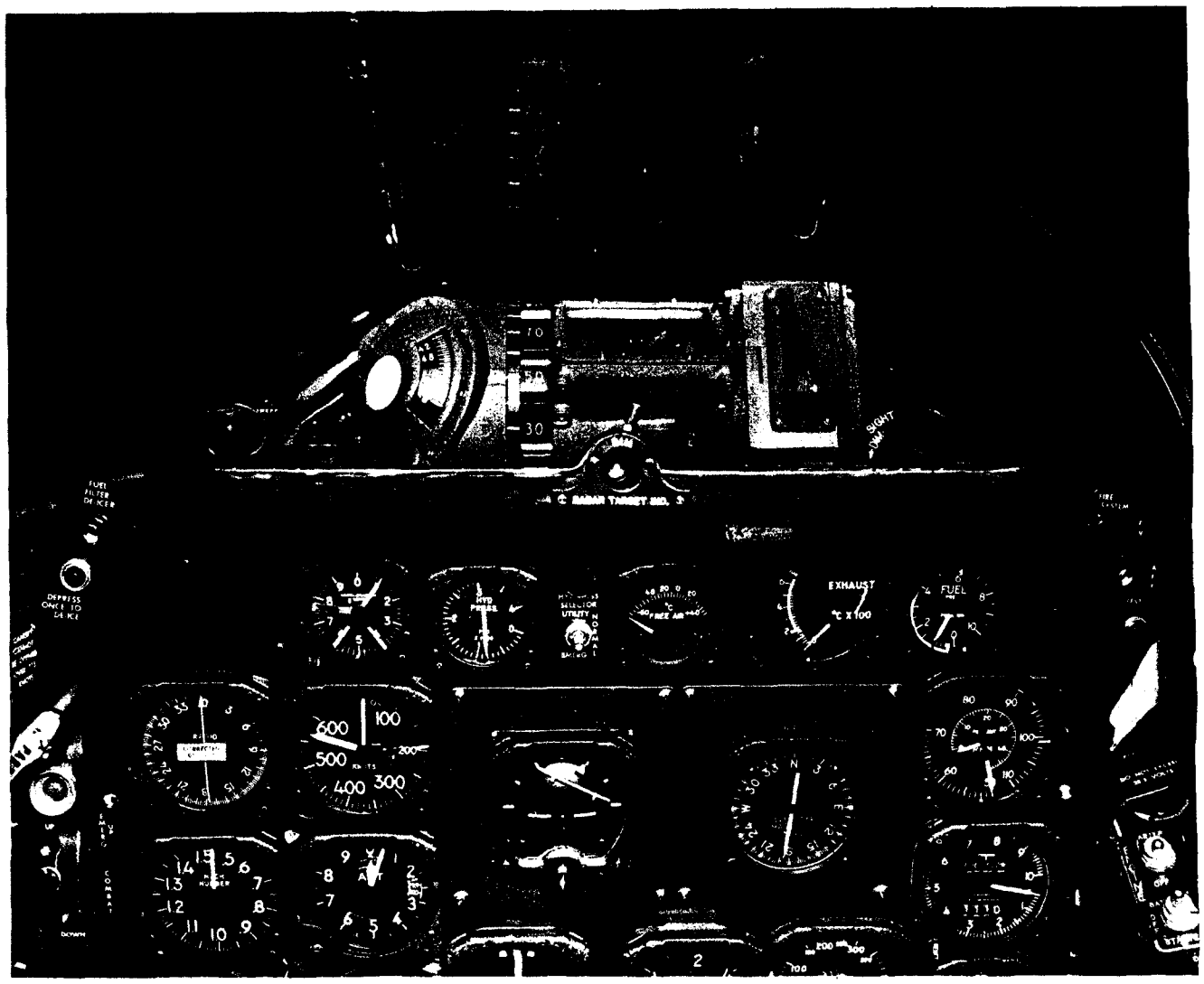
One promising approach is the use of transistors to replace vacuum tubes. The transistor, a droplet of rare metal the size of a match head, will eventually permit a reduction of more than 90 per cent in the over-all weight of electronic equipment in a plane, and will greatly increase the reliability of the equipment. You can see its importance when you realize that an airplane like the B-36 contains more than 2,000 vacuum tubes. Another possibility which is being investigated is the use of lighter and stronger structural materials, such as titanium and magnesium alloys, in our planes.

Entirely new types of aircraft may be another answer to the complexity problem. The Air Force is considering the use of so-called light-and-simple aircraft for the "easy" jobs of air warfare. There are times when the weather is clear, the sun is shining brightly, and the military job is fairly simple. For these occasions, it would be desirable to have a lighter, cheaper, less complicated airplane on hand in large numbers. Its performance might be superior under such optimum conditions, and—since it would cost only about one third as much as an all-weather fighter—we could put many times more airplanes into the fight on a given day. Two types are under consideration: a stripped-down version of the conventional day fighter, and a midget-sized plane, simple in the extreme, for close support of ground troops.

There is a pitfall in this search for simplification which we must avoid at all costs: we must not let the problems of complexity and weight bog down our development program.

New, exciting projects are in the works. Some of them call for complicated machines, but they will be well worth having. The final result will be an air weapon so stocked with gadgets that the human pilot won't be needed at all.

While these weapons are being developed, we must have something better than we have today, and its nature is indicated in the F-102 fighter now being built for the Air Force by Consolidated Vultee. Sometimes referred to as an "inhabited missile," the supersonic F-102 will need human assistance to take off and land. A pilot will go along to perform these routine chores, but in the air he becomes primarily a monitor of electronic equipment. The aircraft itself is controlled, with few exceptions, by a radar operator on the ground, and —when an enemy bomber appears on the radar screen before the pilot—by an automatic pilot in the plane. This auto pilot, without human assistance, will head for the target and release the plane's air-to-air guided missiles at the right time. Then the radar station on the ground will direct the plane back to base, where the pilot will land it.



DEPT. OF DEFENSE PHOTO

Picture taken inside F-86 cockpit shows a few of the gadgets and instruments that confront a fighter pilot. Large device on shelf above flight and engine dials is the controversial radar gun sight. Pilot must set series of controls to make sight work properly—which was one reason for complaints. Once set, it keeps plane aimed at target, even through clouds

The Guided Missile of the Future

The F-102 points the way to the weapon of the future—an all-weather, supersonic, ground-to-air guided missile. In the beginning, this missile will be short-ranged and able to cope with enemy bombers only comparatively near the launching sites. As the missile art develops and better power plants and guidance systems are designed, missiles will be able to cruise long distances at high altitudes and extreme speed—so extreme that the missile will have to travel in outer space to avoid the terrific heat it would generate within the atmosphere. How fast? About 12,000 miles per hour, almost fast enough to establish an orbit in space and circle the earth indefinitely, like the moon.

Our defensive guided missiles of the future will automatically seek their targets and will be so effective that we will be able to throw up an adequate defensive screen from relatively few sites. Some of our studies indicate that a missile-defense system eventually may be cheaper than a system which relies upon the most modern piloted interceptor we now can imagine. Certainly it will reduce the requirement for highly skilled personnel, and relieve the critical man-power problem which seems to be facing us in the years ahead.

The development of new air weapons, whatever they promise for the future, is expensive. But we dare not stint.

To avoid war with Russia we must remain militarily stronger than Russia. When Russia no longer can achieve her desires without war, and believes victory is assured, war becomes a likelihood. I am sure of that—despite the recent Soviet "peace" overtures. Our job is to convince her that she cannot win.

Our military capacity is the convincer—but quantity alone will not do the trick. If we try to prevent war merely by having more ships, more tanks and more airplanes than Russia, we inevitably will impair, and perhaps destroy, our economic structure. So long as our air equipment is substantially better than Russia's, even though in smaller quantity, a Soviet attack is unlikely.

So we must put our emphasis on quality, thus giving full scope to our genius for invention, organization and production. Such a course will be effective in keeping us out of war, or in winning a war if it is thrust upon us. And it will be far cheaper in the long run. ▲▲▲

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Hollywood's best Ike look-alike, Walter H. Nelson, 53, a Los Angeles dock foreman, acknowledges applause the way the President does

They Like to Think They

Double trouble set a TV studio off on a search for Eisenhower doubles.

Collier's for May 30, 1953

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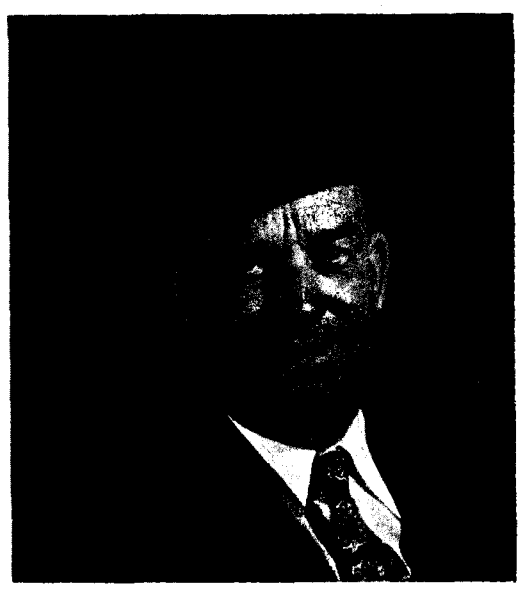


Purcell Shaver, 52, of Pacific Palisades, Calif., is a plumber; he was once saluted by a uniformed colonel in Santa Monica

Following a call from NBC's Comedy Hour for men who look like President Eisenhower, these 26 were chosen as most reasonable facsimiles; the six close-ups on this page are of closest doubles

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED SWARTZ

Henry T. Harms, 71, of North Hollywood, says people point at him, make him feel famous

Captain Charles G. Stahls, 47, of Air Force, was first told he was double for Eisenhower in 1944, by an Italian girl

Martin Hendrickson, 56, Los Angeles County painter, says, "My friends tell me I'm slim version of the President"

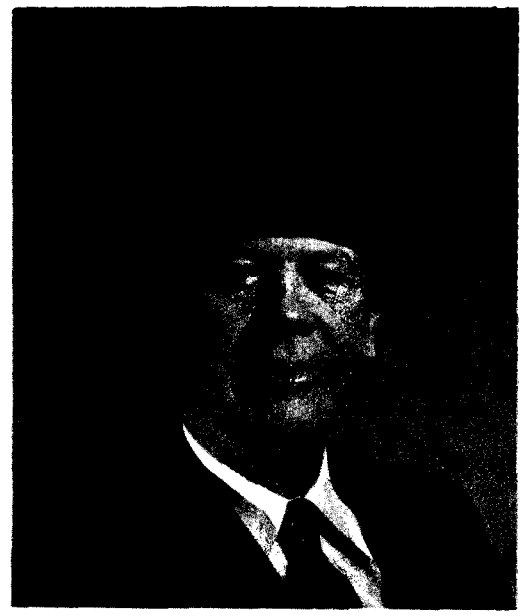
R. B. Brigance, 61, a Beverly Hills postal official, startled Washingtonians on recent visit

Look Like Ike...

Too many doubles almost doubled their troubles

Collier's for May 30, 1953

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER said not long ago that it would be a sad day for the United States if we ever lost our ability to kid one another. Because he is a nice guy himself, it can safely be assumed that he included the Presidency. But he didn't have to tell the professional gag writers that the man in the White House is fair game. They've been spoofing the chief executive for years. It was easy on radio, where all they needed was a funny line. On television, however, they need actors who resemble the President. There were professional actors who looked enough like Harry Truman so that TV doubles for him were no problem. But President Eisenhower has a face all his own. And there aren't many Ike look-alikes. Recently, when Casting Director Howard Ross of NBC-TV in Hollywood sent out a call for a professional Ike double, he got no response at all. Then columnist Hal Humphrey of the Los Angeles Mirror mentioned the search. Within three days, Ross had 26 amateurs who thought they looked like Ike. He winnowed them down to six fair Ike-alikes and one standout, star-spangled, dead ringer. "The others," says Ross, "resembled the President only slightly, but they all had a wonderfully likable Ike-ish air." ▲▲▲



Walter E. Jacobs, 61, Los Angeles cop, was nicknamed "Ike" by the shopkeepers on his beat along Hollywood Boulevard

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EDDIE CHAN

She answered his questions with monosyllables and seemed to regard him as part of the train

Redhead on a Train

By LEE RUSSELL

AS PAUL got on the train in Chicago, he was at last on the final leg of his journey to marry Helen. Because she had wanted the wedding at home, she had resigned from her job in New York and gone back to San Francisco a month ago. Paul had missed her—her spirit, her fresh beauty, her nearness. He had missed the impromptu dinners, the long telephone calls, the exchange of ideas and anecdotes at the end of each day. Having Helen near him had always seemed too wonderful to be true, and this month of separation had left Paul desolate.

He settled himself in his reserved seat—it was on the aisle—and saw with relief that his companion for the next two days was to be a pretty, slender redhead. From New York to Chicago he had had a stout lady who snored. The detachment with which he was able to appreciate the girl, he decided happily, was the second sign of his successful conversion from bachelor to husband. The first sign had been the decision to travel by coach—in the interest of economy.

One hour out of Chicago, he discovered the disadvantage of sitting by a pretty redhead.

The redhead got up. Paul drew in his long outstretched legs. The redhead stepped into the aisle and reached for her hatbox, stored on the overhead rack. He stood up and got it down for her. She took it down the aisle with her, and when she came back he got up and put it back. It was no toy. He could think of nothing that was both portable and that heavy except books. After her third trip to the ladies' room, the hatbox, at her suggestion, was wedged under the seat.

She came back from the ladies' room after dinner wearing dark glasses and utilitarian-looking white gloves. She took off one glove to get something from her purse, and Paul noticed that her hands glistened with lotion. And then another glance revealed that the skin behind the glasses also gleamed.

With Helen waiting for him at the end of the journey, Paul had no interest in redheads. But the fact that this one could sit with closed eyes, answer his polite questions with monosyllables, seem to regard him as part of the train furnishings, and not care how she looked to him stung him.

However, complete disillusionment occurred at about midnight, as the train was approaching Omaha. Some time before, hatbox in hand, the pretty redhead, along with some other women, had retired to the ladies' room. Now, with horrified fascination, Paul watched them come back, transformed for the night. He recognized his redhead only because there was no other redhead. She had changed into slacks, a short coat and moccasins; she had pinned her curls flat and bound them in a net; and she had definitely, though not obviously, greased her face.

Paul was too stunned to get up. She climbed over him and hung her suit, on a hanger, by the window.

He looked around to see if any of the other men were sharing his uneasy sense of having blundered into a lady's boudoir. But those who were sitting beside women seemed obviously married to their grotesque partners and oblivious to their metamorphoses. Paul had had no sisters, and his mother had been a woman of dignity and reticence. No one had ever seen her in stocking feet, and she had retired to her room to take off her hat.

Mercifully, the car lights went out. Paul slept until dawn broke—around four A.M. Even then he kept his eyes closed until the cessation of aisle traffic told him that the women had reconverted.

After breakfast he staggered up to the vistadome to watch the train climb up through the clouds hanging on the mountains. The redhead—dressed again in suit, dark glasses, utilitarian gloves and lipstick—came up, looked out through a torn place in the fog at the apparently endless drop and moved to an aisle seat.

Paul was about to move over beside her to make another attempt at conversation, when he realized that she was doing deep-breathing exercises.

After lunch, the redhead abandoned make-up for the duration. Staring past her, Paul looked at the Red Canyon pagodas and the Colorado River rushing over rocks, trying to ignore the fatigue that was plaguing him. The scenery—was it Utah or Colorado?—looked like something out of science fiction, and it would not have surprised Paul to learn they had reached another planet.

Late that afternoon Paul got a glimpse into the heavy hatbox. It was full of large bottles and jars. A little later he noticed a rhythmic tightening of the muscles in the redhead's neck and jaws, each tightening held to the count of ten; he checked this. He glanced down at his legs to reassure himself that he was actually there, visible to himself and therefore visible to the girl.

When she began surreptitiously exercising her ankles, he closed his eyes and concentrated on Helen. She, like this redhead, wore her hair in soft curls that bounced when she walked. He supposed he was adolescent about Helen in many ways, but there was one role in which he could not visualize her—the role of the redhead here beside him.

AFTER dinner and darkness, the redhead's pretty, soft mouth began to droop. "Salt Lake," Paul said bleakly at one point, and that was that.

The train had Venetian blinds, curtains, wall-to-wall carpeting—everything for the passengers' comfort—but none of these could alter the fact that the passenger had to spend two days and two nights without lying on a real bed. Dawn broke over California, and Paul's grainy eyes protested. The train wound through the Feather River Canyon.

He began to feel sorry for the redhead, in spite of her disconcerting behavior. She was sitting back now, white-gloved hands in her lap, greased eyelids closed behind dark glasses, and he sensed a desperation in her attempt to rest. There was something disturbingly real about this girl. Helen—well, Helen was more a bright spirit, a smile, a quick lift of voice.

After lunch Paul napped, and when he woke up the train was moving slowly into Oakland. The redhead and her hatbox were gone. Paul rushed to the crowded men's room, and waited impatiently for a chance to shave. He got his shirt changed and his suit brushed, and missed seeing the redhead reconverted to her original, her Chicago, state—suit, make-up and manicure.

And then he was off the train and in the waiting room. The ferry came in and he saw Helen, running toward him on her slender high heels, her dark curls flying and tears streaming down her face. And then, after all the aching, lonely weeks, he was holding her in his arms at last.

On the ferry, as it moved into the sharp breeze that whipped across the bay, Paul told Helen about the redhead with whom he had been "living" for the past two days. Then he saw her standing by the boat rail, her pretty red curls combed out and blowing in the wind, her pretty face, fresh somehow in spite of the trip, turned toward a blond young man, who looked down at her with adoration.

Paul knew how desperately tired she must feel, how, as soon as she could, she would fall onto a bed and sleep the rest of the afternoon and all evening and all night. Then it hit him—he knew now what this girl had been working toward for two days and two nights. He looked at the blond young man and felt tremendously superior to him.

Paul turned back to Helen. Her face was quietly radiant with the joy of their being together again, this time for always. "I spent the day getting ready for you," she said, "then I took a nap, and almost didn't make it. I had to rush like mad."

She turned, and the wind swept back her dark hair. He saw, just behind her ear, one tiny, forgotten curl, pinned flat, as the redhead had pinned her curls, with two crossed bobby pins.

Shocked and disillusioned, Paul looked at Helen's face, really looked at it. Like a picture coming into focus, she seemed to change before his eyes from a dream to an actual woman, human and real.

The real hand of this real Helen touched his arm. "Is something wrong?" she said.

Paul pulled her close. A wave of tenderness that was almost too great to contain surged through him. "No," he said, "something is finally right."

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It Thinks for Itself!

NOW, the first refrigerator ever built that controls humidity...achieves ideal 38° to 42° temperatures in the main food compartment... quick-freezes at 20° below zero...

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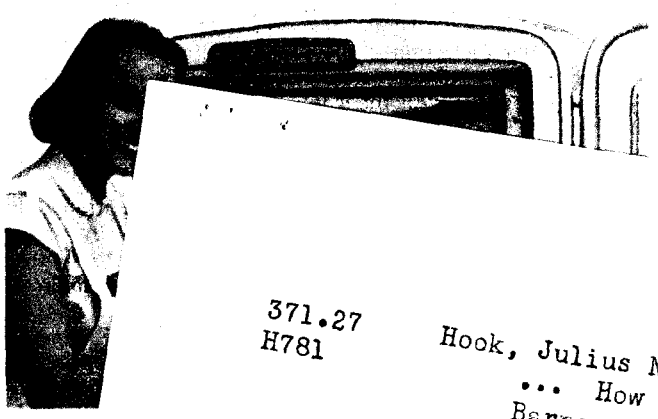

The government faces a tough problem: it cannot cut spending enough to balance the

Is a Federal Sales Tax

AFTER the pre-election promise to reduce taxes, the last action voters might expect from the new Republican Congress is *another* tax. Yet a proposal for a new and largely untried tax may be the first major money-raising recommendation of the G.O.P.

Despite the recent pleasant-sounding words about reducing individual income taxes, the Republican Congress in the months to come will face the bleak economic reality that, even after surgically clever budget cuts, existing taxes will not raise enough money to pay Uncle Sam's bills. Only two stark and unlovely courses will be open: add more taxes or allow the government to operate in the red. The latter course, leading to a budget deficit, could cause inflation that would hurt voters' pocketbooks worse than another tax bite.

Tackling the problem is a distasteful assignment for a party enjoying new-won and hard-gained favor. Finding a solution will be not only distasteful, it will call for ingenuity rarely demanded of a peacetime administration. For months the Treasury Department has been wrestling with the question and has not yet come up with a solution.

But the Treasury is reported to be considering a new tax which might solve the administration's problem and at the same time turn out to be popular—as popular as a tax can be—with the voters. It's a federal sales tax, probably the most severely criticized, most misunderstood, most debated tax plan ever to gain serious consideration. Some Republicans believe a federal sales tax has an excellent chance of adoption during Eisenhower's tenure and that, if adopted, it would eventually increase tax revenue by enough to permit a substantial reduction in personal income taxes. If it did, the sales tax would have a chance of becoming popular with the voters.

Some G.O.P. Solons May Oppose It

Whenever a federal sales tax has been mentioned in the past, however, it has been opposed by organized labor, and has been called unpleasant names like "regressive" by many students of taxation. Because the Republican margin in Congress is so slim, some G.O.P. members say they will vote against the proposed tax. They fear its adoption would put the Democrats back in power at the next election.

There always has been confusion about the sales tax, even in its definition. Because more than half the states and nearly 200 cities have imposed taxes on retail sales, it is generally believed that a federal sales tax means a levy to be collected at the retail level. Experts have considered a retail sales tax, but they are giving more consideration and favor to a manufacturers' sales tax. Still, whether imposed at the retail or the manufacturing level, the effect of the tax would be the same—the consumer would pay it through higher prices.

Sensitive though they may be to the temper of the public, the professionals in Washington may be unduly wary and thus may be misreading the signs.

In every income group there is widespread dissatisfaction with the existing tax code and it was partly because of this attitude that the Republicans were so successful last November.

The public does not embrace a tax system which permits some businessmen to list the cost of yachts as deductible expenses while it denies a deduction to others for the money spent in commuting to and from work. It does not like a code that sends some businessmen on lush, tax-free travels to swank resorts while it forces ordinary citizens to scrimp on sorely needed vacations. The list of inequities is long (Where Your Income Taxes Are Unfair, by Sylvia F. Porter, Collier's, March 14, 1953).

The idea of a sales tax falls on ears that are receptive to new tax methods. To thousands chafing under inequities in the existing income-tax law, a sales tax which would permit amendment of our current income-tax law seems by comparison rather agreeable.

Any proposal that suggests eventual reduction of the income tax, even far in the future, has a good chance to be a sure-fire hit. Most salaried workers feel there's no reward for thrift, that no matter how carefully they shop or how painstakingly they squeeze out a few dollars of savings, they can't get ahead of the whiskered gentleman with the extended palm.

What may prove to be a typical reaction to the sales tax came from the wife of a salary earner in the under-$10,000-a-year bracket. She said: "I'd like it. Then my payment to the government

It's Good Because...

By CHARLES R. SLIGH, Jr.
President, National Association of Manufacturers

Every time you buy a light bulb, a phonograph record, a bottle of hand lotion, a fishing rod for your kid, you are paying an excise tax. Every time you ride the train, make a phone call, get a new spark plug for your car, you are paying an excise tax.

You pay up to 25 cents excise tax on each dollar you spend for hundreds of different items and services. The articles to be taxed have been selected on a hit-or-miss basis and, in many cases, are hidden to citizens. We just don't know when we are paying them. Even the tax experts have to look them up in books.

The only fair tax is the one that is aboveboard—that is applied to everybody fairly. That is why the NAM is proposing a "manufacturers' excise tax" to replace the hodgepodge of unfair, confusing excise taxes we now have to pay.

NAM's plan is simply a flat-rate tax on all manufactured goods—except food. Alcohol and tobacco would continue to be separately taxed. Present excise taxes on services like transportation and telephone would be dropped completely.

It would take a tax of only 5 or 6 per cent on manufactured goods to bring in to Uncle Sam as much money as he's getting now from the present mysterious hodgepodge of excise taxes.

Let's get rid of the present excise tax mess.

Let's have an excise tax that's fair for everybody.

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budget, and it's reluctant to hike income taxes. That's why Washington is asking—

Coming?

By DONALD I. ROGERS

would depend on what I bought. Of course, it would increase with our expenditures. But as it is now, my husband's ambition is penalized—the more he earns, the more they take. And what we save in inflation dollars counts for nothing."

If the sales tax is adopted, vast legal changes will follow. Many articles now taxed either because they're considered luxuries or because it was the whim or design of some congressman to tax them will have to be removed from the luxury-tax list. It would be unfair to tax them twice.

Though many Americans don't realize it, there is what amounts to a widespread sales tax now.

The excise, or sales, taxes we already pay are capricious; they are levied selectively on some manufactured products and not on others. Often they have been imposed without even an explanation to either producers or consumers. The law varies from a manufacturers' sales tax to a retail sales tax without apparent reason. Some items are taxed where they're produced; others are taxed where the consumer buys them.

For example:

Amateur photographers pay 20 per cent of the *manufacturers'* price in taxes on certain photographic supplies (professionals are exempted); consumers pay 20 per cent on electric bulbs and tubes; 10 per cent on all household electric, gas and oil appliances; 10 per cent on radios, television sets, phonographs, their component parts and records; 10 per cent on refrigerators and air conditioners; 10 per cent on business and store machines (such as cash registers, adding machines and stapling devices); 15 per cent on some sporting goods; 10 per cent on fishing equipment; 10 per cent on automobiles and motorcycles; 8 per cent on trucks and buses; and 8 per cent on auto parts and accessories.

Examples of "Discriminate" Taxing

You pay 20 per cent of the *retail* price on furs jewelry, luggage and toilet preparations and numerous other taxes which can only be described as discriminate. These include 15 per cent of the charge to consumers on long-distance telephone, telegraph, radio and cable messages; 20 per cent of the cost to lease a safe-deposit box; 20 per cent of admission prices to theaters, cabarets, clubs and for initiation fees; 15 per cent of the charge for local telephone service; 15 per cent of the charge for transportation plus 15 per cent of the additional cost for seats, berths or bedrooms.

You pay 4½ per cent of the charge made for transporting oil and gas by pipe line; 3 per cent of the charge made for transporting property; 9 cents a pound for inner tubes; 6 cents per gallon for lubricating oil; 5½ cents per thousand for wooden matches; 5 cents a pound on tires; 4 cents a ton for coal transportation; 3 cents a pound for certain processed vegetable oils; 1½ cents a gallon for gasoline.

These are all federal sales taxes. To say they are erratic is being generous. They are applied hit or miss across unrelated sections of the economy.

Excluding the taxes on liquor and tobacco, which have always been the first to be taxed as luxuries, excises such as those listed in the foregoing paragraphs yield the nation a little less than $5,000,000,000 annually.

Some congressmen favor junking all excise taxes, except those on liquor, tobacco and perhaps theater tickets. But if the sales tax went into effect, they would exempt from it these three items which, in the opinion of many authorities, are already taxed too heavily. On the basis of experience in Canada, which has a manufacturers' sales tax, the National Association of Manufacturers estimates that each percentage point of sales tax will yield about $1,000,000,000. A flat 10 per cent manufacturers' sales tax, for example, on the other products now subject to excises would produce revenue for the U.S. government of $10,000,000,000, a net gain of more than $5,000,000,000. Food and other necessities not now on the excise tax list would also be exempted from the sales tax.

The National Association of Manufacturers, which supports a manufacturers' uniform excise tax, is not working for a levy as high as 10 per cent. It favors a tax of 5 or 6 per cent—just enough to replace the revenue which would be lost if taxes on services were repealed and the present practice of taxing some articles were junked in favor of a uniform levy on all articles except food and food products.

Sales-tax supporters believe that revenues from sales taxes would be relatively stable under changing

It's Bad Because...

By *GEORGE MEANY*

President, American Federation of Labor

Any program that would replace or reduce the graduated, progressive income tax with a manufacturers' excise tax—in fact, a national sales tax—would hit hardest the families in the lowest-income groups. You can't get away from that fact.

Neither can you get away from the fact that, generally, a new tax is not a substitute for an old one, but another tax, added to all the old ones.

The American people have agreed that taxes shall be levied in proportion to ability to pay. We should continue to tax according to size of income, not amounts spent.

Even with the exemption of food and food products, the proposed manufacturers' tax would affect more than half the spending of a typical American family. And in this way: the average family, for example, spends 10 to 13 per cent of its income for clothing, one of the main items that would be subject to a manufacturers' excise tax, as worked up by the National Association of Manufacturers. If that tax should be imposed, the family with a $3,000 income and the family with a $10,000 income would be paying about the same percentage of total family income on excise taxes. Under present income tax laws a family with a $3,000 income pays 7 or 8 per cent; while the family with $10,000 pays roughly 13 per cent. That's fair, as the tax is based on ability to pay.

America must reject any attempt to push the burden of taxation from the higher- to the lower-income families.

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Would a U.S. sales tax supplant or supplement present taxes? Experts disagree

business and economic conditions. Sales of basic goods do not expand greatly when there's a boom, and they do not contract radically when there's lack of prosperity; but personal income and corporation taxes soar upward in boom times, tempting the government to embark on spending programs. Conversely, they both contract when times are not so good, compelling deficit spending when the government can least afford it.

Congress has been discouraged in the past whenever it contemplated a general manufacturers' sales tax because, among other considerations, it has been unable to decide which products would be covered and which excluded, and, also, because it has never been able to agree on the percentage to be levied.

In addition to the $5,000,000,000 from the excises listed earlier, the government collects another $4,000,000,000 annually from liquor, tobacco and stamp taxes. If these taxes were to be abandoned in favor of a manufacturers' excise, the new tax would have to be 9 per cent to equal all the taxes that had been discontinued.

Congressmen Will Be Cautious

There are necessities which would be exempted from the levy. It's a rare congressman who would vote to tax milk for the baby or clothing and medicine, although, with wondrous inconsistency, Congress *has* taxed baby powder and baby oil. A 9 per cent across-the-board excise on manufactured items seems big to congressmen who come from communities where the local sales tax is limited to 2 or 3 per cent. They will want to see what the voters think about it before they move toward a sales tax. Therefore, a federal sales tax is anything but a certainty. If it becomes a part of the American economic way of life, it must first go through the trials of birth. There are fully as many tax experts who are against such a tax as there are in favor of it.

The proponents argue: A sales tax appeals to common sense. It seems more logical to impose levies on income as it is spent than to heap more taxes on income as it is received.

The opponents reply: It's just another device for drawing more money out of the spendable income, without appearing to do so. Already the opponents are prepared to bolster their arguments against the tax with sturdy documentation. They claim the tax would be just one more added to those that we already have.

But proponents reply that, while the tax would be a measure to raise *additional* income, it could be expected ultimately to supplant a substantial portion of the individual income tax, and to replace completely the selective, sometimes discriminatory excises now levied on manufactured items.

Opponents predict that a manufacturers' excise tax would be pyramided—that it would be passed along to consumers, mounting all the way through middlemen and retailers.

The tax's advocates admit that there may be some attempts to apply markups when and if the tax becomes operative. But if the tax boosts prices to distorted peaks, they say, sales will fall off, and prices will be reduced to previous levels. In studying prices, say the pros, some observers seem to forget that many sellers set their prices as high as the traffic will bear, anyway. It is argued that many retailers would raise prices right now if they thought they could get away with it.

Proponents of the sales tax also point out that if it made possible a cut in income taxes, workers would have more take-home wages and therefore, of course, could pay higher prices.

Opponents of a sales tax protest that it would be regressive—that is, it would strike harder on the poor than on the rich. They support their argument by showing that poor people spend all their incomes on real goods while the rich spend only a small part.

Advocates of the levy reply that *all* taxes are regressive. There are innumerable regressive features about the present tax code. All of the existing excises, specifically, are regressive. When you get right down to it, any *price* is regressive. Doesn't a $50 wrist watch cost more in "real" money to a man with a $5,000 income than it does to a man with a $10,000 salary?

Dr. Rufus S. Tucker, a noted writer on the subject of taxation, says that even a regressive sales tax might not be harmful if it is just one part of a generally progressive tax system.

The sales-tax legislation favored by most advocates would allow several exemptions. Under it, you would not have to pay a sales tax on significant sums you give as gifts; we now have such a gift tax. You would not be taxed on your savings; you are now taxed on the income which you save, as well as the interest on your savings account.

Other proposed exemptions from the sales tax are rent, insurance, medical care other than the actual cost of medicine, education, any form of personal service or any kind of home-produced goods, such as garden produce, firewood, ice or homemade clothing (except the cost of the materials). The tax would not apply to food, clothing or lodging received in payment for work.

These items alone constitute altogether a much larger proportion of the consumption expenditures of the lower-income families than of the higher-income group. Food is the biggest item in the budget of the poor. Dr. Tucker says that if food and medicines are exempted from the manufacturers' tax, the tax would fall with about equal weight on all incomes up to $10,000.

It might even work the other way around. Dr. Tucker believes that on incomes under $10,000 the tax conceivably might prove "progressive."

But, the opponents say, a sales tax would be another hidden tax. The proponents agree. Any tax that isn't a direct levy on income or is not collected at the point of sale is a hidden tax. But there are innumerable hidden taxes already. The United States collects fewer hidden taxes than any other major Western nation and, conversely, more direct taxes. Only 16 per cent of this country's tax income is from indirect taxation. In Britain, 44 per cent of the tax is hidden; in Canada, 44.6 per cent; in Denmark, 62 per cent; and in France more than three quarters of the taxes are obscured by devices like the manufacturers' sales levy.

NAM Viewpoint Explained

While the National Association of Manufacturers favors a uniform excise tax, its endorsement does not mean that it regards such a tax as a means for obtaining a reduction in corporate or personal income taxes. It would set the excise at only 5 or 6 per cent, and this would replace present excises but not bring in added revenue. The NAM's objective is passage of legislation which would tax all manufactured articles (excepting food and food products) and would tax them alike. As the NAM put it, in a proposal entitled Federal Tax Program adopted by its board of directors and revised through March 12, 1953: "Federal taxation of all competitive enterprise should be fair and equal."

It would cost manufacturers additional expenses for accounting and clerical work to collect manufacturers' taxes. But they assume they could accumulate the funds they collect, and send them to the Treasury at regular intervals; they assume that during these periods they could invest the company's tax money to offset some of the direct costs of collecting it. There are only 300,000 manufacturers, and they could collect the sales tax more easily and cheaply than our nearly 3,000,000 retailers.

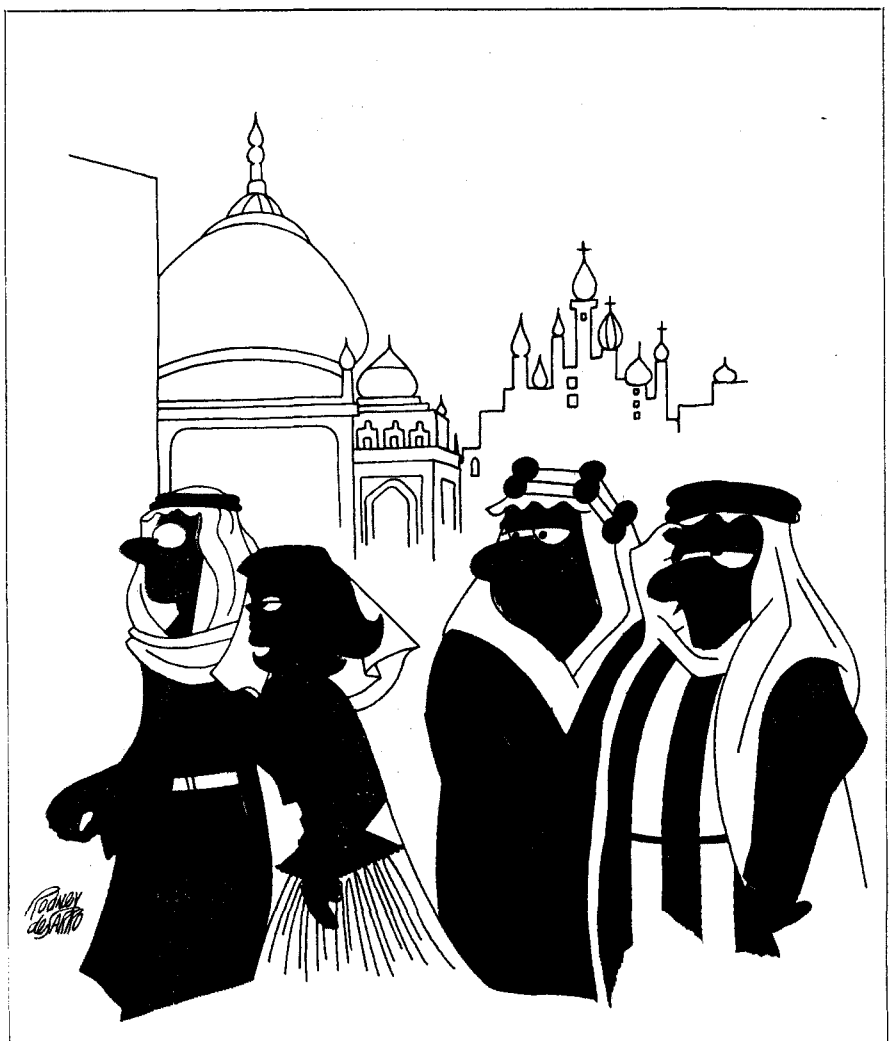
Many Americans have forgotten that the income tax is relatively new in this country, that, until war costs piled up, the revenue from excise taxes and customs was enough to pay the cost of government. According to Dr. Harley L. Lutz, professor emeritus of public finance at Princeton University, one of the primary reasons for the tremendous economic advance of the nation, particularly in the formation of capital, was the lack of a tax on income and a reliance on excise taxes for most of our history. It has been said by some economics students that, had there been an income tax of the present variety from the time of George Washington, the nation's economic growth would have been much less rapid.

None of the advocates of the manufacturers' sales tax proposes that we turn the tax clock back to George Washington's time, or even back to the pre-World War I days when there was no income tax. What many do say is that the nation should increase substantially the proportion of federal revenues that comes from consumption taxes, and correspondingly decrease the amount raised from income taxes. ▲▲▲

Traffic Light, How You've Changed!

Halfway across, the green shifts to red . . .
Should I back up, or shoot on ahead?
Whichever I do, though I blame the light,
I'll be wrong, and the cop will be right.

—MARGARET FISHBACK



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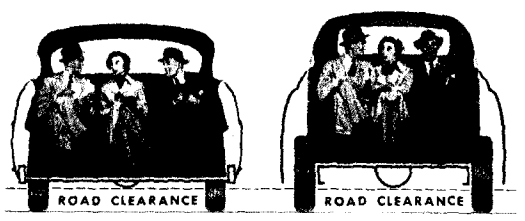

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The Adventure of the GOLD HUNTER

By ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE
and JOHN DICKSON CARR

The vicar insisted the squire's death was "incomprehensible beyond all measure." Sherlock Holmes disagreed, for in the story of one of the late squire's friends he had detected a flaw—a most dramatic flaw

MR. HOLMES, it was death by the visitation of God!" We have heard many singular statements in our rooms at Baker Street, but few more startling than this pronouncement of the Reverend Mr. James Appley.

I need no reference to my notebook to recall that it was a fine summer day in the year 1887. A telegram had arrived at the breakfast table. Mr. Sherlock Holmes, with an exclamation of impatience, threw it across to me. The telegram stated merely that the Reverend James Appley requested the favor of waiting upon him that morning, to consult him in a matter of church affairs.

"Really, Watson," Holmes had commented with some asperity, as he lighted his after-breakfast pipe, "matters have indeed come to a pretty pass when clergymen seek my advice as to the length of their sermons or the conduct of the Harvest Festival. I am flattered but out of my depth. What does Crockford say of this strange client?"

Endeavoring to anticipate my friend's methods, I had already taken down the clerical directory. I could find only that the gentleman in question was the vicar of a small parish in Somerset, and had written a monograph on Byzantine medicine.

"An unusual pursuit for the country clergyman," Holmes remarked. "But here, unless I am much mistaken, is the man himself."

As he spoke, there had arisen from below an excited pealing of the doorbell, and, before Mrs. Hudson could announce him, our visitor had burst into the room. He was a tall, thin, high-shouldered man in rustic clerical dress with a benevolent, scholarly face framed in antiquated side whiskers of the sort once known as Dundreary weepers.

"My dear sirs," he cried, peering at us myopically from behind oval spectacles, "pray accept my assurance that it is only the pressure of events that prompts my invasion of your privacy."

"Come, come," said Sherlock Holmes good-humoredly, waving him to the basket chair before the empty fireplace. "I am a consulting detective, and therefore my privacy is of no more consequence than that of a doctor."

"By reputation my nephew is wild, yes; romantic, hotheaded, if you like!" the vicar said. "But a cold-blooded murderer—never!"

The clergyman had hardly seated himself when he blurted out the extraordinary words with which I have begun this narrative.

"Death by the visitation of God," repeated Sherlock Holmes. Though his voice was subdued, it seemed to me that there was a roll and thrill in the words. "Then surely, my dear sir, the matter lies rather within your province than within mine?"

"I ask your pardon," said the vicar hastily. "My words were perhaps overemphatic and even irreverent. But you will understand that this horrible event, this—" His voice sank almost to a whisper as he leaned forward in his chair. "Mr. Holmes, it is villainy: cold-blooded, deliberate villainy!"

"Believe me, sir, I am all attention."

"Mr. John Trelawney—Squire Trelawney, we called him—was the richest landowner for miles about. Four nights ago, when only three months short of his seventieth birthday, he died in his bed."

"Hum! That is not so uncommon."

"No, sir. But hear me!" cried the vicar, raising a long forefinger curiously smudged on the very tip. "John Trelawney was a hale and hearty man, suffering from no organic disease, and good for at least a dozen more years in this mundane sphere. Dr. Paul Griffin, our local medical practitioner and incidentally my nephew, flatly refused to issue a death certificate. There was a most dreadful business called a post-mortem."

HOLMES, who had not yet doffed his mouse-colored dressing gown, had been leaning back languidly in his armchair. Now he half opened his eyes. "A post-mortem!" said he. "Performed by your nephew?"

Mr. Appley hesitated. "No, Mr. Holmes. It was performed by Sir Leopold Harper, our foremost living authority on medical jurisprudence. I may tell you here and now that poor Trelawney did not die a natural death. Not only the local police but Scotland Yard have been called in."

"Ah!"

"On the other hand," continued Mr. Appley agitatedly, "Trelawney was not murdered; he could

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

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not possibly have been murdered. And the greatest medical skill has been used to pronounce that he could not have died from any cause whatsoever."

For a moment there was a silence in our sitting room, where the blinds had been drawn against the summer sun.

"My dear Watson," said Holmes cordially, "will you be good enough to fetch me a clay pipe from the rack over the sofa? Thank you. I find, Mr. Appley, that a clay is most conducive to meditation. May I venture to offer you a cigar?"

THE vicar ran his curiously mottled fingers over his side whiskers. *"Cras ingens iterabimus aequor,"* he said. "At the moment, thank you, no. I cannot smoke. I dare not smoke! It would choke me. Having read Dr. Watson's admirable chronicles, I am aware that I must tell you the facts in precise detail. But it is difficult. You may have remarked that I am considered somewhat absent-minded?"

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir. In youth, before my call to the church, I once desired to study medicine. But my late father forbade it due to this absent-mindedness. Were I to become a doctor, said my father, I should instantly chloroform the patient and remove his gallstones when he had come to inquire about a slight cough."

"Well, well," said Holmes, with a touch of impatience. "But you were disturbed in your mind this morning," he continued, regarding our client with his keen glance. "That, no doubt, was why you consulted several books in your study before catching the train to London this morning?"

"Yes, sir. They were medical works."

"Do you not find it inconvenient to have the bookshelves in your study built so high?"

"Dear me, no. Can any room be too high or too large for one's books?" Abruptly the vicar paused. His long face, framed in the Dundreary weepers, grew even longer as his mouth fell open. "Now I am positive, I am quite positive," said he, "that I mentioned neither my books nor the height of the shelves in my study! How could you have known these things?"

"Tut, a trifle! How do I know, for instance, that you are either a bachelor or a widower, and that you have a most slovenly housekeeper?"

"Really, Holmes," cried I, "there is another besides Mr. Appley who would like to know how you deduced it!"

"The dust, Watson! The dust!"

"What dust?"

"Kindly observe the index finger of Mr. Appley's right hand. You will note, on its very tip, the smudges of that dark-gray dust which accumulated on the top of books. The smudges, somewhat faded, were made no later than this morning. Since Mr. Appley is a tall man with long arms, surely it is obvious that he plucked down books from a high shelf. When to this accumulation of dust we add an unbrushed top hat, it requires small shrewdness to determine that he has no wife, but an appalling housekeeper."

"Remarkable!" said I.

"Meretricious," said he. "And I apologize to our guest for interrupting his narrative."

"This death was incomprehensible beyond all measure! But you have not yet heard the worst," continued our visitor. "I must tell you that Trelawney has one surviving relative: a niece, aged twenty-one. Her name is Miss Dolores Dale, the daughter of the late Mrs. Copley Dale, of Glastonbury. For several years the young lady has kept house for Trelawney in his great whitewashed home, called Goodman's Rest. It has always been understood that Dolores, who is engaged to be married to a fine young man named Jeffrey Ainsworth, would inherit her uncle's fortune. When I tell you that a sweeter or kinder spirit never existed, that her hair is darker than Homer's wine-dark sea and that upon occasion she can be all flash and fire, suggestive of southern blood—"

"Yes, yes," said Holmes, closing his eyes. "But you stated that I had not heard the worst?"

"True. Here are the facts. Shortly before his death, Trelawney changed his will. Disinheriting his niece, whom the stern-minded old man considered to be too frivolous, he left his entire fortune to my nephew, Dr. Paul Griffin. Sir, it was the scandal of the countryside! Two weeks later, Trelawney was found dead in his bed, and my unhappy nephew is now under suspicion of murder."

"Pray be particular in your details," said Holmes.

"In the first place," continued the vicar, "I should describe the late Squire Trelawney as a man of stern and implacable habit. I seem always to see him, tall and big-boned, with his great head and his grizzled-silver beard, against the brown of a plowed field or a line of heavy green trees.

"Each evening, in his bedroom, he would read a chapter of the Bible. Afterward he would wind up his watch, which had almost run down at that hour. Then he would retire to bed at ten o'clock precisely, and rise at five each morning."

"One moment!" interposed Holmes. "Did these habits of his ever vary?"

"Well! Should he become absorbed in the Bible, he might read until very late. But this happened so seldom, Mr. Holmes, that I think you may safely disregard it."

"Thank you; that is quite clear."

"In the second place, I am sorry to say that he was never on the best of terms with his niece. He was stern to a point of brutality. On one occasion, two years ago, he thrashed poor Dolores with a razor strap, and confined her to her room on bread and water, because she had gone to Bristol to witness a performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, Patience. I can still see her, with the tears running down her warm-blooded cheeks. You must forgive the intemperance of her language. 'Old devil,' she sobbed. 'Old devil!' "

"Am I to understand," interposed Holmes, "that the young lady's future welfare depends on the inheritance of this money?"

"Far from it. Her fiancé, Mr. Ainsworth, is a rising young solicitor who is already making his way in the world. Squire Trelawney himself was among his clients."

"I seemed to detect a certain apprehension when you mentioned your nephew," said Holmes. "Since Dr. Griffin inherits this fortune, he was presumably on friendly terms with Trelawney?"

The vicar shifted uncomfortably in his chair. "On the friendliest possible terms," he replied with some haste. "Indeed, on one occasion he saved the squire's life. At the same time, I must confess that he has always been a wild, hotheaded man. His intemperate behavior has gone a long way toward creating the strong local prejudice which has now risen against him. If the police could show how Trelawney died, my nephew might be under arrest at this moment."

The vicar paused and looked around. There had come an authoritative rap at the door. An instant later, as it was flung open, we had a glimpse of Mrs. Hudson's face over the shoulder of a short, stocky, ruddy-complexioned man, clad in a check suit and bowler hat. As his hard blue eyes fell on the Reverend Appley, he paused on the threshold with a growl of surprise.

"You have a certain gift, Lestrade, of timing your appearances with a pleasant touch of the dramatic," observed Holmes languidly.

"And very awkward for some folk," remarked the detective. "Well, from the presence of this reverend gentleman, I take it that you are up to date with this cozy little murder in Somerset. The facts are pretty obvious and all point one way as clear as signposts, eh, Mr. Holmes?"

"Unfortunately, signposts are so easily turned in the opposite direction," said Holmes; "a truism of which I have given you one or two small demonstrations in the past, Lestrade."

The Scotland Yard man flushed angrily. "Well, well, Mr. Holmes, that's as may be. But there is no doubt this time. There are both the motive and the opportunity. We know the man and it only remains to find the means."

"I tell you that my unfortunate nephew—" broke in the clergyman distractedly, rising from his chair.

"I have named no names."

"But you have made it obvious from the moment you heard he was Trelawney's doctor! Admittedly he stands to benefit under that deplorable will."

"You have forgotten to mention his personal reputation, Mr. Appley," said Lestrade grimly.

"Wild, yes; romantic, hotheaded, if you like! But a cold-blooded murderer—never! I have known him from his cradle."

"Well, we shall see. Mr. Holmes, I would value a word with you."

DURING this interchange between our unhappy client and Lestrade, Holmes had been staring at the ceiling with that faraway dreamy look upon his face which I had noted only on those occasions when his mind whispered that some subtle thread of evidence was already there to hand, but buried as yet in the maze of obvious facts and no less obvious suspicions. He rose abruptly and turned to the vicar.

"I take it that you return to Somerset this afternoon?"

"By the two-thirty from Paddington." There was a tinge of color in the vicar's face as he spoke. "Am I then to understand, my dear Mr. Holmes—"

"Dr. Watson and I will accompany you. If you will have the kindness to ask Mrs. Hudson to whistle a cab, Mr. Appley?"

Our client clattered down the stairs.

"This is a somewhat curious affair," said Holmes, filling his traveling pouch with shag from the Persian slipper.

"I am glad that at last you see it in that light, my dear fellow," I remarked, "for it did seem to me that you were a little impatient from the first with the worthy vicar, especially when he strayed into his early medical ambitions and the probability that he would absent-mindedly have removed a patient's gallstones."

The effect of this casual remark was extraordinary. After looking fixedly into space, Holmes exclaimed, "By Jove!" There was a touch of color in his cheeks and that sudden gleam in his eyes that I knew of old.

"As usual, Watson, your help has been invaluable," he went on warmly;

TIZZY

"Mother! You washed my dungarees! Don't you realize it takes me six months to get them looking right?"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

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Chester H. Ingles, on the job at the Cities Service Refinery at East Chicago, Indiana. Photograph by Anthony Linck.

"I'm a Hot Shot with a Bow and Arrow"

By CHESTER H. INGLES

as told to **GRANTLAND RICE,** *Noted Sportswriter and Commentator*

EVERY TIME you drive past an oil refinery you see flares burning on top of tall stacks. Have you ever wondered why the flares are there, and how they are lighted?

The stacks discharge waste gas from the giant cat-cracker. For safety's sake, this gas must be consumed. The flares do that job.

They are ignited by an electrical device at the top of the stack. This device has a standby circuit, in case the first doesn't work. The odds are high against two of them failing at the same time—but Cities Service takes no chances. That's where I come in with my bow and arrow.

My arrow, tipped with magnesium, is set afire. I shoot it 160 feet into the gas fumes just below the top of the stack on the downwind side, where the mixture of gas and oxygen is easiest to ignite.

They picked me for this bow-and-arrow chore because my hobby is archery—I teach it to Boy Scout groups. My regular job is inspecting equipment, and, believe me, in all our inspection work, we are just as scrupulously careful, even to "anticipating the improbable."

Here at Cities Service, we are perfectionists in everything we do—whether it's lighting a flare, testing equipment or checking a gasolene sample. That's why we have complete confidence in Cities Service products—perfectionists not only produce them, but also stand guard over them.

If this sounds like a commercial—well, let's face it, it *is* a commercial. Cities Service products are tops. I ought to know—I work here!

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"though not yourself luminous, you are a conductor of light."

"I have helped you? By mentioning the vicar's gallstones?"

"Precisely."

"Really, Holmes—"

"At the moment, I must find a certain surname. Will you please hand me the commonplace book under the letter B?"

I had given him the bulky volume, one of many in which he pasted press cuttings of any incidents arresting his attention, before I had time to reflect.

"But, Holmes, there is no one in this affair whose surname begins with a B!"

"Quite so. I was aware of it. B-a, B-a-r, Bartlett! Ha! Good old index."

AFTER a short perusal, turning over the pages with eagerness, Holmes closed the book with a bang and sat tapping its cover with his long, nervous fingers. Behind him, the tubes and beakers and retorts of the chemical table glittered in the sunlight.

"I had not all the data, of course," he added musingly. "Even now they are not complete."

Lestrade caught my eye and winked. "They are complete enough for me!" he said with a grin. "They can't deceive me. That red-bearded doctor is a murdering devil. We know the man, and we know the motive."

"Then why are you here?"

"Because there is one thing lacking. We know he did it, right enough! But *how* did he do it?"

No less than a dozen times did Lestrade ask the same question during the course of our journey, until it seemed to throb and echo in my head with the very click of the train wheels.

It was a long, hot day, and the afterglow of sunset lay on the crests of the softly rounded Somersetshire hills when we alighted at last at the little wayside station. On the hillside beyond the half-timbered gables of the village, and set amid noble elm trees whence, even at that distance, the clear evening air carried the cawing of the homing rooks, there shone a great white house.

"We have a mile before us," said Lestrade sourly.

"I should prefer not to go to the house at first," said Holmes. "Does this village run to an inn?"

"There is the Camberwell Arms."

"Then let us go there. I prefer to commence on neutral ground."

"Really, Holmes!" cried Lestrade. "I cannot imagine—"

"Precisely," remarked Holmes, and not another word would he utter until we were all ensconced in the private parlor of the ancient hostelry. Holmes scribbled a few lines in his notebook and tore out two leaves.

"Now, Mr. Appley, if I might take the liberty of sending your groom with this note to Goodman's Rest and the other to Mr. Ainsworth?"

"By all means."

"Excellent. Then we have time for a pipe before Miss Dolores and her fiancé join us."

For some time we sat in silence, each busy with his own thoughts. As for myself, I had too much confidence in my friend to accept the obvious at its face value so long as he appeared to be perplexed in his own mind.

"Well, Mr. Holmes," said Lestrade sternly, at last. "You have been sufficiently mysterious to satisfy even Dr. Watson here. Let us have your theory."

"I have no theory. I am merely sounding my facts."

"Your facts have overlooked the criminal."

"That remains to be seen. By the way, Vicar, what are the relations between Miss Dolores and your nephew?"

"It is strange that you should mention this," replied Mr. Appley. "Their relationship has been a source of pain to me for some time past. But in justice I must add that the fault lies with the young lady. For no reason, she is gratuitously offensive to him. Worst of all, she shows her dislike in public."

"Ah! And Mr. Ainsworth?" Holmes prompted.

"Ainsworth is too good a fellow not to deplore his fiancée's behavior to my nephew. He takes it almost as a personal affront."

"Indeed. Most praiseworthy. But here, unless I am much mistaken, are our visitors."

The old door creaked open, and a tall, graceful girl swept into the room. Her dark eyes, glowing with an unnatural brilliance, turned from one to the other of us with a long, searching glance that had in it a glint of animosity, and something more of despair. A slim, fair-haired young man with a fresh complexion and a pair of singularly clear, shrewd blue eyes followed behind her and greeted Appley with a friendly word.

"Which of you is Mr. Sherlock Holmes?" cried the young lady. "Ah, yes. You have uncovered fresh evidence, I imagine?"

"I have come to hear it, Miss Dale. Indeed, I have heard everything except what actually happened on the night your uncle—died."

"You stress the word 'died,' Mr. Holmes."

"But hang it all, my dear, what else could he say?" asked young Ainsworth with an attempt at a laugh. "You have probably got a lot of superstitious nonsense in your head because the thunderstorm on Tuesday night upset your uncle. But it was over before he was dead."

"How do you know that?" asked Holmes.

"Dr. Griffin said that he didn't die until about three o'clock in the morning. Anyway, he was all right in the early hours!"

"You seem very sure."

The young man looked at Holmes in obvious perplexity. "Of course I am. As Mr. Lestrade can tell you, I was in that room three times during the night. The squire asked me to go there."

"Then be good enough to let me have the facts from the beginning. Perhaps, Miss Dale—"

"Very well, Mr. Holmes. On Tuesday night, my uncle asked my fiancé and Dr. Griffin to dine with us at Goodman's Rest. From the first, he was uneasy. I put it down to the far-off muttering of thunder; he loathed and feared storms. But now I am wondering whether his uneasiness lay in his mind or his conscience. Be that as it may, our nerves grew more and more tense as the evening went on, nor did Dr. Griffin's sense of humor improve matters when lightning struck a tree in the copse. 'I've got to drive home tonight,' he said, 'and I hope nothing happens to me in this storm.' Dr. Griffin is positively insufferable!

" 'Well, I'm glad that I'm staying,' laughed Jeffrey; 'we are snug enough with the good old lightning conductors.'

"My uncle leaped from his chair. 'You young fool!' he cried. 'Don't you know that there are none on this house?' And my uncle stood there shivering like a man out of his wits.

"I couldn't imagine what I'd said," said Ainsworth naïvely. "Then, when he flew off about his nightmares—"

"Nightmares?" said Holmes.

"Yes. He screeched out that he suffered from nightmares, and that this was no night for the human soul to be alone."

"He grew calmer," continued Miss Dale, "when Jeffrey offered to look in once or twice during the night. It was really rather pitiful. My fiancé went in—when was it, Jeffrey?"

"Once at ten thirty, once at midnight, and finally at one in the morning."

"Did you speak with him?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"No, he was asleep."

"Then, how do you know that he was alive?"

"Well! Like many elderly people, the squire kept a night light. It was a kind of rushlight, burning blue in a bowl on the hearth. I couldn't see much, but I could hear his heavy breathing under the howl of the storm."

"It was just after five on the following morning," said Miss Dale, "when—I can't go on!" she burst out. "I can't!"

"Gently, my dear," said Ainsworth, who was looking at her steadily. "Mr. Holmes, this has been a great strain on my fiancée."

"Perhaps *I* may be permitted to continue," suggested the vicar. "Dawn was just breaking when I was aroused by a heavy pounding on the vicarage door. A stableboy had been dispatched posthaste from Goodman's Rest with horrible news. It appears that the housemaid carried up the squire's morning tea as usual. On drawing the curtains, she screamed out in horror at beholding her master dead in the bed. Huddling on my clothes, I rushed to Goodman's Rest. When I entered the bedroom, followed by Dolores and Jeffrey, Dr. Griffin—who had been summoned first—had concluded his examination.

" 'He has been dead for about two hours,' said the doctor. 'But for the life of me I cannot understand how he died.'

"I had moved round to the other side of the bed, composing myself to pray, when I caught sight of Trelawney's gold watch, gleaming in a ray of morning sunlight. The watch was a stem-winder, without a key. It lay on a small marble-topped table, amid a litter of patent-medicine bottles and liniment bottles which diffused a strong odor in the stuffy room.

"We are told that in times of crisis our minds will occupy themselves with trifles. This is so, else I cannot account for my own behavior.

"Fancying that the watch was not ticking, I lifted it to my ear. But it was ticking. I gave the stem two full turns until it was stopped by the spring; but, in any case, I should not have proceeded. The winding caused a harsh noise, *cr-r-ack*, which drew from Dolores an unnerving scream. I recall her exact words. 'Vicar! Put it down! It is like—like a death rattle.' "

For a moment we sat in silence. Miss Dale turned away her head.

"Mr. Holmes," said Ainsworth earnestly, "these wounds are too recent. May I beg that you will excuse Miss Dale from any further questions tonight?"

Holmes rose to his feet. "Fears are groundless things without proof, Miss Dale," he observed. Taking out his watch, he looked at it thoughtfully.

"The hour grows late, eh, Mr. Holmes?" remarked Lestrade.

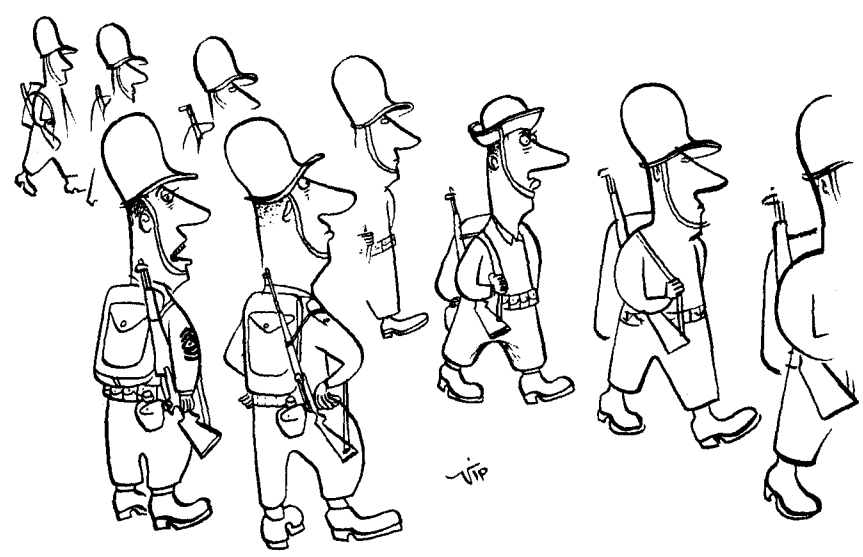
"That did not occur to me," Holmes said. "But you are right. And now, to Goodman's Rest."

A SHORT journey in the vicar's carriage brought us to a pair of lodge gates opening into a narrow drive. The moon had risen, and the long, glimmering avenue stretched away before us, all mottled and barred with the shadows of the great elm trees. As we swung round the final curve, the golden cones of light from the carriage lamps gleamed faintly on the face of a gaunt, ugly mansion. All the drab-painted window shutters were closed against the casements, and the front door was shrouded in black crape.

"It's a house of gloom, all right," said Lestrade in a subdued voice as he tugged at the bellpull. "Hullo! How's this! What are you doing here, Dr. Griffin?"

The door had swung open, and a tall

VIP'S WAR



"That's Filstrup, sir. He's still terribly bitter about not getting into the Navy"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

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Kodak
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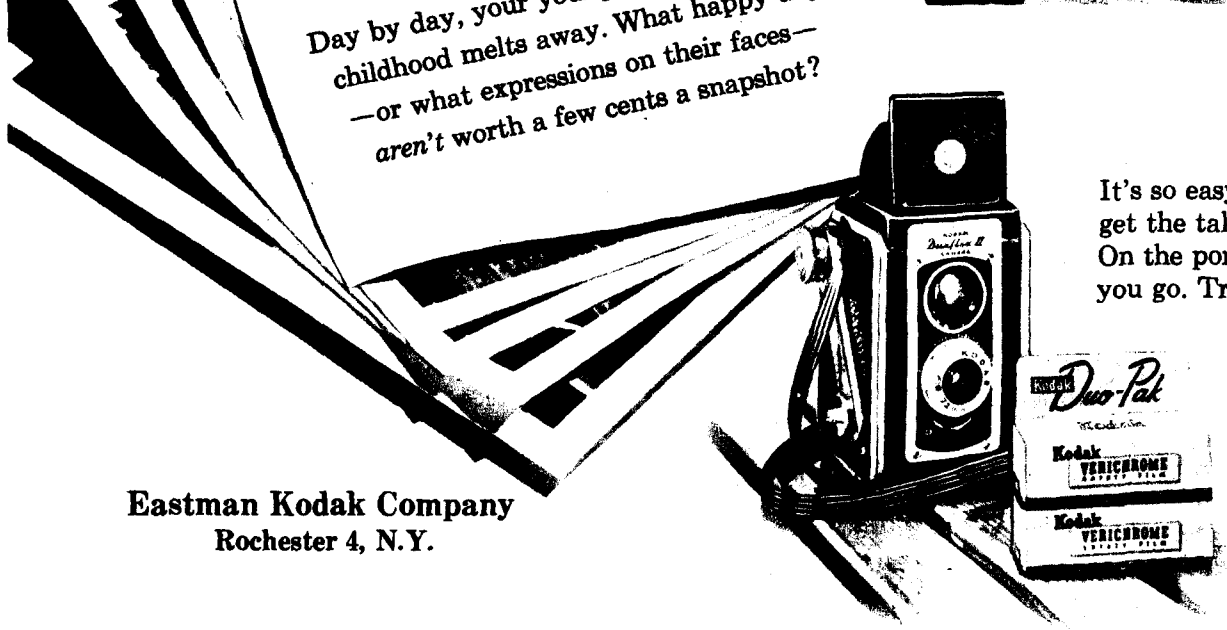

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red-bearded man, clad in a loose-fitting Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, stood in the entrance. As he glared fiercely from one to the other of us, I noted the clenched hands and heaving chest that told of some fearsome inner tension.

"Must I get your permission to walk a mile, Mr. Lestrade?" he cried. "Isn't it enough that your cursed suspicions have roused the whole countryside against me?" His great hand shot out and seized my friend by the shoulder. "You're Holmes!" he said passionately. "I got your note, and here I am. Please God that you live up to your repute. So far as I can see, you are all that stands between me and the hangman. There, now, what a brute I am! I've frightened her."

With a low moan, Miss Dale had buried her face in her hands.

"It's the strain, it's—everything!" she sobbed. "Oh, horror unthinkable!"

I was really very annoyed with Holmes; for, while we gathered around the weeping girl with words of comfort, he merely observed to Lestrade that presumably the dead man's body was inside. Turning his back on us, he strode into the house, whipping out a pocket lens as he did so.

After a decent interval, I hurried after him with Lestrade on my heels. Through a door on the left of a great dark hall, we caught a glimpse of a candlelighted room piled high with half-withered flowers and of Holmes's long, thin figure stooping over a white-shrouded form in the open coffin. The candlelight twinkled on his lens as he bent down until his face was only a few inches above that of the dead man. There was a period of absolute stillness while he scrutinized the placid features beneath him. Then gently he pulled up the sheet and turned away.

I WOULD have spoken, but he hurried past us swiftly and silently with no more than a curt gesture toward the stairs. On the upper landing, Lestrade led the way into a bedroom with massive dark furniture that loomed up gloomily in the light of a shaded lamp, burning on a table beside a great open Bible. The sickly stuffiness of funeral flowers, as well as the dampness of the house, followed me everywhere.

Holmes, his brows drawn into two hard black lines, was crawling on all fours under the windows, examining every inch of the floor with his lens. At my stern word of injunction he rose to his feet.

"No, Watson! These windows were not opened three nights ago. Had they been opened during so heavy a storm, I must have found traces." He sniffed the air. "But it was not necessary to open the windows."

"Listen!" said I. "What is that strange noise?"

I looked over toward the bed, with its curtains and high, dark headboard. At the head of the bed my gaze fastened on a small marble-topped table with a number of dusty medicine bottles.

"Holmes, it is the dead man's gold watch! It lies upon that little table there, and it is still ticking."

"Does that astonish you?"

"Surely, after three days, they would have allowed it to run down?"

"So they did. But I wound it up. I came up here before I examined the dead man downstairs. In fact, I made this whole journey from the village to wind up Squire Trelawney's watch at precisely ten o'clock."

"Upon my word, Holmes—"

"And see," he continued, hastening to the small table in question, "what a treasure-trove we have here! Look at this, Lestrade! Look at it!"

"But, Holmes, it is only a small pot of Vaseline such as you may buy at any chemist's!"

"On the contrary, it is a hangman's rope. And yet," he finished thoughtfully, "there remains that one point which continues to puzzle me. How was it that you were able to avail yourself of Sir Leopold Harper?" he asked suddenly, turning to Lestrade. "Does he live here?"

"No, he is staying with some friends in the neighborhood. When the post-mortem was decided on, the local police looked upon it as a bit of luck that the best-known expert in England on medical jurisprudence should be within reach, so they sent for him. And a fine time they had to get him to do it," he added with a sly grin.

"Why?"

"Because he was in bed with a hot-water bottle, a glass of hot toddy and a cold in his head."

Holmes threw his arms in the air. "My case is complete," he cried.

Lestrade and I looked at each other in amazement.

"I have only one more instruction to give," said Holmes. "Lestrade, nobody must leave this house tonight. The diplomacy of detaining everyone here, I leave to you. Watson and I will compose ourselves in this room until five o'clock tomorrow morning."

It was in vain, considering his masterful nature, to ask why we must do this. While he settled into the only rocking chair, it was in vain to protest that I could not even sit down on the dead man's bed, much less take a brief nap there. I objected for some time. I objected until—

"Watson!"

Cleaving through my dreams, that voice roused me from slumber. I sat bolt upright on the quilt, feeling much disheveled, with the morning sun in my eyes and the dead man's watch still ticking near my ear.

Sherlock Holmes, with his customary catlike neatness of appearance, stood watching me.

"It is ten minutes past five," said he, "and I felt I had best awaken you. Ah, Lestrade," he continued as there came a knock at the door. "I trust that the others are with you. Pray come in."

I bounded off the bed as Miss Dale entered the room, followed by Dr. Griffin, young Ainsworth and, to my astonishment, the vicar.

"Really, Mr. Holmes," cried Dolores Dale, her eyes sparkling with anger. "It it intolerable that a mere whim should keep us here all night—even poor Mr. Appley."

"It was no whim, believe me. I wish to explain how the late Mr. Trelawney was cold-bloodedly murdered."

"Murdered, eh!" blurted out Dr. Griffin. "Then Inspector Lestrade wants to hear you. But the method—"

"—was diabolical in its simplicity. Dr. Watson here was shrewd enough to call my attention to it. No, Watson, not a word! Mr. Appley gave us the clue when he said that if he had practiced medicine he might absent-mindedly have removed a patient's gallstones. But that was not all he said. He stated that first he would have chloroformed the patient. The suggestive word was chloroform."

"Chloroform!" echoed Dr. Griffin, *rather wildly.*

"Exactly. It might well suggest itself to a murderer, since only last year, in a famous murder trial at the Old Bailey, Mrs. Adelaide Bartlett was acquitted from a charge of poisoning her husband by pouring liquid chloroform down his throat as he lay asleep."

"But, deuce take it! Trelawney swallowed no chloroform!"

"Of course not. But suppose, Dr. Griffin, I were to take a large pad of cotton wool saturated in chloroform, and press it over the mouth and nostrils *of an old man—a heavily sleeping man* —for some twenty minutes. What would happen?"

"He would die. Yet you could not do that without leaving traces!"

"Ah, excellent! What traces?"

"Chloroform tends to burn or blister the skin. There would be burns, at least very small burns."

HOLMES shot out a long arm toward the little marble-topped table. "Now suppose, Dr. Griffin," said he, holding up the tiny pot of Vaseline, "I were first softly to spread on the face of the victim a thin film of such ointment as this. Would there be burns afterward?"

"No, there wouldn't!"

"I perceive that your medical knowledge leaps ahead and anticipates me. Chloroform is volatile; it evaporates and quickly vanishes from the blood. Delay a post-mortem examination for nearly two days, as this was delayed, and no trace will be left."

"Not so fast, Mr. Sherlock Holmes! There is—"

"There is a slight, a very slight possibility, that an odor of chloroform may be detected either in the room of death or at the post-mortem. But here it would have been hidden by the thick pungency of medicine and liniment. At the post-mortem it would have been hidden by that bad cold in the head from which Sir Leopold Harper suffered."

Dr. Griffin's face seemed to stand out white against his red beard. "By God, that's true!"

"Now we ask ourselves, as the vicar might, *cui bono?* Who profits from this dastardly crime?"

I noticed that Lestrade moved a step closer to the doctor.

"Take care, curse you!" snarled Griffin.

Holmes put down the ointment and took up the dead man's heavy gold watch, which seemed to tick even more loudly.

"I would draw your attention to this watch, of the sort known as a gold hunter. Last night I wound it up fully at ten o'clock. It is now, as you see, twenty minutes past five."

"And what of that?" cried Miss Dale.

"It is the exact time, if you recall, when the vicar wound up this same watch on the morning you found your uncle dead. Though the performance may distress you now, I beg of you to listen."

Cr-rack went the harsh rasping noise as Holmes began slowly to turn the stem and wind it up. On and on it seemed to go, while the stem still turned.

"Hold hard!" exclaimed Dr. Griffin. "There's something wrong!"

"Again excellent! And what is wrong?"

"Deuce take it, the vicar made only

COLLIER'S

"He thinks he's going to get somewhere by showering me with diamonds, furs and convertibles. . . . I think so, too"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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"If you'll let me off this one time, Officer, I promise to get out of here just as fast as this car will go"

COLLIER'S BILL YATES

two full turns of that stem, and it was fully wound up! You've made seven or eight turns, but it still is not wound!"

"Precisely so," returned Holmes, "but I do not emphasize this particular watch. Any watch, if it be wound up at ten o'clock in the evening, cannot possibly be fully wound on the following morning with only two turns."

"My God!" muttered the doctor, staring at Holmes.

"Hence, the late Mr. Trelawney did not go to bed at ten o'clock. Surely, considering his badly disturbed nerves and the continued thunderstorm, it is far more likely that he sat up reading his Bible until an unearthly hour, as the vicar said he sometimes did. Though he wound up his watch as usual, he did not retire until three o'clock. The murderer caught him in a heavy sleep."

"And therefore?" almost screamed Dolores.

"Therefore—since one person tells us he saw Trelawney asleep at ten thirty, at midnight and again at one o'clock—that person has told us a provable and damning falsehood."

"Holmes," cried I, "at last I see the direction in which all this points. The culprit is—"

Jeffrey Ainsworth sprang for the door.

"Ah, would you!" shouted Lestrade. He hurled himself on the young man, and there was a snap of closing handcuffs.

Miss Dolores Dale ran sobbing forward. She did not run toward Ainsworth. Instead she rushed into the outstretched arms of Dr. Paul Griffin.

THAT night, as we sat once more in Baker Street, refreshing ourselves with whisky-and-soda, Mr. Sherlock Holmes concluded, "You see, Watson, the probable guilt of young Ainsworth, who fervently desired to marry the young lady for her money, was at least indicated without even the evidence of the watch."

"Surely not!" I objected.

"My dear fellow, consider Trelawney's will."

"Then, after all, Trelawney did not make that unjust will?"

"Indeed, he did. He let it be known that such was his intention, and he carried out that intention. But there was only one person who was aware of the final outcome; namely, that he never actually signed it."

"You mean Trelawney himself?"

"I mean Ainsworth, the solicitor who drew the will. He has admitted as much in his confession."

Holmes leaned back in his chair and placed his finger tips together.

"Chloroform is easily obtainable, as the British public knows from the Bartlett case," he went on, "and in such a small community, a friend of the family like Ainsworth would have full access to the medical works in the vicar's library. He evolved rather a clever plan at his leisure. In my little analysis last night, I should have been less confident had not examination of the dead man's face with a lens revealed jury-proof evidence in the form of minute burns and traces of Vaseline in the pores."

"But Miss Dale and Dr. Griffin!"

"Their conduct puzzled you?"

"Well, women are strange."

"My dear Watson, when I hear of a young woman, all fire and temperament, who is thrown into the company of a man of exactly similar characteristics—in sharp contrast to a cold-minded solicitor who watches her carefully—my suspicions are aroused, especially when she expresses unprovoked dislike on all public occasions."

"Then why did she not simply break her engagement?"

"You overlook the fact that her uncle always upbraided her for fickleness. Had she revoked her pledge, she would have lost dignity in her own eyes. But why on earth, Watson, are you chuckling now?"

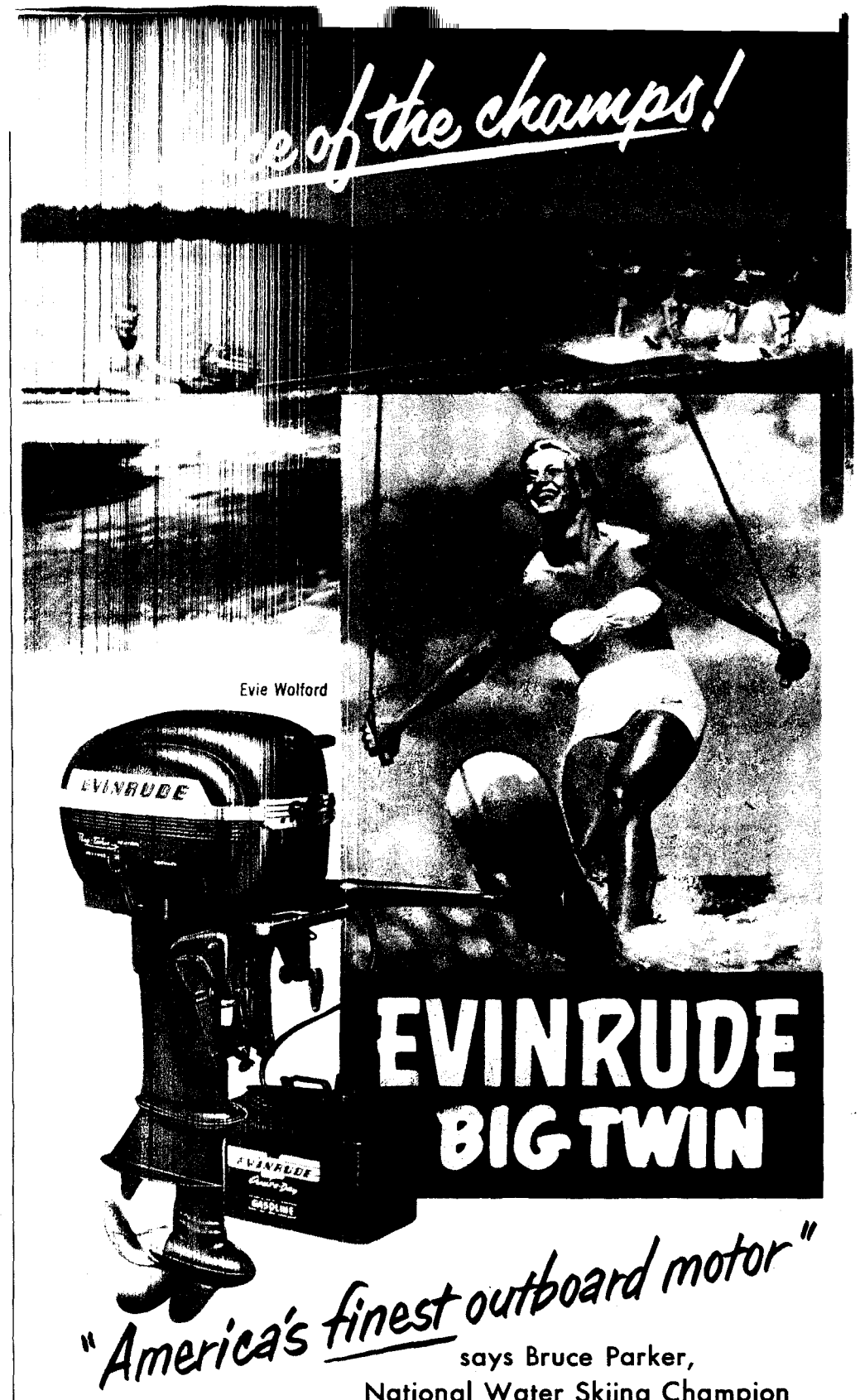
"Merely a sense of incongruity. I was thinking of the singular name of that village in Somerset."

"The village of Camberwell?" said Holmes, smiling. "Yes, it is indeed different from our London district of Camberwell. You must give the chronicle a different title, Watson, lest readers be confused as to the true locale of the Camberwell poisoning case." ▲▲▲

In Collier's — Next Week

SHERLOCK HOLMES
in
The Adventure of
The Highgate Miracle

A diamond broker, suspected of theft, succeeds in vanishing while under the relentless surveillance of Scotland Yard



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Here is Bruce Parker and his trophy-laden troupe at the '52 National meet, American Water Skiing Association, Minocqua, Wisconsin. (From left) Barbara Goode, Eastern Girls' Champion; Bruce Parker, National Senior Champion; Evie Wolford, National Slalom Champion; Jim Myer, Eastern Boys' Champion. In '52 Big Twin powered Bruce to 8 titles. His skiing partner, Evie Wolford, to 8 titles. And both, in doubles events, to 2 titles.

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ZINN ARTHUR

Misaddressed letters, like one handled by W. L. Siegmann, Jr., in Garden City, N.Y., may end up "dead"

What You Don't Know About Mailing a Letter

By MARGO FISCHER

Chances are, you're not getting all the service the post office can give you. Did you know that, for a penny, you can get a receipt proving that you posted a letter? That often you can gain a full day in delivery time by mailing before noon? Here are tips on how you can save time, money, trouble

AN ANGRY lady stepped up to the inquiry window of a New York City post office not long ago. "Do you know *all* the rules and regulations of the Postal Department?" she wanted to know.

"I think so," said the clerk. "Like what?"

"Well," asked the lady, "is it legal for a husband to look over his wife's shoulder when she's reading her mail?"

Inquiry clerks of the U.S. Post Office Department come up against thousands of questions like that one every day. The post office is not a domestic relations court, of course. But it is many things to many people. To stamp collectors, who hand over $1,500,000 every year for commemorative issues, it's hobby heaven. To 3,500,000 postal-savings depositors, it's a bank. To 20,000,000 shoppers who buy everything from turtle soup to garden rakes with money orders, it serves as a department store.

Actually, your post office is the world's biggest business. Want to know just how big? Take a look at these figures.

There are 40,919 post offices in the United States and its territories. There are, in addition, 2,438 stations and branches, 4,148 contract stations and 280 rural stations. More than 50,000,000,000 pieces of mail, each involving 10 or more handlings, go through these offices yearly. The letters, cards and parcels weigh more than 11,000,000,000 pounds, and are handled by 530,000 employees.

Yet in all this vast business, only one piece of mail out of 50,000 is reported lost.

One of your letters may be stolen after delivery, but the chances are very small. The chances are better that an occasional letter will end up at the dead-letter office. But if it happens, don't blame the post office; the fault is probably yours. There's no reason why any mail should go astray if the sender is careful. So if you value what you send, here are some suggestions that can get it safely and quickly to its destination:

Address completely, including return address on all letters and packages. Think this is elementary advice? Well, in 1952, out of some 25,000,000,000 letters, over 22,000,000 ended up "dead." Not lost, mind you, but dead—because they were incompletely addressed.

An address must include the name of the person, the number and street (when addressed to office buildings, include the room number if possible), city, postal-delivery zone, if any, and the state. Like other big businesses, the post office has an enormous turnover in employees these days, so don't forget the zone number; a new worker, sorting mail by zones, might not have learned the zone numbers of his city. If you're sending a letter to an address in your own town, don't just use the word "City"; write out the full name. And don't

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How to get a family vacation on the right track

When you Go Pullman with the family, you get a running start on a happy holiday. That's because your vacation begins the moment you step into this wonderful world on wheels.

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You're supposed to rest on a family outing. And with a big comfortable bed to stretch out in, here's a restful thought: You'll arrive where you're going *on time* —*relaxed* and *ready* for all the waiting fun.

The only time you lift a finger is to ring your Porter. He'll be glad to see to it that your every wish is granted . . . including breakfast in your own accommodation. Further proof that you're really on vacation when you Go Pullman.

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Swift's Premium Pork Sausage—a year 'round favorite with the menfolks. Tuck grilled links in warm Parker House Rolls and splash with barbecue sauce.
CHOPPED Ham SMOKED FLAVOR
Swift's Premium
Swift's Premium Chopped Ham—the one with rich smoked flavor! For a "lightweight" supper, chill the loaf, pile whipped cream horseradish sauce on top, and slice.

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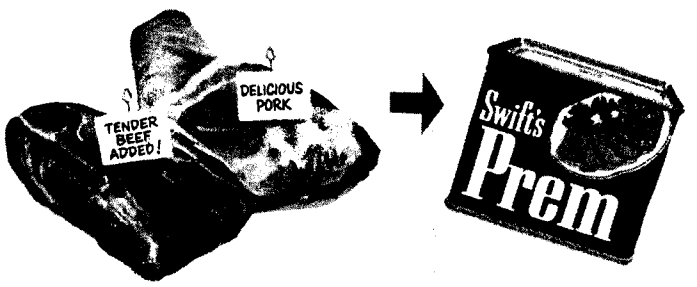
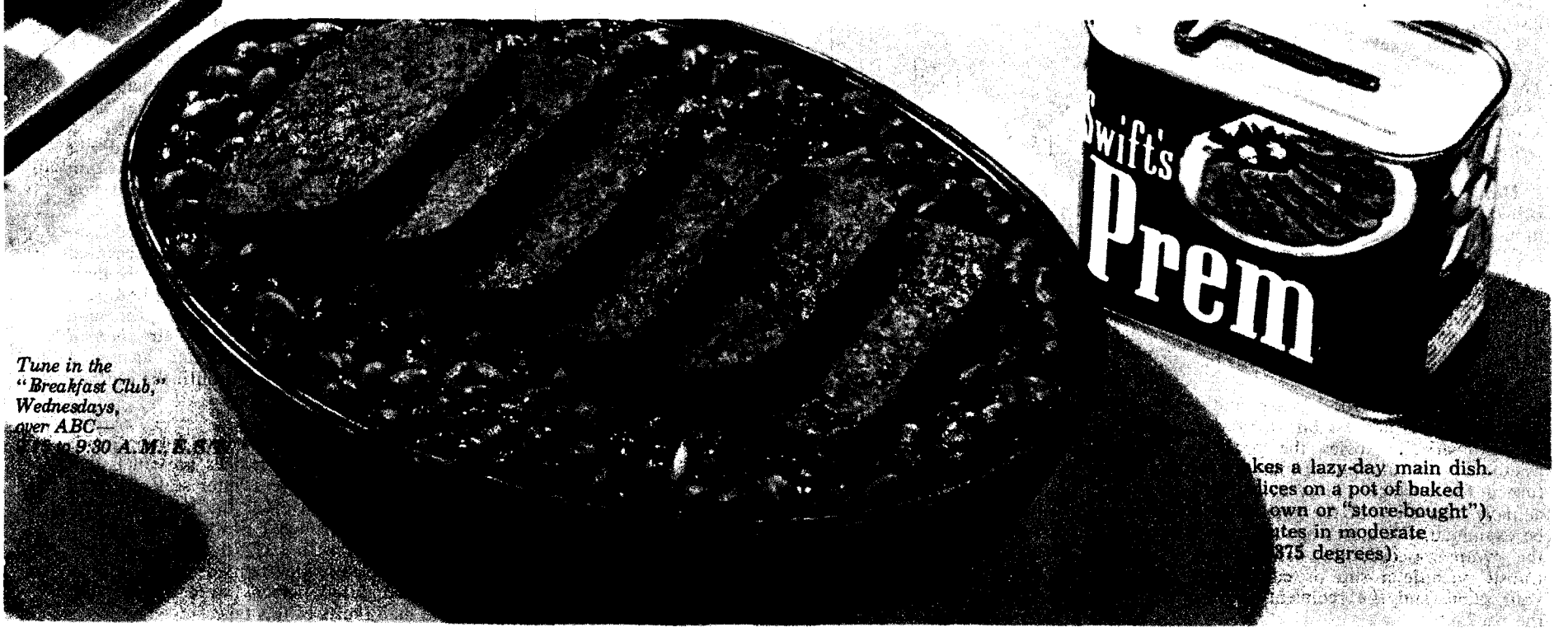
SWIFT QUALITY FOODS

Packed fresh to stay fresh!



Canned meats just don't *come* any better than Swift's Premium! More than 25 tempting varieties—made from selected cuts of fresh, quality meats—cooked *in the can* so all the fine, natural flavor stays in. Put a big supply on tap . . . for that Memorial Day picnic . . . and for cool-cookin' meals all summer long. Serve them often to family and friends. *You'll please 'em easy with meats in a can*—packed fresh by Swift!



Tune in the "Breakfast Club," Wednesdays, over ABC— at 9:30 A.M., E.S.T.

kes a lazy-day main dish. lices on a pot of baked own or "store-bought"), ites in moderate 375 degrees).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unclaimed parcels are sold by the post office at auction. One buyer went away with a

abbreviate the names of places: Cal. (California) could be misread as Col. (Colorado).

If you find it a chore to write your return address on your mail, why not buy a rubber stamp and press it on, or have printed labels made? It would be even simpler to use stamped envelopes with your address printed on them. You can order them from any post office.

No matter how famous a person may be, don't send him a letter addressed simply with his name and the city and state in which he lives. It probably won't reach him. Formerly some postal employees took time out to consult the city directory and added the street addresses. But these days your post office is much too busy to give directory service to such mail. A letter so addressed will simply be returned to the sender.

If no return address is given, or if it's illegible, the letter will go to the dead-letter office. It will be held for a week, then opened to see if it contains anything of value or any clue as to who sent it. If checks or legal papers are found, the post office tries to trace ownership by contacting the banks and lawyers. When an address is found, the letter is returned to the sender, who must pay a five-cent penalty. Loose cash totaling almost $250,000 is found each year in dead letters. Money not traced to owners is deposited in the Treasury to the credit of the Postal Service.

If a letter obviously is *just* a letter, chances are it simply will be destroyed.

But not inevitably. Busy as your post office may be, it still has a heart. Recently, for example, it reunited an eleven-year-old boy named Stubby with his anxious parents. Stubby had been sent off to summer camp while his mother and father were busy moving to another town. Stubby didn't like the camp, so he ran away and got a job picking peaches on a farm.

Stubby wrote to his old home address regularly, but the address on the envelopes was not legible and he put on no return address. His letters ended up in the dead-letter office. A postal worker became interested. He noted with each letter how the child's uphill scrawl became increasingly desperate. "Don't move without me," was Stubby's last plea.

It took five weeks for the post office to track down Stubby and his family. The boy promised he'd never again send even a post card without a return address, and that he would learn to write more legibly.

Don't address parcels on both sides. Every day, post offices receive thousands of packages with the recipient's address on both sides. Many people believe that if the address on the stamped side becomes torn or obliterated, the other address will guarantee delivery. Or some assume the double address will save time for the distributor.

The opposite is true. When a distributor sees an address but no stamp, he automatically tosses the package aside on the assumption it must be returned for postage. Thus delivery is actually delayed until the package can be examined. To insure against loss if the wrapping becomes damaged in transit, include a slip of paper with your name and the recipient's *inside* the package.

Be sure to wrap parcels securely. If packages aren't properly wrapped, post offices simply refuse them. The post-office people recommend strong corrugated boxes, packed firmly enough to resist pressure but not so overpacked that they may burst.

You can seal parcels and mail them at the fourth-class rate if you place above or below the return address the words: "Contents: Merchandise. This parcel may be opened for postal inspection." The words may now be hand-stamped, handwritten, or—as in the past—included on a printed or typed label. Most packages, of course, aren't opened—unless postal authorities have a good hunch you're mailing something you shouldn't.

You know, of course, there's a limit on the size and weight of parcel-post packages, with postage charged according to weight and national zones. If you'll check the regulations beforehand, you'll save the post office and yourself many headaches and delays, especially at holiday times. If you send laundry, food or other packages regularly to students, soldiers or friends, and don't need to insure them, you'll find a parcel-post scale handy to own. For about $7.50 you can get a scale that weighs parcels up to 20 pounds and has postal zones and rates printed on it.

Packages sent by air should be clearly marked "Via Air Parcel Post," not only on each side but on each end. And don't put parcels in collection boxes. Take them to the post office. Packages not wrapped securely or incorrectly addressed often end up, like letters, at the dead offices. Unclaimed contents are eventually sold at public auction.

Almost everything, including a small kitchen stove, has been bought at post-office auctions. One customer went away from such an auction with an inner tire tube, a wig, a bridal gown, a fishing rod, a radio, a clock—and a kitchen stove. A total of 901,231 unclaimed parcels and articles found loose in the mails in 1952 brought over a third of a million dollars at the auctions.

For every letter or package that goes astray, at least two people are involved. So when more than 22,000,000 letters and over 900,000 packages end up dead, it means that millions of people have been made unhappy. It also costs the taxpayers a lot of money.

Put on enough stamps. Don't trust to luck that a fat letter will get by with only three cents' postage. It may be returned to you, but usually it will be delivered, and the person receiving it has to pay the rest of the postage, an annoyance you certainly don't want to cause your friends. When you send a letter unprepaid to a friend in a foreign country, he has to pay *double* the postage.

On the other hand, don't waste your money by putting on too many stamps. If you send many letters (the average number of pieces of U.S. mail sent per person in 1952 was 316), you'll find another use for postal scales. They come in small sizes, too; a two-ounce, pocket-size scale for weighing letters costs around $2.50.

Stamps come in denominations from one-half cent to $5. You'll find it handy to keep a supply on hand—you can get stamps in sheets, books or rolls—but remember that if you overbuy, you cannot get your money back from the post office.

Send letters by air mail if you're in a hurry. Here's where a scale can really save you money. A sixteenth of an ounce can make the difference between six cents and twelve cents when you use air mail. Letters to be sent by air should be plainly marked "Via Air Mail" in the space above the address to the left of the stamps. You can use ordinary postage for air mail but not air-mail postage on ordinary letters.

If you don't want to bother with stamps and envelopes, a good money saver is the air-letter sheet, which you can buy at all post offices for ten cents and which can be sent to all foreign countries. It can be folded into the form of an envelope and sealed. But you can't register it or enclose anything in it. Nor can tape or a sticker be attached to the outside.

You can save even more money by using the four-cent air-mail postal card. If you aren't too wordy or a stickler for privacy, you can generally say everything that's really important on a postal card.

Unless you're proposing marriage. Not long ago a soldier in Korea sent a 103-page proposal by air mail to his girl in Rochester, New York. Boiled down, his letter amounted to four words: "Will you marry me?" She answered in 87 pages, and that boiled down to one word—Yes. Of course the post office agrees that it wouldn't have been quite the same had they simply used postal cards and reduced their correspondence to its mere essentials.

Air mail is swift and safe. During 1952, there were only five airplane accidents that involved mail losses, and only .000012 per cent of the mail carried by air was lost or damaged.

Mail early in the day. You often gain a whole day's time in delivery if you mail letters before noon. The greatest handicap city post offices have—outside of the Christmas rush—is the great five-o'clock flood of mail. Post offices try to deal with this burden by using more employees at night (in New York City, for example, 28,000 workers come on at night compared with only 9,000 during the day). Even so, they're swamped and your letter can be delayed.

Don't forget that the postal force is reduced on week ends and holidays. When you want your letter to be delivered promptly at these times, send it special delivery or air mail–special delivery.

Don't leave mail outside the letter boxes. Not so long ago a fifty-two-year-old woman received a letter containing a marriage proposal from a man she'd been in love with when she was twenty-seven. The letter had been written 25 years before. At that time, the man, who was then leaving on a business trip, told her: "I'll write, but if I don't get an answer, I'll know you can't accept my limitations, and you won't hear from me again."

You might say the story ended happily; the woman answered and accepted his tardy proposal, and they were married within a week. But they had been parted all that time because the man had carelessly dropped his letter *behind* a too-full mailbox located against a wall. It wasn't found until the old box was replaced.

Make sure your own letter box is well locked. Chances are small that you'll ever have a letter stolen after it has been delivered. But if you ever get checks through the mail, you want to play safe. In 1952, 34,000 complaints of stolen mail were made to post offices, and 2,260 persons were arrested for mail thefts of this type.

COLLIER'S **"I want all you employees to know that my door is always open. Now go out through it"** NED HILTON

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...vig, a bridal gown, a fishing rod and a stove

A great many of these felonies were committed by narcotics addicts, most of them in the poorer neighborhoods of large cities. But even if you live in a swank section, don't think you're immune. The U.S. government alone sends out millions of checks every month—and always in easily recognized envelopes. Letter-box thieves find it comparatively easy to cash checks for veterans compensation, old-age assistance and aid for the blind, so they are willing to risk stiff fines and prison sentences.

If you live in an apartment house, you're fairly safe because the Post Office Department can dictate the kind of letter boxes your landlord installs. But for private residences, it's another story. You can use anything you like, of course. But don't use a flimsy wicker basket or an easily broken transparent box; both types invite thievery. A box of cast iron or steel is best, with a padlock. It should be deep enough to hold magazines and newspapers and so designed that a hand can't reach inside. The best protection of all for private homes is a slot in the front door.

Any time your letter box is broken open, or even tampered with, report it immediately to your nearest post office, either by telephone or in person.

For complete safety use registered mail and insure your packages.

If you send anything of value in a letter, play safe by using registry service; it costs comparatively little and its dependability is legendary. More than 67,000,000 letters and articles were mailed registered last year, yet only 1,216 claims for losses were filed. When Harry Winston, famous New York jeweler, bought the 726-carat Jonker diamond, valued at $750,000, he had it sent from England by registered mail. He wouldn't have collected much in case of its loss (under an agreement between the two countries, the responsible postal system, whether British or American, would have been liable for only $8.17). But he figured it was safe—and he was right.

You can register all classes of mail but you usually have to pay first-class rates—three cents an ounce or fraction thereof—plus the regular registry fee, based on the declared value of your mail. For domestic registered mail, the post office's financial responsibility is limited to $1,000, but you can get regular commercial insurance to cover the rest. And, by the way, don't seal registered mail with transparent tape; it won't take the postmark which must, by regulation, be stamped on the flaps.

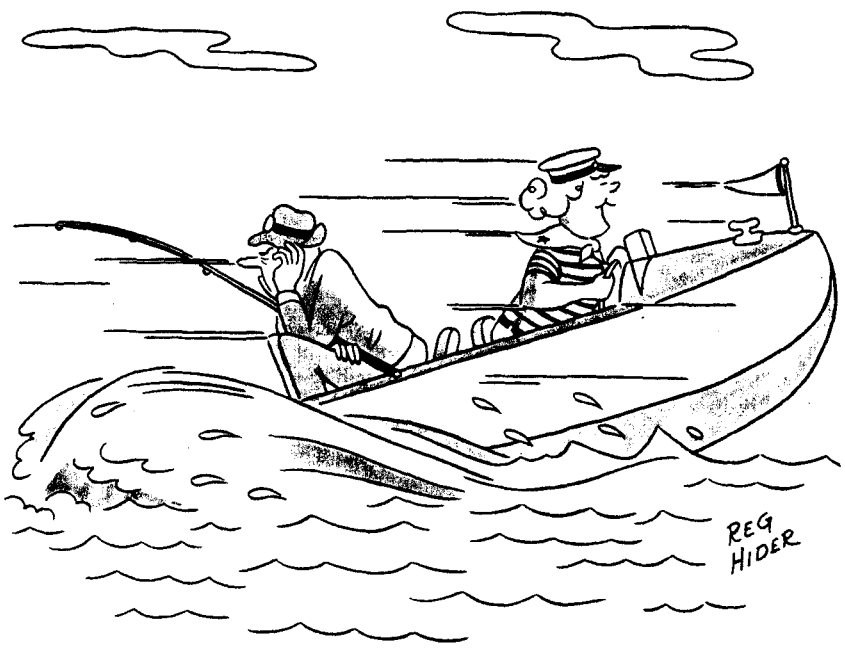
Parcels can be insured for up to $200, at a lower rate than the registry cost. Last year more than 200,000,000 parcels were insured. Claims were filed in only 462,252 cases.

There's one more mailing service that's worth mentioning—special handling, which speeds up the handling process between your post office and the one the mail is going to. It's not very expensive—from 15 cents for articles under two pounds to 25 cents for items over 10 pounds—and for a few cents more (35 cents at most) you can complete the speed-up by getting special delivery. Finally, if you're sending something like hats or fresh country butter, mark it "Fragile" or "Perishable," and it'll get preferential treatment.

The famous House of Blanche in New York, which specializes in intricately designed cakes, mails its delicate creations all over the country (to the White House, for example) under special handling and never has any trouble.

You can use your post office as your bank. If you have no checking account in a bank, money orders offer a handy and safe way to pay bills or send money. You retain a stub as proof of payment, and the recipient may find your money order easier to cash than a check. Also, money orders are one way of carrying large amounts of money safely. They can be bought in any amount up to $100.

Money orders are now punched cards



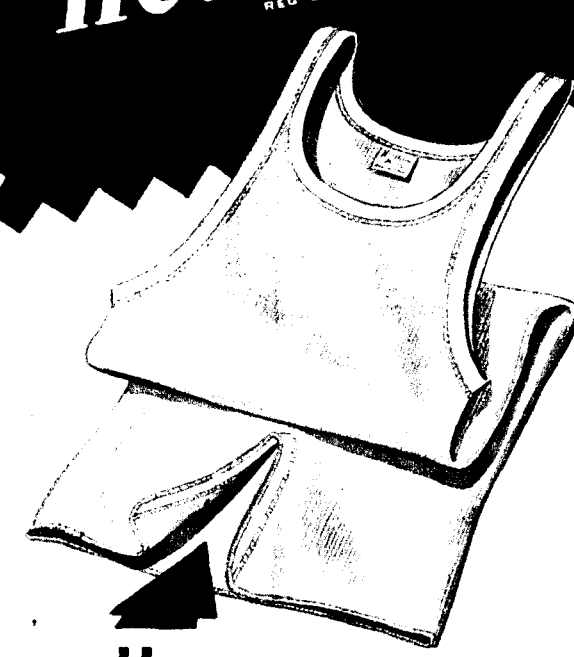
COLLIER'S

"Why didn't you tell me trolling was so much fun?"

REG HIDER

There's no comfort like KNIT comfort and NO FIT LIKE

Healthknit
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.



Here's why this shirt
NEVER CREEPS, BUNCHES or BINDS!

Like your coat... it's designed to s-p-r-e-a-d when you sit down

Watch your friend's coat when he sits down. It's *open at the bottom in front—free* to spread and get out of his lap. It never bunches—never rolls up around his middle—never climbs up his back.

Now, the HEALTHKNIT Kut-Ups undershirt is *open at the bottom in front.* Like your coat it's free to spread and get out of your lap. It *never* bunches—*never* rolls up around your middle—*never* climbs out of your trousers like ordinary undershirts.

Plus—beautiful, soft cotton knit—HEALTHKNIT quality throughout.

HEALTHKNIT *Kut-Ups* SHIRT

We're so sure this shirt is the most comfortable you've ever worn, we guarantee it! We say, wear it—if you are not completely satisfied, send it to us—we'll refund your money. *In sanitary cellophane—only 75c. 79c in far West.*

Healthknit

UNDERWEAR • SLEEPWEAR • SPORTSWEAR

STANDARD KNITTING MILLS, INC., KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

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If you dun a debtor by post card, be polite. It's against the law to embarrass him

and they cost more than they used to —more than most bank checks, except when the orders are for less than $5. But the rate boost hasn't decreased their use; the total for 1952 was the highest in history: 376,000,000 orders worth almost $6,000,000,000.

If you shop by mail, know what you're buying. There's almost nothing you can't buy by mail, from pet alligators to complete buildings. Every facing brick in the Bank of Vernal, Utah, was shipped by parcel post from Salt Lake City; it was the cheapest transportation available. There are 900 established mail-order firms, and one of them alone sells its goods to 12,000,000 families, doing a business of over $1,500,000,000 a year.

There are certain advantages in shopping by mail. You can often save a little money, the merchandise is of high quality, the method is convenient, you have a broad selection, and now and then you can buy something not available elsewhere.

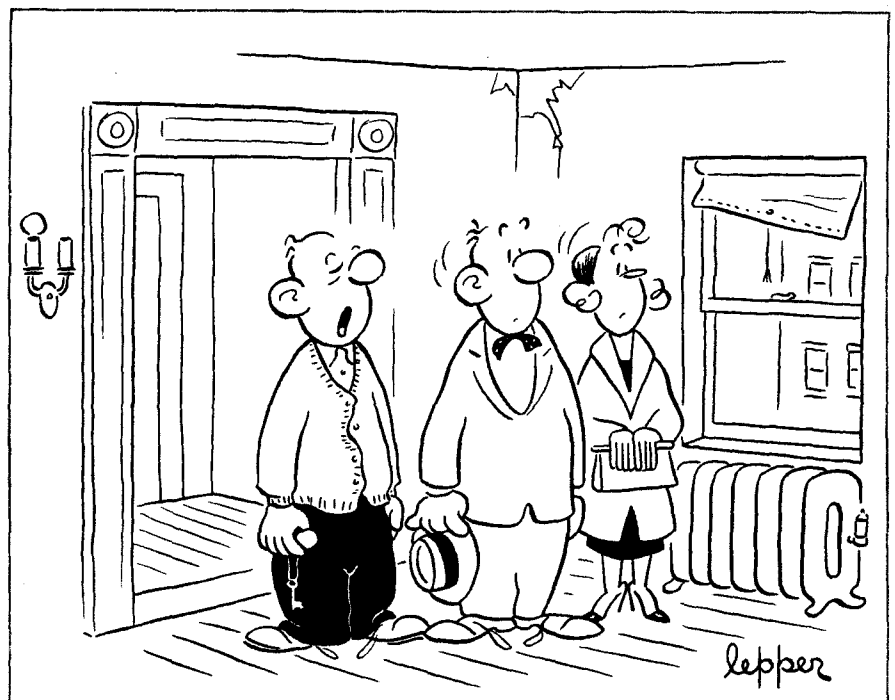
There are also disadvantages. There may be delays in delivery. You buy in the dark. If you want servicing, say on a refrigerator you've bought by mail, you can't always pick up the telephone and get action. You won't get any sensational bargains, such as you might when big department stores have sales. And what you do order may get lost or damaged in transit, and you may have to write a lot of letters about it, which can be exasperating.

Protect yourself. Don't buy unless you can return the merchandise. Be sure you're guaranteed satisfaction. Keep ads or catalogues that describe what you order in case of fraud or misrepresentation, so you'll have evidence when you complain to your post office. Read directions and fill out all forms carefully. Above all, don't send money through the mails unless you register it. Use money orders or checks.

Remember, you don't have to account for any merchandise that is sent to you unsolicited so far as the Post Office Department is concerned, although some state laws hold you responsible. The best idea is to mark "Refused" on the envelope or package and give it back to your postman.

How to get back a letter. If, for some reason, you change your mind about mailing a letter after it has left your hands, you can get it back if you work fast. Make a duplicate envelope of the original, take it to your post office and ask for withdrawal slip No. 1509. If it's a registered letter, ask for No. 3855. Fill out the slip. The post office will then get in touch with the station to which your letter was sent, and with the mail carrier who would deliver it. If your letter hasn't left your own post office, there's no charge for this service. If it has gone out, you'll have to pay any expenses incurred in getting it back. The cost won't be much, in any case. You also can get back parcels this way.

How to prove you've mailed a letter. If you want proof that you mailed your income tax, a check or anything else, but don't want to pay a registered-mail fee, you can buy a receipt from the post office for one cent showing the date, name and address of sender and the person to whom the mail was addressed. Of course, the receipt shows only that you mailed the letter, not that it was received.



COLLIER'S

"And any time you folks feel like getting a little recreation, there's a bowling alley upstairs"

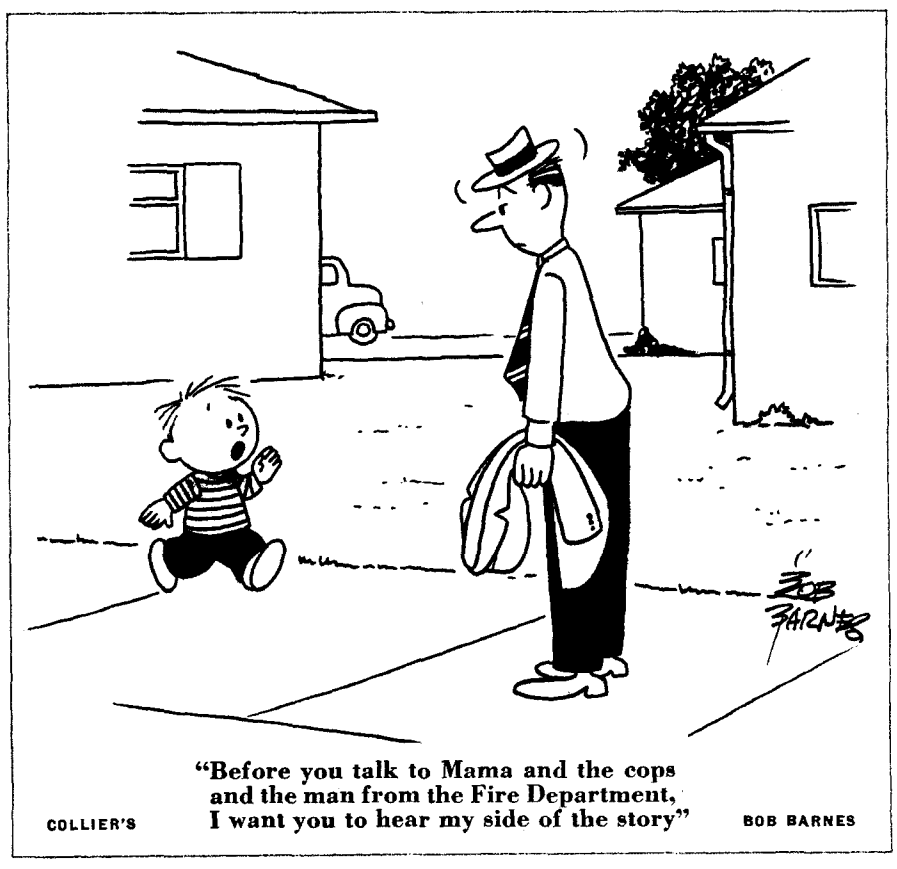
EDWIN LEPPER

How to use the post office as your savings bank. If you want to put your savings in the post office instead of in a commercial bank, you'll get about the same interest on it—2 per cent. But postal-savings interest is not compounded, which means that you get no interest on interest earned. There are, however, two advantages: your money is as safe as America. The post office is open from 8:00 A.M. to 5:00 or 6:00 P.M. and later in some communities. Most banks close earlier.

What you mustn't send through the mails. There are dozens of kinds of letters you can't mail without violating the law. Chain letters, for example—those sign-your-name-last-on-the-list-and-send-ten-copies-to-your-friends schemes that swept the country a few years ago, promising great riches if you sent a quarter (or a dollar) to the top name.. You can't mail advertising for phony foreign divorces, either. Lottery advertising and sweepstakes tickets are barred from the mails, and so is obscene matter and articles intended for birth prevention.

If you send a post card demanding payment of a debt, word it carefully; if it is written so that it embarrasses the debtor or injures his reputation, you're breaking the law.

There are other items which you may not mail: liquor and narcotics; anything that tends to incite a person to arson, murder or assassination; anything that leads to sedition and treason; anything obviously dangerous, such as bombs or explosives. Except under certain stipulated conditions, you can't mail firearms which can be concealed on the person, radioactive matter or diseased tissues.



COLLIER'S

"Before you talk to Mama and the cops and the man from the Fire Department, I want you to hear my side of the story"

BOB BARNES

Watch out for fraud. During the fiscal year 1952, an estimated $6,800,000 was filched from the public in only 82 of the many mail-fraud cases investigated by the Post Office Inspection Service. More than 11,000 complaints were received in 1952 from people who received allegedly fraudulent or unmailable matter. Oklahoma war veterans and their families were recently defrauded of $600,000 by a single publishing company which solicited orders for a set of books to be entitled Fighting Men of Oklahoma (it was never printed).

Beware of matrimonial schemes, fortunetelling, numerology, get-rich-quick proposals, fake estates. And don't fall for the so-called Spanish Prisoner swindle that has been flourishing for 300 years: you get an appealing and flattering letter from someone supposedly in jail who has a great fortune stored away in a trunk and needs a small advance to pay his lawyer's bills (you supply the advance).

Is the postal service as good as it should be? There's a growing volume of complaints about the post office. People speak of the good old days, and call today's deliveries "snail mail."

Sure enough, some service has been curtailed, but the post office isn't wholly responsible. The cutback started in 1950—when Congress cut more than $69,000,000 from the post office appropriation. Then, in 1951, the railroads eliminated 371 trains that carried mail. Meanwhile, in the last five years the number of pieces of mail handled by the post office has increased 33 per cent, while the number of working man-hours has increased only nine per cent.

As a result, we now get only one home delivery a day, except at Christmastime, when the post office makes as many deliveries as are necessary to complete its job. We no longer sign for special-delivery mail, which saves a few minutes of the mailman's time. We buy money orders instead of postal notes to send small sums of money. It's still a lot better service than it used to be.

A hundred and fifty years ago we'd have paid six cents to send a letter 30 miles by stagecoach—and that really was snail mail: four miles an hour if the roads were good. Letters sent from Maine to Georgia took 22 days, and mail was delivered three times a week in summer and once a week in winter. Today, with trucks, pneumatic tubes, helicopters and airplanes, we can send a letter 3,000 miles in a day—for six cents.

"Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." That isn't really the official motto of the U.S. Post Office Department, though many people think it is. It was selected from the writings of the ancient Greek historian Herodotus, by one of the architects who designed the main post office in New York, and inscribed above the main entrance. But it's a good motto, and the U.S. Post Office Department meets it pretty well. ▲▲▲

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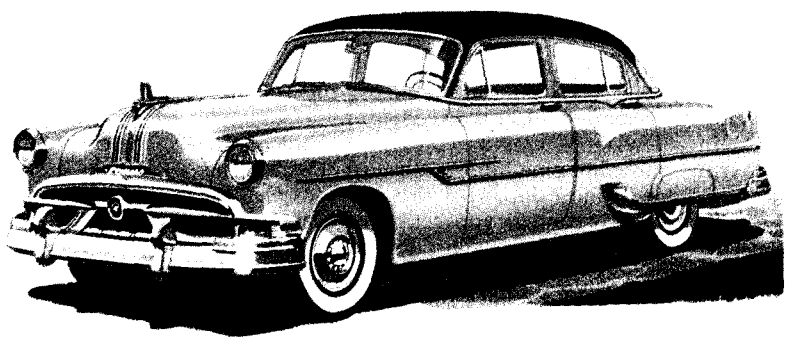
DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR YOU CAN'T BEAT A *1953*

Pontiac

A GENERAL MOTORS MASTERPIECE

Built in the Best Fine-Car Tradition!



When you sit behind the wheel of the brilliant new 1953 Pontiac you experience the satisfaction of knowing that despite its very modest price you have had to make no compromise with styling, comfort or performance. The 1953 Pontiac is a *fine car* from every standpoint! It's longer, roomier, luxuriously styled inside and out. As for performance—you'll find more power than you'll probably ever need and you'll enjoy this power along with amazing economy! For the pride of possessing a truly fine car—and the pleasure of owning it at very reasonable cost—why not see your Pontiac dealer soon? It will take only a very short time behind the wheel to prove to yourself that for truly spectacular performance, remarkable, long-lasting economy and deep-down all-around value, *dollar for dollar you can't beat a Pontiac.*

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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I plunked down on my knees and held up my clasped hands. It looked pretty touching, I'll say that. "Consider! Pause! Reflect!" I said

De Lucie Joins the Club

De Lucie, that indomitable domestic, becomes an actress and achieves a success that Helen Hayes wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole

By MARGARET CHASE

Sunday at the Iredales'

Dear Husband Rocky:

In a few more months you will get out of the Army, and can come home—oh boy. Don't bring home one of those Japanese girls; you got me. I'll quit my job as soon as you get here. Mrs. Iredale will have to find another girl to cook and do the housework.

Shall we open a Diner on the Post Road and name it Eats, and live in a room at the back, and keep two dogs, two cats, two canaries and two guppies? I must have two of everything that's captive, leashed or caged, because I am now a member of a club that Mrs. Iredale's mother got up. The HOTLAC Club.

I'd like to have you join too. It costs nothing, but you have to sign a pledge. Twenty-six of Mrs. Iredale's women friends have joined, and one man.

Rocky, have you ever been sorry for a fine dog like Mrs. Warhorst's big boxer, being walked on a six-foot leash outdoors, looking so hopefully at other lonesome dogs on leashes, just longing to run and play; or at home alone, chained to the kitchen table? Have you ever been sorry for one goldfish in a bowl, afraid he is the last fish in the world? Or one lonely canary in a cage, singing his little yellow heart out, looking out of the window at the sparrows?

Lonesome animals have always worried Mrs. Warhorst—that's Mrs. Iredale's mother, who is visiting us for one month. She brought her boxer along with her. He is old and tired, so they let him lie on my clean beds with his muddy feet. Mrs. Warhorst used to have a female boxer too, but it got rolled by a car. Mrs. Iredale is sorry for lonely animals also. In this house, we got two lovebirds and two Siamese fighting fish, and the two Iredale kids.

Mrs. Warhorst is a big forceful old lady with silver-purple hair and noble ideas. She has written a play about the HOTLAC reform, and she gave it to Mr. Iredale to read. She wants him to have it produced on the radio, which of course he can easily do, as he is a famous news commentator. Mrs. Warhorst's play is called One or Twain. A dog named One is the hero. His mate Twain has been bumped off by a villain named Prince Frisco, and One spends three exciting acts doing brave deeds and searching for Twain, and at the end he saves Lady Mary's life by stepping in front of her as Frisco shoots, and he goes to heaven to join his mate. Isn't that a beautiful thought?

I'd like you to copy the HOTLAC pledge and

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

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Now! ONE Brushing With COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Removes Up To 85% Of Decay And Odor-Causing Bacteria!

Only The Colgate Way Does All Three!
CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it CLEANS YOUR TEETH and STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!

Just One Brushing with Colgate's Stops Bad Breath Instantly!

Your very first brushing with Colgate's each morning removes up to 85% of the bacteria that cause bad breath! Yes, scientific tests *prove* that Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Every time you brush your teeth with Colgate's you clean your breath while you clean your teeth!

Just One Brushing with Colgate's Removes Up to 85% of Decay-Causing Bacteria!

Every brushing with Colgate Dental Cream removes up to 85% of the bacteria that cause decay! But—if you really want to prevent decay, be sure to follow the Colgate way! Scientific tests showed that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!

Brushing Teeth After Eating Stops Tooth Decay Best!

Scientific tests over a 2-year period showed a startling reduction in tooth decay for those who brushed their teeth with Colgate's right after eating! In fact, X rays showed no new cavities whatever for almost 2 out of 3 people. Yes, the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!

Gives You A Cleaner, Fresher Mouth All Day Long!

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send it to Mrs. Iredale or Mrs. Warhorst with your full name signed. That will make you a Helper, like me. *I promise never to keep a leashed animal or caged bird sole or solitary, but to find each one I own a mate or a friendly companion.*

Mr. Iredale pretends that HOTLAC means Mates for Mutts. It does not. It is the initials of Helpers of the Leashed and Caged.

I'll let you know what hour Mrs. Warhorst's play is going to be given on radio or television, hoping you can arrange to listen in.

Your loving wife, De Lucie
Helper of the Leashed and Caged

Monday

Dear Husband Rocky:

There's a hitch. Mr. Iredale is being difficult. He is obstructing the great and needed HOTLAC reform. He has always been a nice man up to now. I did want to leave the Iredales happy, because I have worked here five years and they are my friends. But the mean way he is acting, they might bust up.

The Missis always keeps a large picture of the Mister in a gold frame on the dining-room buffet. It's the only framed photograph downstairs. Men who come here to dinner often kid him about it, because he is not so pretty, but the Missis says, "Just let that picture alone. I keep it there to show everybody who is head man in this house." Rocky, I mean to put a large picture of you in our Diner on the Post Road, to show the customers who is head man.

Tonight the Missis took that photograph out of the frame and twiddled it in her hands, and I was afraid she was going to tear it up. I'll tell you why.

The Mister came home about four o'clock from doing his radio broadcast and sneaked into the house by the back door, to miss the party that was going on in the living room. I was making orange toast.

"Hello, De Lucie," he said. "What's causing the dull roar surging from the living room?"

"The HOTLAC Club. Twenty-two ladies and one gentleman—a Mr. Downs."

"Fine. Downs should control the race-track vote and Mrs. Iredale the dog vote." He got a bottle of beer. "Why is a flood of kids pouring into my basement like the dam bust?"

"Stuart and Cherry are giving a show in the Ping-pong room. Benefit for the HOTLAC reform. Are you going to put Mrs. Warhorst's play on the radio, or will they want it for television?"

He moaned. "I've always liked my mother-in-law, but I'm beginning to feel outnumbered. Stu!" he yelled down the basement stairs, and Stu came bounding up. Mrs. Warhorst's dog Laddie Boy came bounding up too, but the Mister pushed him back and shut the door.

"Hi, Pa. It'll cost you a dime for a ticket to my show. Ten pins or two pennies for children; a dime for grownups."

"All right. One for me and one for De Lucie."

"No, she paid already. Besides, she's in it. She has to do her famous fall. You can't call De Lucie a versatile actress, but she falls like a house afire. I've collected sixty-four cents already and a big box of pins, and all the kids that can write have signed the HOTLAC pledge. We'll start the show as soon as I think up a play."

"That's the mercenary approach to show business—money first," Mr. Iredale said. "What if invention fails and you can't dream up anything besides De Lucie's fall?"

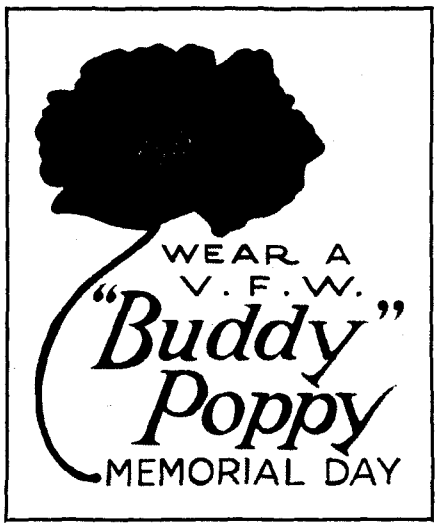
Mrs. Iredale slipped in through the swinging door, all high heels and curls and cashmere. "We are ready for that tea, De Lucie." She squeezed the Mister's arm affectionately. "Hello, Wally. Oh, you brought the script of Mother's play home from the office?" she said, seeing the folded pages in his coat pocket. "When are they doing it?"

"Not ever, Gertrude. We can't use it." He took the script out of his pocket and waved it at her. "I won't have a damn' thing to do with it myself, nor will I ask anyone else to read it and go through the misery of turning it down."

"Wally Iredale, you can't do that to my mother!"

"I have to. I'm the one that earns the living, remember?"

"What's the matter with it? Too much HOTLAC propaganda?"



"Gertrude, did you read it?"

"My own mother's play, that she worked on for a year? I did, and I loved it. I can visualize the first scene, the one in the magnificent château of Prince Frisco. At stage right there's an immense pipe organ with a sliding cover over the rows of keys. When the curtain goes up, the lovely Lady Mary opens the cover and a dead body falls out. Almost dead—it moans something. I'd love to play Lady Mary."

"I could play the dead body!" I said. I set the teapot down and did my famous fall. I had to learn to fall because of being in most of Stuart's plays. I can stand rigid and crash down face first on the hard kitchen floor any time I want, and without hurting myself. It's all a matter of getting my hands up in front of my nose at the last second. Anyhow, this time the Missis shuddered. "De Lucie, never try to act!" she said cruelly.

"Get up, you ham!" said the Mister, hauling me up. "You forgot, the almost-dead body gasps, 'Frisco!' or 'Frisky done me in!' before it croaks completely. Then the great dog One bounds in and barks, meaning, 'Twain! What happened to Twain? Did my Twain jump the twack?' "

I roared, and so did the Missis, but she swung the door to the dining room open and took the photograph out of the gold frame and held it. "Wally! It's my own mother's play. She could change the opening. Is there anything else you didn't like?

"All of Act Two. Scene—Lake Geneva, all frozen over, with sleds and cars sliding on the ice. The mad Prince Frisco drives Lady Mary out on the ice in his Rolls, connects the exhaust with the interior of the car by a vacuum-cleaner hose, and streaks to shore, leaving Lady Mary asleep and suffocating. While Frisco and the peasants dance around a fire, the Rolls slowly sinks through the melting ice. The great dog One gallops out to the car and drags the unconscious Lady Mary a few miles to shore by the seat of her ski pants. I ask you!"

Rip! Mrs. Iredale tore up his picture. I never saw her look so mad. "I'm not going to let my old mother down. I'll produce her play myself!"

"There goes our new car," the Mister remarked.

"Nonsense. I'll use brains instead of money. I can use the auditorium at the Community House if I apply right away, and it won't cost a cent. The girls of the HOTLAC Club can take all the parts except Frisco, and Mr. Downs can play Frisco and be the director too. He teaches Dramatic Art at the Junior College. Your secretary can type us a dozen copies of the play, and we'll ask the entire audience to sign the HOTLAC pledge."

The door swung open and Mrs. Warhorst joined us, big and pompous in her purple suit and purple hair, but so kind and good and well-meaning. Not rich any more though, income going.

"Gertrude, what happened to the tea? Oh, Wally, I didn't know you were home." She noticed the pages of her script in his hand. "My play! How do you like it, dear?"

"Very promising, Mother Warhorst!" But when the Mister says very promising, he means perfectly awful. "Not wholly suited to the medium of radio. Did you ever visualize the frozen-lake scene?"

"Oh, technical difficulties. I can rewrite that, have someone describe it instead of showing it." The old lady was so hopeful I felt sorry for her.

Mrs. Iredale took the papers out of the Mister's hand. "It's such a fine play, Mother, I think the club ought to give it. Let all the girls take parts, and the ones that can't act can make costumes or be stage crew. I'd love to be Lady Mary myself. Could you train Laddie Boy to be the great dog One?"

"The only trick he can do is to play dead," Mrs. Warhorst said. "I probably could train him to rush out at the final curtain and stand in front of Lady Mary to save her life when the villain shoots at her, though. I'd have to rewrite some of the other incidents, because Laddie Boy is so stupid. But wouldn't it be fun to put it on while I'm visiting?"

"Who will make the sets?" said Mr. Iredale. "They're pretty complicated."

"Stu and De Lucie," said the Missis, and the Mister said, "How about money?"

"Why money? Oh, you mean what will we do with the small fortune we get from the sale of tickets. Well, we will use it for the leashed and caged. Bring in the tea, De Lucie. Come, Mother, I will read the play to the HOTLAC Club right away, and we can pick out the cast."

I noticed Mrs. Warhorst looking at the torn photograph of Mr. Iredale, but she is too experienced a mother-in-law to ask questions. When the two ladies left the room, Mr. Iredale threw the pieces into the wastebasket. But if you think he went and lay down on his bed and had a good cry, no he did not. We next see him with his new putter, putting in the library, and playing chess with Stuart and finally laughing over the funnies while he reads them to Cherry. How can a formerly good husband turn into such a schmoe?

Your loving wife, De Lucie
Helper of the Leashed and Caged

Wednesday

Dear Husband Rocky:

Thank you for sending the HOTLAC pledge signed by half the men in your battalion. I wish all of you were here to help me make the sets. We *will* put over this noble reform, won't we? Everybody is helping but the Mister. Anyhow, remember the gold photograph frame? It was standing empty, so I put in a picture of Mr. Eisenhower.

"No, no, De Lucie, that's Mamie's head man," said Mr. Iredale when he came home this afternoon, bringing the local evening paper. He showed me a publicity picture of Mrs. Iredale and Laddie Boy. It said that she had been selected to play the lead, and Laddie Boy was to be the great dog One, in the forthcoming production of One or Twain. "Let's admit who is really head man in this house." He cut the photograph out and put it into the frame.

"What's for dinner, De Lucie? It seems to me the meals are getting pretty skimpy since you were elected free chief stage carpenter."

"I'm too busy to cook, so we're having boiled-ham sandwiches and delicious canned pears. You like canned pears, Mr. Iredale."

"I know, but canned pears aren't anything to write about in my diary. How about a piece of cake?"

"Sorry, it takes time to make a cake. Today I had to see about getting tickets and programs printed. Mrs. Iredale says this play has to go over with éclat. The programs cost thirty-eight dollars. There goes your new car."

"Eclat? That reminds me. Why don't you make some chocolate éclairs?"

"No, I got to make costumes now."

There was a lot of thumping in the basement where the properties committee was making sets under Mr. Downs's direction. Stu came quietly up into the kitchen, looking lost.

"I'm going to make Pa yell," he said to me privately.

"Hi, Stu," said the Mister. "We have time before dinner to work on our boat a while."

"No, Pa, we can't. The properties committee is using our wood to make the sliding cover for the pipe organ that the dead body falls out of."

Yell! You should have heard the Mister. "I'm on your side, Pa," said Stu. "There goes our boat."

"How long is this going to last?" the Mister asked.

"Less than three weeks," Stu said. "The play will go on at the Community House auditorium on Friday and Saturday nights. Downs is the director. He ain't bad. He is going to play Frisco himself, and they've changed all the other parts to ladies so the HOTLAC members can do them. Each one has to sell ten tickets for two forty apiece. Me, I always get the money first and think up the play after."

"Well, I guess I can hold out for three weeks. But tonight I get a change. We are playing bridge at Mr. Ernest's."

"The Missis called that off," I had to tell him. "There's rehearsal."

"Well, after our delicious dinner of ham sandwiches and canned pears," said the Mister, "I am going to take the great dog One and throw him over Niagara Falls in a barrel."

He did no such thing. He took the kids to the movies.

Your loving wife, De Lucie
Helper of the Leashed and Caged

Sunday

Dear Husband Rocky:

I know I have not written as often as usual, but you have no idea what work

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Painting above shows on-the-scene operation of 2-ton B-4 Dodge truck owned by R.F.S. Company, Chicago, Illinois.

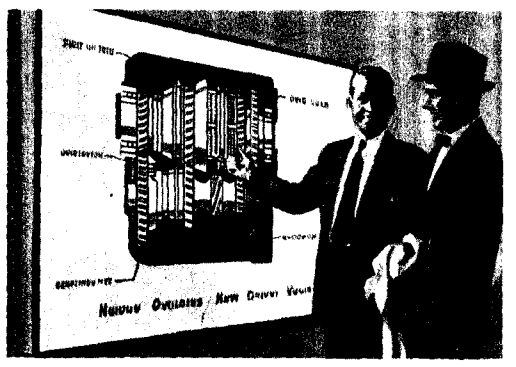
"I switched to Dodge because of its new power"

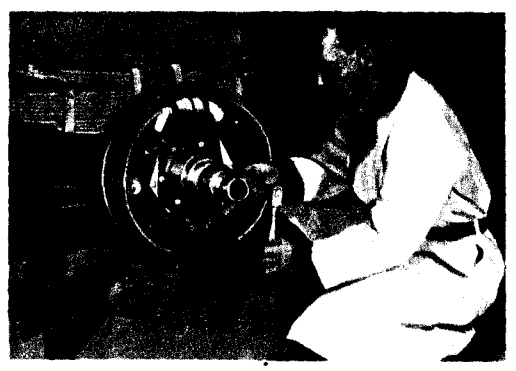
. . . says **JOHN R. BRAUE,** *General Manager*
R.F.S. Company (Transportation Engineers), Chicago, Illinois

"We lease trucks to steel companies for long and short hauls at capacity payloads. When it came to making replacements in our 2-ton truck fleet, we chose Dodge with its new, power-packed engine.

"That larger 250.6 cubic inch displacement engine makes our 2-ton Dodge comparable to 2½-ton trucks of other makes. It develops enough horsepower to pull terrificly heavy loads up steep country inclines, with plenty of power to spare.

"What's more, we've found the new, improved Dodge brakes are ideally suited to the job. We've road-tested our Dodge and found it can come to short stops in spite of a back-breaking load of roll steel."





Enthusiastic reports are already coming in from owners of the new Dodge "*Job-Rated*" trucks. They praise new Dodge power, handling ease, ability to haul bigger payloads. See the new Dodge trucks at your neighborly Dodge dealers.

NEW DODGE "Job-Rated" TRUCKS ARE BETTER THAN EVER!

New, no-shift transmission! Truck-o-matic transmission with gyrol Fluid Drive available in ½-, ¾-ton models, retains clutch for rocking out of mud, sand, snow. 7 great engines, 3 of them brand-new! 100 to 171 h.p.—218 to 413 cu. in. displacement.

New, super-safe brakes! New, improved braking assures smooth, sure stops with less pedal pressure, gives greater load protection. Over 50 other new features. There's a Dodge "*Job-Rated*" truck that's just *right* for your job.

GET MORE FOR YOUR MONEY WITH

DODGE "*Job-Rated*" TRUCKS

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it is to put a play on in three weeks. Mr. Downs is a hard-working director. He is a thin young man with fine eyes and poor hair. He is just crazy about the Missis' acting. Funny thing is, she is good. She has a real loud voice, and so much personality that everybody watches her. Mr. Downs says she is almost professional. He invited a fat lady friend of his who manages a children's theater group called The Kiddies' Bouquet of the Play to come to one rehearsal to meet the Missis.

I wish they would let me be the body. Yesterday when they were having first-act rehearsal in our living room I carried in a tray of soft drinks. I put them down, and as if accidentally, I crashed on my face and all but knocked over the grand piano.

"Stop being noisy, De Lucie," snapped Mrs. Iredale. "Take this script and sit in the corner and prompt us."

Prompting isn't as easy as you would think, not for a slow reader anyway. There's side directions that you mustn't read aloud, like (starts convulsively), (lays a trembling hand on his sleeve), (buries face in hands in silent grief) and (steps back thunderstruck). But the prompter gets his name on the program, so I hope they let me be it. I'm not a bit stage-struck though.

Right away Mrs. Iredale forgot her line so I whispered, "The coward is rabbi thearted," and she said quickly, " 'The coward is rabbi thearted,' good heavens, that can't be right."

"Rabbi thearted!" yelled Mr. Downs, (starts convulsively). For some reason all the actresses reeled around the room gasping rabbi thearted to each other. Later I found out it should have been *rabbit*hearted, but how could I know? I just sound the words out. I had trouble with goath erd too, and nuth atch, but I knew how to read sweetheart from getting your letters.

I paid for my ten tickets and sold three to Mr. Iredale for himself and Cherry and Stu. I sent the other seven as presents to girls I know that are pampered maids and love the theater, at least they have television sets in their bedrooms. I don't like to ask people for money. They will see my name on the program as prompter, I hope. I long for fame.

Your loving wife, De Lucie

Thursday

Dear Husband Rocky:

I got to let you know about our play, One or Twain! I am in it! I am an actress! Fame is on the way!

The stage crew got the sliding cover to the organ finished, and they made a body out of clothes, but it fell limply, so they made one of a dressmaker's dummy, but it broke. So they said I could fall, and moan, "Oh, Frisco, you did it!" Isn't that wonderful? It's the biggest darn' organ cover you ever saw, and I make the biggest darn' crash! Besides that, I am prompter for the last two acts.

Of course, I don't imagine myself to be the wonderful, versatile actress that Mrs. Iredale is. She is almost a professional. Mr. Downs's fat friend that manages The Kiddies' Bouquet of the Play has offered her a job. They want her to tour with the Bouquet players for three months and take part in the fairy tales that they put on in schools. They would pay her thirty-five a week—that's considerably less than a good cook makes, but then there is fame and glory to consider too.

I am against this plan. One more lovely American home would break up. I vote no. Cherry and Stu vote no. The Mister refuses to vote. Mrs. Iredale is thinking it over.

Yesterday the Missis and Mrs. Warhorst were having a pickup lunch—lettuce salad and canned pears—and I plunked down on my knees and held up my clasped hands like Lady Mary begging Prince Frisco for her dog's life. It looked pretty touching, I'll say that. I put a tremble in my voice.

"Consider! Pause! Reflect!" I said. (Buries face in hands in silent grief.) "Do not be lured into a life of selfish glamor. Don't abandon your tiny wee children. Cherry does not want to be sent away to boarding school for fear they will play jokes on her like in summer camp, putting sardines in her shoes. Stuart wants to remain home too, on account of he prefers to play in his own basement. And the Mister ought to have a lovely American home to come home to. Just do the HOTLAC play, but don't go on tour with The Kiddies' Bouquet of the Play." (A tense silence.)

The Missis said, "Mr. Iredale has not said one word to keep me home." (Turns away and heaves a deep sigh.) "He doesn't care a bit if I leave and you leave and Mother leaves, and he is all alone. Half the time, my wee tiny children are begging me to let them go away to boarding school like most of their friends. You are just jealous. You're stage-struck yourself." (Wrong.) "When you kneel, De Lucie, your feet stick up too high. Take off your shoes to do a scene like this. Try it."

I did. "Now how do I look?"

"Some better," put in Mrs. Warhorst. "But you ought to clutch a handkerchief in your clasped hands." She passed me a napkin with a little jam on it. The ladies nodded solemnly. It gave a much better effect. Really, the Missis could be a director as well as an actress.

The bell rang and the HOTLACs were with us again. Some started to pound in the basement, and some shoved the furniture around upstairs for the rehearsal. I had to prompt, although the house is getting pretty dusty and we haven't had any desserts but canned pears since we started working on One or Twain.

Mr. Downs and several of the ladies stayed for dinner, and the talk was all of the theater. Afterward the Mister came through the kitchen when I was stacking the plates in the dishwasher.

"Going back to the office, in case anyone, such as my actress-wife, remembers to ask for me. The HOTLACs are painting sets in my basement and rehearsing in the living room. One of the women is repairing her costume in my wife's bedroom. That drooling dog is asleep on my bed. I depart."

"Don't go, Pa," said Stu. (Lays a trembling hand on his father's sleeve.) "Join in the fun. Paint or act or chip in, in some way."

"Don't go, Mr. Iredale," said I. "You may lose your wife to The Kiddies' Bouquet of the Play." I went down on my knees and held up my clasped hands. I was holding a dishrag, so it must have looked very dramatic. "Consider! Pause! Reflect!" I put a tremble in my voice. "Let not that handsome director Mr. Downs, with the good teeth and the poor hair, take your wife away." (He starts convulsively.) "Don't let her be led into a life of selfish glamor. Don't let her abandon your wee tiny children. Cherry does not want to go away to school and have sardines put in her shoes. Stuart wants to remain in his beloved basement. You need a lovely American home to come home to." (A tense silence.) "Pretty soon I will go with Rocky. If you are going to let the theater ruin your home, you are not the strong husband and father I thought you were. You've never been weak before."

Mr. Iredale (steps back, thunderstruck): "What do you suggest I should do? Get up, De Lucie, you look like a perfect fool. I wish Rocky would come home and beat you with a folded newspaper. No, that's probably too corny for the modern theater."

"It's because I forgot to take off my shoes." I did, but he was contrary-minded.

"There is nothing wrong with you, De Lucie, that a good psychiatrist could not cure. Go stick your head under the pump." He knows we have not got a pump. "It's sad. You have been our valued friend and cook for five years, and you know me not. Heat up another cup of coffee, there's a good girl."

I did. "A man can always win, Mr. Iredale. Shut off the money. The Missis can't make out on thirty-five a week."

"No good. She would live on canned pears if she had to. If she gives up this offer to tour, it will be because she wants to, not because she has to."

He went out, not waiting for his coffee, and did not show up until two hours after the last HOTLAC had left. I sure want to leave the Iredales in good shape when you take me away, but the future looks black.

Your loving wife, De Lucie
Actress and prompter!

Saturday

Dear Rocky, beloved:

Everything looks blacker than ever.

We had the first performance of One or Twain last night. It was an artistic success. I fell out of the pipe organ. It is a fine feeling to hear the audience gasp and know you caused it. My heart beat so I almost died, I was so scared. I lay on the floor all the rest of the first act and twitched. Oh, how I wish I did not have to do it again tonight. I do not like acting. I wish it was next week. I wish I was just the cook and did not have a part in this play. I didn't know when I was well off.

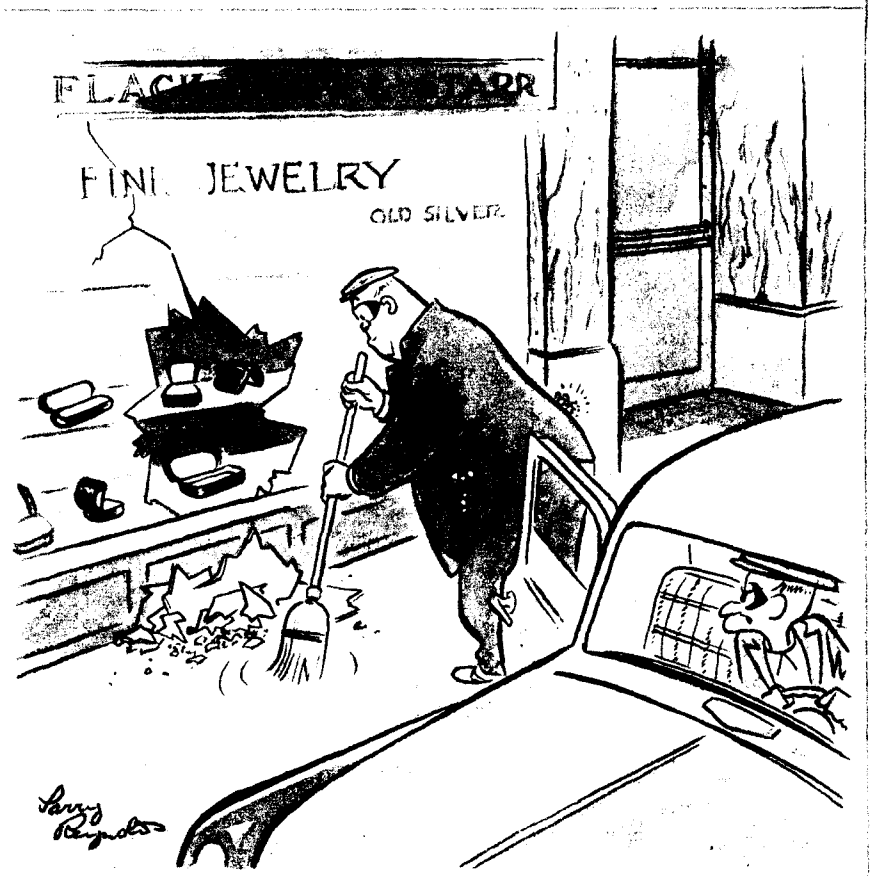
Mrs. Iredale was wonderful. She can act. The dog was pretty good too, but Mrs. Iredale had to hold the leash very tight or he would have jumped over the footlights and gone to sit in the audience with Mrs. Warhorst. She was in the first row. Behind her sat Mr. Iredale and Cherry and Stuart. Behind them sat six other husbands or mothers, and one baby. That's all the audience there was at eight o'clock.

Mr. Downs kept peeking through a hole in the curtain to see when the crowd had arrived. We had a cop outside to park the cars. There were only five cars to park at eight o'clock. There were fourteen members in the cast and sixteen in the stage crew. At nine o'clock there were two less in the audience, as the baby began to cry and her father took her home. So Mr. Downs ordered the curtain to go up for fear the audience would be fewer by one, as Cherry was beginning to yawn.

After the show there was to be a cast party at the Iredales', and at the end of the play Mr. Iredale stood up and invited the audience to come too, which they all did. Everybody said the play was magnificent, but Mrs. Warhorst went to bed and cried.

I am mad at my friends that I sent the free tickets to. None of them came. I called them up this morning, and they said if it was free of course it wouldn't be any good. Hilda said there was a good television show she wanted to see, and Inga said it was rainy, and two others said they had dates for the movies. They will come tonight or I will murder them. This afternoon I am going to take a hundred tickets and go out ringing doorbells and sell them. Every HOTLAC had ten tickets to sell, but they thought Mr. Downs would

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

"Nobody's goin' to appreciate your tidiness, Butch. Let's hit the road"

LARRY REYNOLDS

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take care of it, and Mr. Downs thought they would take care of it.

Mr. Downs was in a fury at the party. He came out to the kitchen where I was dishing out ice cream. "What's this I hear about Mrs. Iredale planning to go on tour with The Kiddies' Bouquet?" (Lays a trembling hand on my sleeve.)

"Didn't you ask them to give her an offer?" I asked.

"Are you crazy? Let some young actress that needs the work get that job. All I had in mind when I took this job of directing was to get acquainted with Mr. Wally Iredale. I've written a play I want him to put on the radio."

"Ha, ha," said Stu, who was eating ice cream. "De Lucie thought I was pretty comical when I sold tickets first and then thought up a play."

"You had more sense than Pinchot V. Downs," said the director.

The Mister and Missis came in then, and the Mister got a plate of ice cream and handed it to Mrs. Iredale. I heard him say to her, "Well, dear, are you going ahead with your plan to travel with The Kiddies' Withered Bouquet?"

"Don't give me any ice cream," she said. "I am sick of it. And sick of canned pears. If De Lucie doesn't make some bread pudding pretty soon, or baked apples, or chocolate éclairs, or some decent food, a tour of grade-school cafeterias is going to seem very attractive."

I like the way it's all *my* fault. I was standing behind her, waving my handkerchief and trying to catch the Mister's eye. Not catching it in the handkerchief of course. I wanted him to stop talking, to stop making her go ahead and prove she didn't care for him and Stu and Cherry.

So I am now going out with the two children to ring doorbells and sell tickets. I won't give any away, because then they may not come. Oh, me. How can I arrange to leave the Iredales in their American home?

Your loving wife, De Lucie

Sunday again

Dearest Rocky:

The performance last night was another artistic success, and besides that, we had an audience!

I worked all morning and all afternoon and I sold three tickets, one to our butcher, one to our florist, and one to the gasman. They all came. Besides that, the other HOTLACs went out selling tickets, and so there were fifteen additional people there. The auditorium holds eight hundred.

I was on stage, trying to get up my nerve to crawl into the pipe organ to do my famous fall, when I heard a noise like the waves of the sea. I looked through Mr. Downs's peephole and saw an army of girls come trooping happily down the aisles, filling row after row of seats. It was the biggest relief I ever felt in my life, to see an AUDIENCE! Then I recognized the elderly lady in the lead—dear Miss Pupke, the superintendent of the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls, where I was brought up myself. And I knew who the girls were. Seventy-five pupils from the Home. Somebody must have gone to a lot of work, getting permission from the trustees and sending chauffeured cars for all those girls. After they settled down, humming over the programs, the wheel-chair brigade came in. Some used walking canes instead of wheel chairs. There were thirty dear old ladies from the Church Home for the Aged.

Mrs. Iredale asked to peek through the hole in the curtain. "I think I see my husband's hand in this," she whispered to me, "except he would try not to have the audience look so feminine. Oh, De Lucie, probably a bunch of convicts from the State Prison will lock-step in next, complete with manacles and armed guards!"

She was wrong. A troop of Boy Scouts came howling in! And everybody had a ticket that was paid for. And finally Mr. Iredale showed up, with most of his office force. He had told them they would lose their jobs if they didn't come and clap.

They simply adored the play. They gasped when I fell out of the organ, and they whistled when Mrs. Iredale did her stuff, and they cried at the sad ending when Laddie Boy got shot. But they clapped like mad when he immediately got up and barked, and we had five curtain calls. Mrs. Iredale said to me, "Step before the curtain and give the HOTLAC pledge, De Lucie." She was leaning against a painted tree with a funny little smile on her face.

"By heart? I don't exactly know it."

"What's the difference?"

So I did. I explained what the HOTLAC stands for, and I asked if they would repeat the pledge after me.

"I promise never to keep a leashed animal or caged bird or solitary sole," I dictated from memory. They roared the same words with enthusiasm, especially the Boy Scouts. I went on, "But to fine each one," and they shouted, 'But to fine each one.' "I own a mate or friendly companion." I wound up, loud, and I do, too—it's you. The whole crowd echoed my words, to the roof! The audience participation was tremendous.

We had a cast party again that night. One thing about amateur players—they have a cast party, win, lose or draw. Mr. Downs suggested a toast to Mrs. Iredale. "To our queen, our rose, our star! Mrs. Iredale is going professional. She is going on tour with The Kiddies' Bouquet of the Play."

"No, I'm not, Pinchot," the Missis cut in. "I don't care to leave my husband."

"I should hope not," said Mrs. Warhorst, patting the Mister's arm.

"My mother and I," the Missis went on, "would have felt pretty downcast if someone had not made a big effort to find an audience to receive the HOTLAC message. That was you, Wally, wasn't it? It must have taken the whole day for you to get the orphans and the old ladies and the Boy Scouts to come tonight. And the expense, too. There goes our new car."

"What of it?" asked the Mister. "They all loved Mother Warhorst's play. I'm only sorry I didn't think of it in time for last night too."

He exited into the dining room. She exited right after him. I happened to be going through there on my way for more coffee. The Missis was taking her picture out of the gold frame.

"Don't tear that up!" said the Mister. "That's my favorite actress."

"I'm putting in that old wedding picture of you and me; just till I get a new photograph made of the head man. That's you."

I think I'm going to be able to leave the Iredales in good shape. I'll start to cook big meals again, now that I've been an actress and found I don't like it so much. I'm getting a new wisdom tooth, up stage left. I believe I'll have a little more wisdom to use by the time you get home.

Your loving wife, De Lucie

▲▲▲

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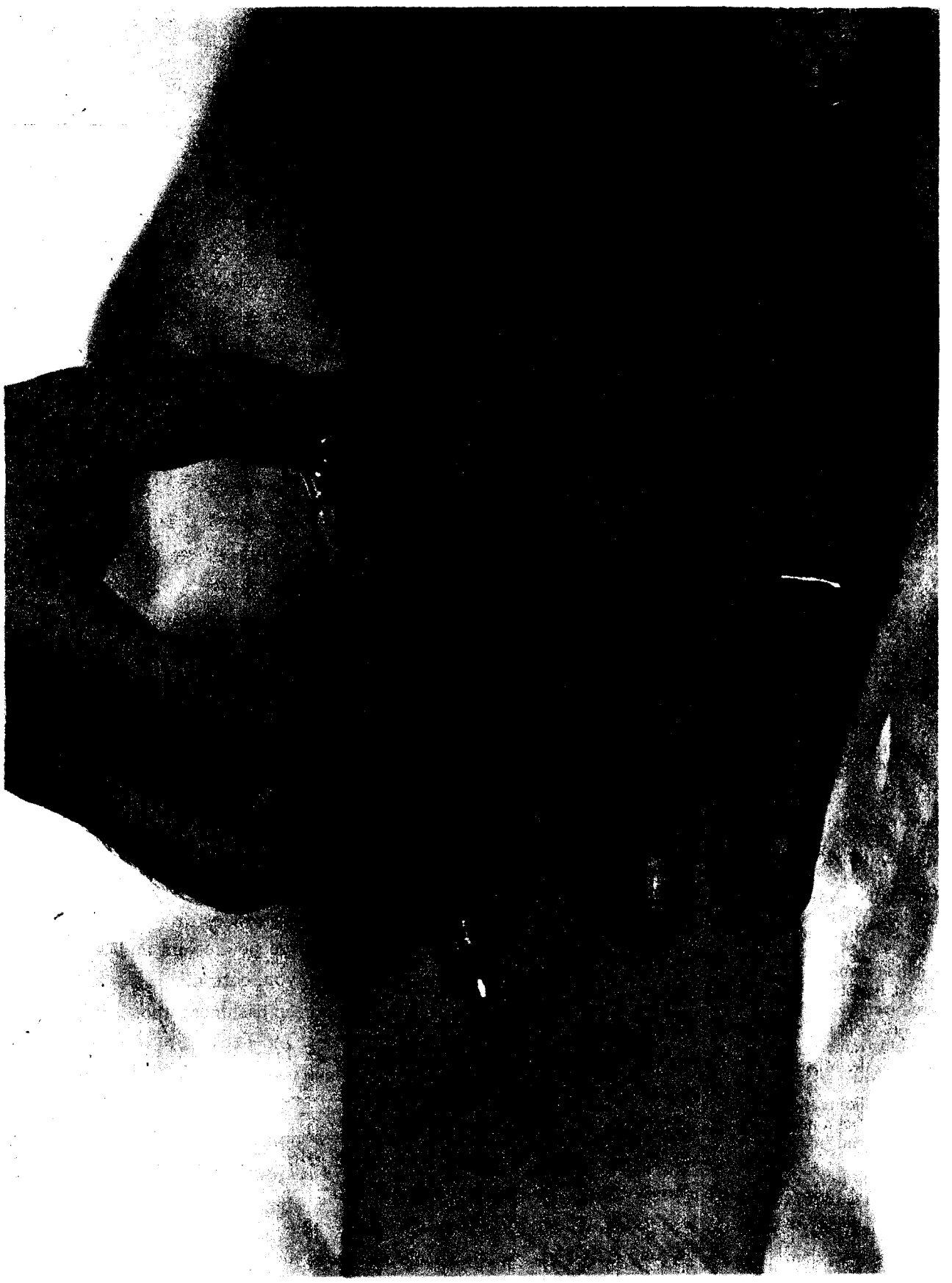
The Wonderful Invention

Just 100 years ago, a French doctor developed the hypodermic needle. When some early



A doctor prepares to give a hypodermic injection in a patient's arm. To make sure he's penetrated a vein, he draws a little blood into the syringe. Then he injects the serum

A COMBAT soldier suddenly doubles up in pain, a bullet in his abdomen. A medic runs up, treats the wound, cuts swiftly through the injured man's sleeve and slips a needle into his arm. By the time a stretcher arrives, the soldier is lying quietly, his pain eased, his fears lessened.

Now he is carried to the shelter of a hillside, where an Army doctor slips another needle into a vein. He is given a pint of plasma. The next stop is a field hospital. Another needle, and a transfusion of whole blood. On the operating table, the man receives a fourth injection, and goes to sleep easily under anesthesia. The slug is removed. The bleeding is stopped. The wound is closed.

Then back to bed—for more whole blood, more pain-relieving hypos, a shot of penicillin.

For many weeks more, until he's well, that soldier will have a hypodermic needle as his constant companion. It will guard him against infection, give him strength, soothe his pain, conquer his fear. It will save his life.

And not only *his* life. The patient may be a crash victim in a New Jersey hospital ward, or a child scalded by a tubful of boiling water or a man in a remote village, suffering from diabetes. Always, when seconds count, when suffering is extreme, when nothing else works, the needle comes out of the doctor's black bag—and the shadowy form of a long-forgotten French doctor whisks back from 100 years ago to play hero in his millionth melodrama.

One hundred years ago. Great technological advances were under way. Trains were running on regular schedules between New York City and Albany; telegraph messages were traveling vast distances in moments; the cotton gin, the sewing machine and other innovations were putting clothes-making on an assembly-line basis. But medicine? It was still floundering in the Dark Ages.

Syphilis raged unchecked in Europe and North America. Mad dogs terrorized France. There was no such man as a painless dentist, and the physician didn't exist who could speedily relieve his patients' suffering. People died: children afflicted by diphtheria, or smothered by their doctors because there was no other way to end the horrible torture of rabies; men with lockjaw; accident victims, pneumonia sufferers, postoperative casualties.

Then, one day in 1853, an elderly doctor walked into a horse barn behind the National Veterinary School in Lyons, France, and changed the course of medical history.

Charles-Gabriel Pravaz was born in a tiny French village in 1791. The son of a doctor, he was carving out a fine career as a mathematician when, in 1814, he became an officer in Napoleon's army. After the wars, he turned to medicine.

Pravaz was in his early forties when he started experimenting with iron perchloride as a cure for abnormally distended blood vessels. Used carefully, iron perchloride was an effective coagulant —even more effective if it could be injected into the blood vessel. Could it be done?

Pravaz invented a device consisting of a cylinder, to contain the fluid, and a hollow needle to pierce the blood vessel; the fluid could be pushed through the needle by screwing down a plunger at the top of the cylinder. After years of research, Pravaz was ready for his first real experiment in

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# of Dr. Pravaz

By
DR. PAUL H. FLUCK

patients died, he was branded a murderer. But his discovery proved a medical miracle

1853. He chose a horse; horses have big veins, and the doctor needed a fair-sized target for his needle. At sixty-two, his hands trembled more than he cared to admit. He blocked off the vein with his fingers, hesitated, then slipped the pointed tube under the animal's skin.

It worked. The horse suffered no ill effects. The injection had to be done just right—iron perchloride was tricky stuff—but it could be done. It worked on humans, too. The distended blood vessels contracted, and the afflicted lived. There was acclaim for Dr. Pravaz. And then—disaster.

Tragic Fate of a Medical Pioneer

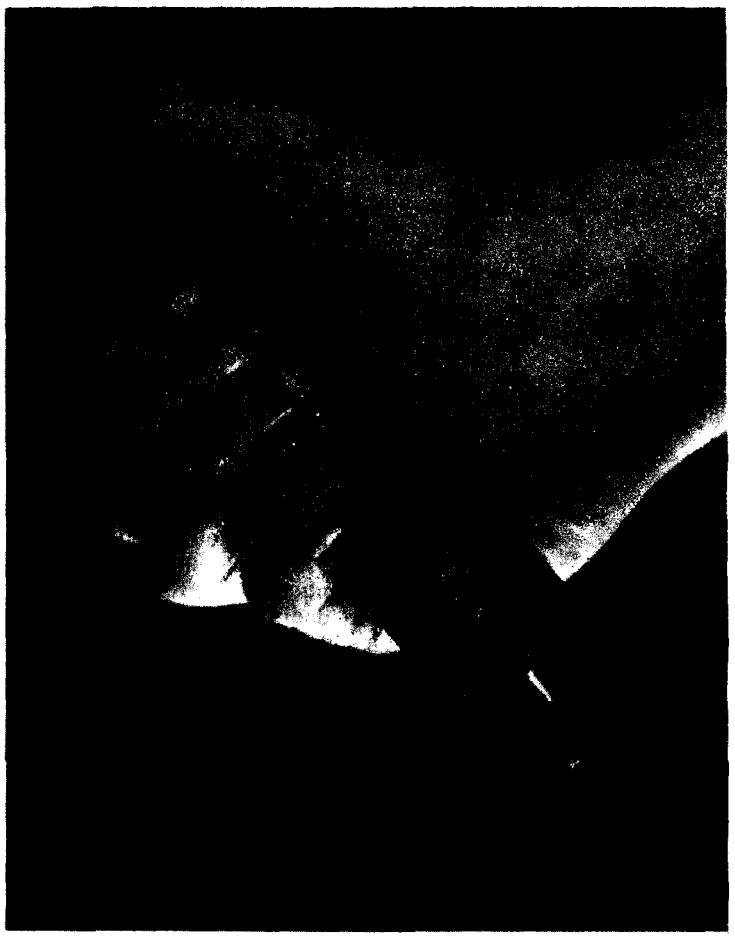
In less skillful hands, the injections could be harmful, and not all the doctors who tried the new device were as careful as its originator. After the initial successes, there were failures. One patient had to have his arm amputated at the shoulder because of a faulty injection. The old doctor's enemies rose on the floor of the French Academy of Medicine to condemn him. "Slaughter!" cried one member. "This slaughter must be stopped!" Dr. Pravaz felt the sickening sting of disgrace. Before that year was out, he died—believing his invention to be a hopeless failure.

The world could use more such failures. Within a few years of the doctor's death, Pravaz hypodermics were being manufactured by Tiemann & Company in New York. A Scotch doctor found in the Pravaz syringe a way to use painkilling drugs. Pasteur used the Pravaz syringe to check the ravages of rabies and anthrax. Medicine moved out of the Dark Ages.

Salvaged gun barrels from the Franco-Prussian War were cut up and the short cylinders made into syringes. By 1895, a glass blower had produced an all-glass syringe that could be sterilized. But hypo-needlemaking moved at a slower pace. Not until World War I did industry produce a steel which was both rustless and resistant to breakage. Before that, more than one doctor had to dig the splintered tip of a needle out of his patient's arm.

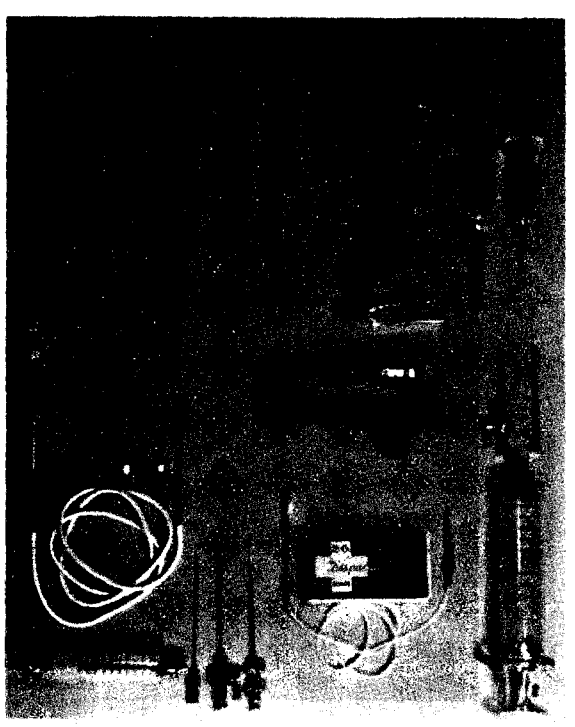
A living link between present-day hypodermic needle manufacturing and its historic past is Oscar Schwidetzky, director of research for Becton, Dickinson & Company, the big needle and syringe plant in Rutherford, New Jersey, where more than 1,000,000 hypo needles pour off the production line every month. Schwidetzky can vividly recall soldering flimsy pieces of metal together to form hollow tubes on his bench in Germany, in 1888. In those days needles were never sharp, never leakproof and even less popular with patients than they are today—when few babies reach the age of one without feeling the needle's bite.

Today, the Becton, Dickinson plant, the MacGregor Instrument Company, in Needham, Massachusetts, and other needle manufacturers all over the world have forever broken the bottleneck of hypodermic-needle production. From the tiniest hypo needle to six-inch local anesthesia needles,



New needleless syringe now being perfected uses pressure to force spray through pores

Rose Fagone examines completed hypodermic needles under high magnification at Becton, Dickinson plant in Rutherford, N.J. Manufacture of needle requires 157 separate operations



Hypodermic equipment above includes 100-cc. syringe (top left), largest regularly made

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Women rarely faint from hypodermic injections. But some men get "needle-shock"

they all start off as round bars of stainless steel four inches in diameter and four feet long. Heated to a temperature of 2200 degrees Fahrenheit, the steel is forced between rollers over a pointed mandrel which transforms it into a tube three inches in diameter and 12 feet long. Then come 20 cold-rolling and drawing-out operations along with 92 other separate processes, which shrink the pipe to a hairlike tube that may have a wall only 4/1000 of an inch thick.

Now the tubing is tempered and cut into short lengths. The points are ground, and the slender shaft is riveted to a hub which fits snugly in the cylindrical syringe. From the bar of steel to the doctor's black bag, 157 separate operations are required. The result is an instrument of near-perfect precision—yet hypo needles cost less today than they did before the turn of the century.

The diameter of most of the needles your doctor uses is less than 20/1000 of an inch—scarcely more than twice as thick as a chin whisker. Then why do they hurt?

They don't, at least not so much as you may think. Your distaste for injections is probably largely psychological. The thought of being jabbed with a needle isn't pleasant, and it plays strange tricks with your mind.

For example, at least 70 per cent of my patients claim positively that needles hurt more in the left arm. Why? I can't think of a single reason.

Incidentally, my women patients rarely faint from hypodermic injections, but at least a half-dozen husky men spend time every year on my recuperation couch recovering from "needle-shock."

What makes doctors so callous about needles? Are they sadists at heart? Do they really enjoy sticking helpless infants and sick folks?

Giving injections doesn't bother them because they know what it's like to be on the receiving end. One high spot in every medical curriculum is a tough course in blood chemistry. Blood samples are required, and a medical student soon finds out that there's only one place to get a sample of fresh human blood—from the veins of the chap sitting next to him. Naturally blood-getting works both ways; the donor gets *his* sample from the first fellow. Mind you, neither of these lads ever held a syringe in his hand before.

Sure, it hurts—a little. But the students are taught how to keep the pain at a minimum—and there's no reason why you shouldn't be able to follow their example.

Imagine that your own doctor is standing over you, hypodermic in hand. Here's what to do to make that needle bite less painful.

Relax. Remember that if it's an intramuscular injection, your doctor will have to push that needle through your muscle fibers. The more tense those fibers are, the harder he has to push.

What to Do When the Needle Goes In

Now you feel the doctor swabbing off your arm with a bit of cotton soaked in alcohol. Make one last effort. Relax! It's your last chance to make that needle painless. Think of your best girl, your vacation plans, the good meal you're expecting tonight—anything pleasant. If you can drive your thoughts out of the room for the length of time it takes you to gulp down an aspirin, the needle job won't amount to much.

But there are still the aftereffects. If you're one of those who experience a strong emotional reaction, a jab with a needle might be compared to the jolt you get in an automobile accident: You climb out; you look at those bashed-in fenders and that crumpled grill, and you feel woozy—not hurt, perhaps, but weak.

Sit down. Put your head between your knees. When the room stops spinning, you can come up again. You should stay up this time.

Will there ever be a truly painless—and unfrightening—hypo?

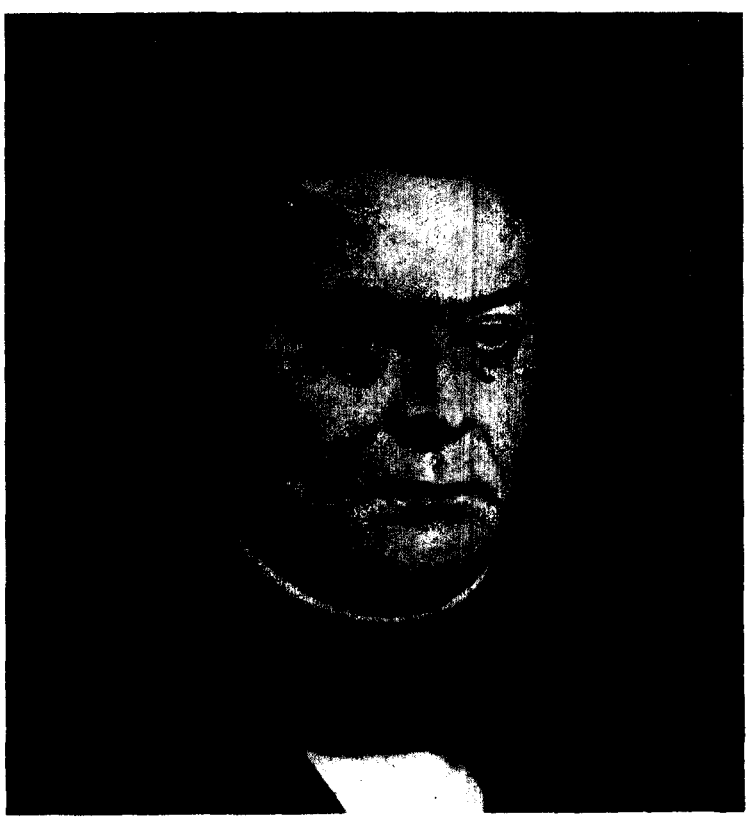
Doctors think so. There's a device right now that removes much of the psychological effect. It's a fast-working trigger attachment affixed to a regular hypo. You set the needle against your skin, then trip the trigger. The needle springs out and—zip—it's all over. It's being widely used by people like diabetics, many of whom must give themselves daily injections of insulin.

Several manufacturers are working on an even better hypodermic: one without any needle. All versions of this device are still experimental, and none is yet on the market. It works this way: the flick of a button releases intense pressure which forces the drug through a small opening and directly into the body tissue, through the skin's pores. There'll be a slight popping sound, perhaps a feeling like a tap against the skin—and that's all. No needles, no jab and—doctors hope—no pain. Please remember, though—the needle-less hypo is still experimental; there's no painless injection device yet.

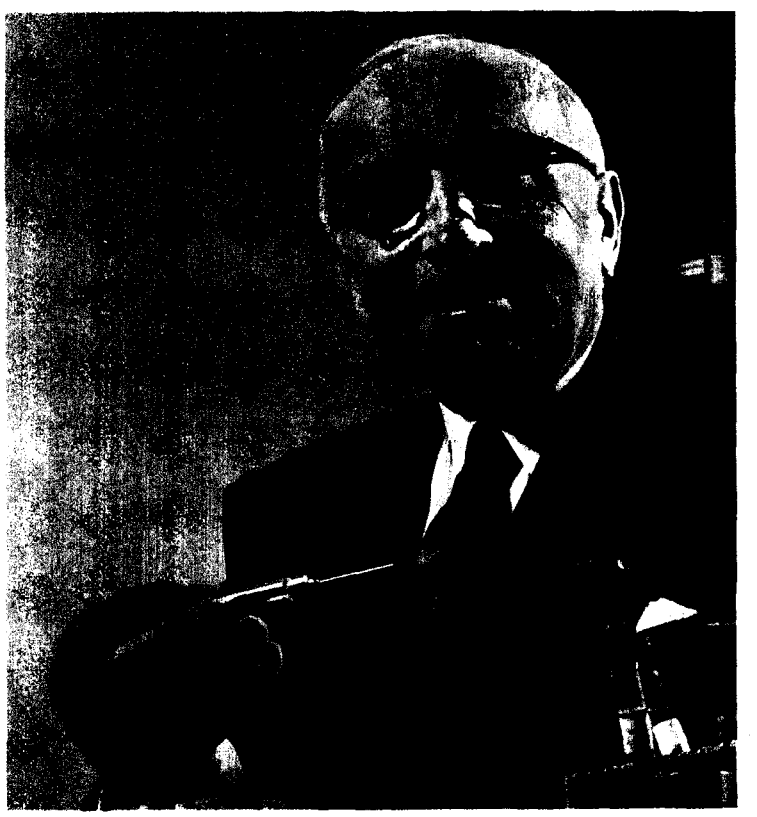
Meanwhile, the medical man stands by his needles. If they plug up, he cleans them or buys more. When his syringes stick, he tries to loosen them. If he tries too hard, they break—and he writes a check for new ones. Medical needlework must go on. Why? There are several reasons.

Injection is the fastest way to get drugs into the system. Some drugs can't be taken any other way. Insulin is an example; it would be destroyed by the digestive juices if taken by mouth. If a patient is unconscious or seriously sick, there's often no way to administer medicine except by the needle. Sometimes drugs taken orally may be lost by vomiting. Finally, there are drugs which aren't fully effective unless injected: penicillin works five times as well when taken by the needle, which is one reason why there was no manufacture of penicillin mouth tablets during World War II when there was a shortage of the drug.

So the hypodermic will always be with us, in one form or another. This year, the hypo needle celebrates its 100th birthday. No bands will play. No stamps will be issued to honor the bearded French doctor who developed it. And that's a shame, because his invention may well be the world's greatest medical device—a soother of pain, preventive against countless diseases, and saver of many thousands of lives. ▲▲▲



Doctor Charles-Gabriel Pravaz, inventor of the hypodermic needle, died believing his discovery was a hopeless failure



Oscar Schwidetzky, research boss at Becton, Dickinson, has been making hypodermic needles for nearly 70 years

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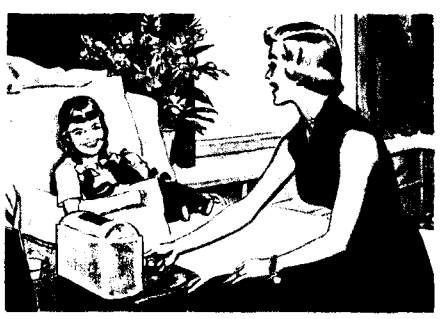

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Under the Burning Sky

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

He drew a breath. "I've never been one to pass judgment on the worth of any man. I don't intend to do so in regard to your brother. He's dead, and the matter is ended for him. But the fact that he was one of the holdup gang is all that I've got to go on. That's why I've come here even though La Fuente is a hundred miles to the west. There's more than one way of getting the information I'm after, but I came first to you because I felt that what you'd tell me would be honest and reliable."

"Honest and reliable?" The voice of Anita Flores was heavy with scorn and bitterness. "I'm the sister of a train robber. I could hardly be called honest and reliable." There was a small break in her voice, as if from a deep hurt.

GRAYSON began to get an understanding of her attitude. Her hostility was a defiant compensation for the disillusion and hurt and shame that she had endured because of her brother's participation in the robbery. Evidently they had been quite close. If so, it was anything but pleasant for her to be living here with everything reminding her of him and of the past. For her, he was still in the very atmosphere of the place. He was dead and buried, but he was still a part of Twin Hearts.

"Believe me, Miss Flores," said Grayson, "I don't like this one little bit. What's in the past is gone and best forgotten. That is why I'd like this to be as brief as possible. Tell me what I want to know, and I'll ride on."

For a moment, she seemed to relax, the tenseness going out of her as if she were on the verge of collapse, but then her chin tilted a trifle more and her mouth was a tight, uncompromising line again. "I'll never tell you," she said.

"Then I'll have to ask elsewhere."

"Go ahead and ask."

"Tell me this," said Grayson, eyes narrowing. "You do know who your brother's partners were, don't you?"

She said nothing, but her mouth curved upward in just the hint of an arch smile. There was, however, no mirth in her eyes. They held a cold luminosity, as unfeeling and fierce as that in the glance of a puma contemplating a kill. Suddenly, her motive was very clear to Grayson.

"I know what you've got in mind," he told her slowly. He felt a moment of pity for her. "I know why you won't tell me about your brother's partners." He shook his head. "It's no good, Miss Flores. Get it out of your mind."

"Get what out of my mind?"

"The idea that you can square for your brother."

She gave a small start as if caught in some guilty act. However, she recovered quickly and glared at him. "You don't know one little thing that goes on in my mind, Grayson," she said.

"There is nothing good in vengeance," said Grayson. "In thinking about it, you're just keeping the grave open. It's time the grave was covered and kept that way. It's time you started to forget, Miss Flores. Tell me what I want to know, and I'll see that your brother's partners are sent to prison, if they don't hang."

"I'll never tell you," she said.

Grayson sighed. He could see the uselessness of it. She was very tense now; she seemed to be poised on the balls of her feet; her fists were clenched so tightly the knuckles showed white. She was as taut as a fiddle string, and she looked as though she would break at any instant. Grayson did not want to have a hysterical woman on his hands. It would serve no purpose.

"Well, thanks anyway," he said, and turned away.

The steeldust had drunk its fill. Grayson swung up into the saddle, but before riding off he looked one more time at Anita Flores. Her shoulders were slack, and she looked very sad and forlorn. Compassion for her stirred in Grayson. He wished there was something he could say or do, but she was too caught up in her grief and loss to be comforted. It was a hurt she would have to work out for herself. However, it was wrong for her to be here at Twin Hearts alone, with the memory of her brother eating away at her. Still, Grayson could do nothing to help her.

Sadly, he started the steeldust and turned into the face of the hot wind. The windmill clanked; somewhere a door banged aimlessly. When he reached the rise, Grayson turned in the saddle for another look, but he could no longer see her. Only the buildings and the windmill were there, and the memory of a man a short time dead.

Grayson faced into the wind and rode on. He had an idea that he would not forget Anita Flores for a long, long time.

THE town of Blue Hat lay sprawled under the copper sky. Its builders had exercised a certain wisdom in not erecting the dobe buildings too close together. There was ample room for a breeze or a wind to move about, if that was any consolation to the inhabitants. Whatever air currents passed through the town were usually hot anyway.

Burt Grayson rode out of the sea of cactus and sage that bordered the town, and he followed the track of the Border Pacific into Blue Hat. The sun was on its way down, but it still scorched the land as if reluctant to let up until its rays could no longer touch the ground.

When he reached the B. P. depot, Grayson turned down a street. Despite the heat, there were a few people moving about but, of course, they were accustomed to this, and though they might grumble and curse when they discussed the weather, they really felt a certain fondness for it and a pride that they could survive its vicissitudes.

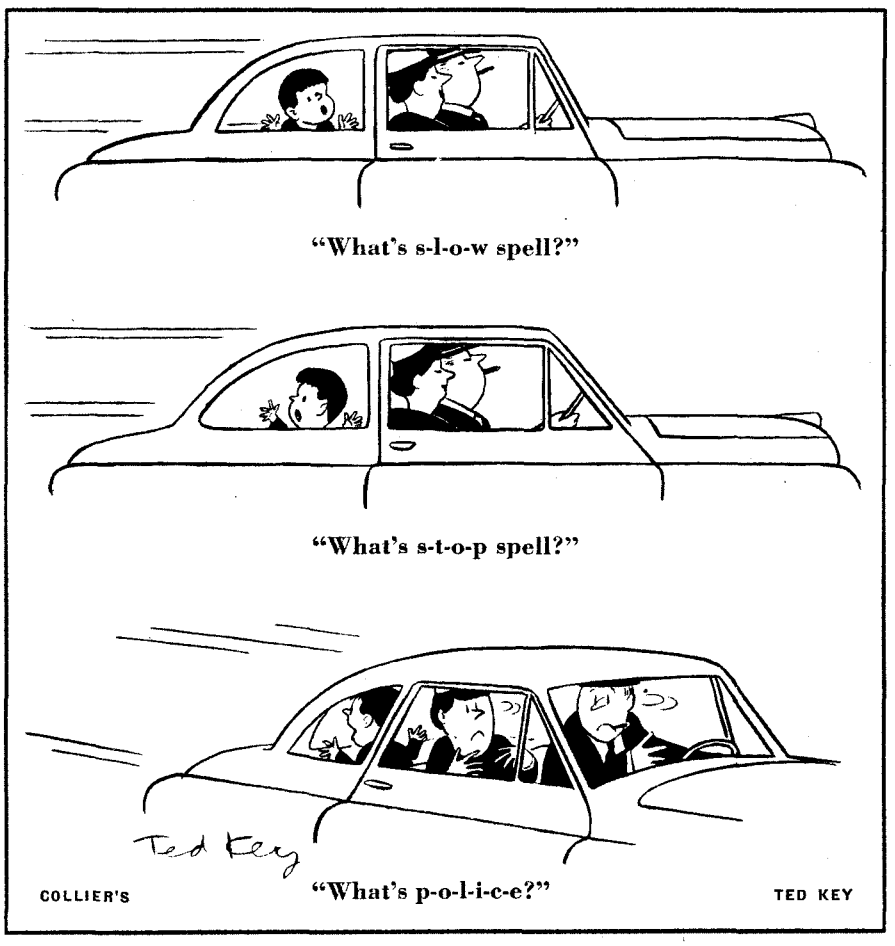
Grayson stabled his horse at the O. K. Corral, and then he registered for a room at Dutcher's Hotel. The temperature in the room was a little cooler than that outside, because the room was out of the searing sun, but it was no more comfortable inside than out.

After a day under the sun, Grayson felt very dry. He went out and walked into a saloon that went by the name of the Trail Drivers Bar. The barroom was large, and it had an earthen floor and thick dobe walls.

There were a number of drinkers in the place, refugees from the heat of the sun or from responsibilities they could no longer tolerate. The Trail Drivers Bar was cool and the beer was not too warm, and all in all it added up to a certain degree of conviviality. So they came here, to drink and to talk, and for a while they were oblivious to the heat outside and of tedious tasks undone.

Grayson walked up to the bar, conscious of a few interested glances, and ordered a beer. He had made a quick survey of the room as he had entered, but now he kept his eyes on the bar. Still, he could feel several glances probing at him, and he knew it was because of his badge. This was nothing new for Grayson; he encountered curiosity wherever he went.

He drank his beer slowly, savoring the taste of it. Although it was a little warm, it was much better than the alkaline taste of the water hereabouts.



He was about to order another glass when someone said: "Will you let me buy this one, *amigo?*"

The man who had spoken had been at the far end of the bar. Now he came up to Grayson, holding a half-empty beer glass in his hand and smiling in a friendly fashion. The fellow was big, although he was not as tall as Grayson, but his shoulders had more breadth and his chest was thick and his weight probably added up to more than Grayson's.

Apparently the man had been drinking for quite a while. His eyes had that happy shine, and he was obviously at a stage of intoxication where he felt an overpowering urge for unloading his troubles on any listener, whether interested or not.

The bartender filled Grayson's glass. The fellow who had ordered it took a hand out of his pocket and scattered a fistful of change over a small area of the bar. "Take it out of here, Sid," he said. He kept on smiling at Grayson. "My handle's Hamner. Bob Hamner."

"I'm Burt Grayson."

HAMNER leaned one elbow on the bar so that he faced Grayson. Hamner started to place one foot on the bar rail, but he missed and almost lurched up against Grayson. Then Hamner righted himself and made good his second try at the rail. He squinted at Grayson's badge. "I see you're a U.S. marshal," said Hamner.

"That's right."

"You in Blue Hat on business?"

Grayson paused and made another study of Hamner. Now that Grayson looked closely, Hamner did not appear as drunk as he would seem to be. He had a round, jovial face and bright blue eyes and blond hair, and he looked like the happy-go-lucky sort. He gave the impression that when it was payday, money probably burned his pockets and he could hardly wait to get rid of it. But Grayson, because of his deep skepticism, suspected that there was more to the man than utter thoughtlessness.

When Grayson did not answer, Hamner said, "I'll bet you're here on that La Fuente holdup."

"I might be," said Grayson.

Hamner leaned toward him confidentially and winked. Hamner's voice was low. "I can add two and two," he said. "Ben Flores was killed at La Fuente. Ben was from around here." He winked again. "I can add two and two."

Grayson took a sip of his beer. He said nothing.

Hamner leaned close in drunken intimacy. "You know, Grayson, you're on the wrong trail here in Blue Hat."

"What makes you think so?"

"La Fuente is a hundred miles from here. Because Ben Flores was from Blue Hat, it doesn't necessarily follow that his *compadres* were from the same place." Hamner burped and then he winked. "I know what I'm talking about, Grayson.

Grayson felt his heart speed up a little. He was open to any lead that might furnish him the information he was after and Hamner might provide one. If the man's drunkenness was genuine, he might spill something, provided he knew some fact and was not just being garrulous. On the other hand, if Hamner's drunkenness was feigned, then there was a motive behind his talk. Still, Hamner looked and smelled like he was on a toot.

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"I don't think Flores would have thrown in with strangers for a job like this," Grayson said quietly.

"Maybe Ben got around," Hamner said, and winked again.

"Did he?" Grayson said.

Hamner leaned back and regarded Grayson with a cunning smile. "You trying to get something out of me?"

"You started this," Grayson said.

Hamner appeared to consider this thoroughly. Then he nodded gravely. "You're right, Grayson," he said. He leaned forward again and placed a hand on Grayson's shoulder in drunken camaraderie. "Look, Grayson, I'm telling you how it is. Ben got mixed up with a bunch of train robbers, and it was his tough luck to pick up a stray piece of lead. Now you're being smart about it. You figure that Ben's *compadres* were good friends of his, and I suppose that on a job like that holdup an *hombre* would have to throw in with somebody he could trust. So you've come here to Blue Hat to see what you can see. Well, Ben Flores had a lot of friends around here. I was one of them. Me and Ben were just like that," Hamner said, holding up a hand with two fingers pressed together. "Does that make me one of the train robbers, Grayson?"

Grayson thought this was slightly reminiscent of something that Anita Flores had said. Association could be damning, Grayson knew, but he did not intend to jump to conclusions.

"You're going a little too far, Hamner," he said quietly. "Naturally every acquaintance of Flores will come under suspicion, but unless they were involved in the holdup, they have nothing to worry about." He gave Hamner a direct, hard stare. "After all, not every friend of Flores could have been a member of the gang. As near as is known, there were only seven or eight of them."

"That's right," said Hamner, nodding his head sagely. "But look, Grayson. Me and Ben were just like that," he said, holding up those fingers again. "Of course, Ben never told me what he had in mind, but I can tell you how it was." His voice was hardly above a whisper. "Did it ever occur to you, Grayson, that Ben Flores threw in with a bunch of hard cases right from La Fuente?" He winked. "Ben moved around quite a bit. Go to La Fuente and ask around, and you'll find that Ben went there now and then. Just add two and two."

"Maybe I don't know how to add." Grayson finished his beer. "Thanks for the drink, Hamner," he said, and started for the door.

BEHIND him Hamner hurriedly scooped up his change. He followed Grayson outside. This irritated Grayson a little, but then he told himself Hamner had a right to go wherever he pleased.

Hamner came alongside Grayson. He burped and patted his stomach. "That's enough beer for me for a while." He cast a sidelong glance at Grayson. "Where you staying?"

"Dutcher's Hotel."

Hamner laughed. "Me, I sleep in the haymow of the O.K. Corral."

The sun was hanging just above the mountain peaks to the west; the shadows were long and inviting. A rider came down the street on a paint horse, and Grayson became aware that Hamner had stopped to watch. Grayson looked again and saw that the rider was a woman, and he felt his steps slow.

She was slim, and very pretty, Grayson thought. Beneath the brim of her hat, he could see the red-gold of her hair done up in a ball on the back of her neck. The tip of her nose and her cheeks had been burned a bright red by the sun, but even this could not detract from her loveliness. She had clear blue eyes, and she looked first at Grayson in a thoroughly impersonal way and then at Hamner, and she ducked her head a little in greeting.

Then she was past them, riding down the street, sitting the paint astride, the Levi's she was wearing tight about her hips. Grayson glanced at Hamner. The man had turned a little as he watched the woman go, and now he looked very sober. The corners of his mouth were pulled in a little, and hopelessness and futility seemed to be written in every line of his face. He looked like he was watching something very precious riding away from him.

"Who is she?" Grayson asked.

"Blanche Shackelford," Hamner said. He paused and then he went on, "Her husband owns Lazy S where I work."

The woman turned the paint into a side street and was gone from sight. Hamner pulled his hat down lower. His eyes looked bleak and empty.

"She's a wonderful woman, Grayson," he said quietly. Hamner's steps were now steady as he walked away.

GRAYSON first became aware of a man watching him while he was passing through the tiny lobby of Dutcher's Hotel. The man was seated in a corner, and Grayson had the feeling of being watched but when he glanced that way, the man was staring at the faded print of a Morgan horse on the opposite wall.

Grayson passed the feeling off as a false premonition and went upstairs to his room. He washed, and then he went downstairs on his way to eat. The man still sat in his corner chair, and once again Grayson had the sensation of being surreptitiously studied, but when he glanced that way, the man was looking down at his fingernails.

Grayson gave the fellow a closer scrutiny this time. He noted that the man was rather slight. He had red hair and a thin face that seemed to have the mark of an innate cruelty in it. The lips were thin and held in tightly, as if the fellow made a point of being surly. The chin was small and receding, and a bright red bandanna was wrapped around the fellow's wrinkled neck.

Grayson went outside and entered the first eating place he came to. He ordered roast beef and potatoes and had just begun to eat when the man in the red bandanna walked inside and took a seat at the far end of the counter. Again Grayson had the feeling of eyes secretly studying him, and he tried once to look swiftly at the fellow in an effort to surprise him. He thought the man had just averted his glance, but he could not be sure. The fellow was looking at the wall across from him while he chewed his food ruminatively. Anger and irritation began to grow in Grayson.

He had coffee and apple pie. Then he paid for his meal and started for the door. The fellow was seated at the end of the lunch counter, next to the entrance. He kept his back to Grayson and his eyes straight ahead. Grayson gave him another good look, noting the .41 Colt Lightning pistol in a tied-down holster on the fellow's thigh.

Grayson's stride broke and he was tempted to say something, but then he thought better of it and passed it up. He went outside and turned down the street. In front of the building next to the eating place, Grayson halted. Leaning his back against the wall, he made himself a cigarette, lighted it and began smoking it, every now and then glancing at the entrance to the café.

It was night now. The heat of the day was only a memory. A penetrating chill filled the air. Overhead the stars twinkled like white pin points of steel. To the west the afterglow of the setting sun still showed vivid and amber above the rugged mountain crests.

IN a little while, the man in the red bandanna came out of the café and paused just beyond the door. His glance darted up and down the street. The look took in Grayson lounging there against the wall, but the sweep of the glance did not break or linger. It moved on smoothly past Grayson, and then the man in the red bandanna was walking across the street. He disappeared into a saloon.

A feeling of uneasiness settled over Burt Grayson. There no longer was any doubt that the man was interested in him. That interest could be due to only one fact—the reason for Grayson's presence here in Blue Hat. Yet the interest was so surreptitious and sly that it left Grayson with a sleazy sensation crawling down his back.

He wanted a drink or two before going to bed, and so Grayson went to the Trail Drivers Bar. There was a fair crowd in the place, and Grayson found a spot at the far end of the bar. He ordered a glass of beer and sipped it slowly while he had another cigarette.

He was halfway through his second glass when the swing doors parted and then the man in the red bandanna was standing there. The man paused while his eyes searched the room, and when they lighted on Grayson they stayed there for the slightest instant, and then the man was strolling up to the bar.

There was an opening just two drinkers down from Grayson, and the man stopped there. He ordered a shot of whisky, threw it down without delay, and ordered a second. He wiped his mouth with the back of a hand, and then turned and looked deliberately at Grayson.

Grayson met the fellow's glance and it was hard and direct and calculative. The man's lips were pinched tighter than ever, as if he were in the grip of a mean mood. After a while, he shifted his eyes and began staring down at the bar directly in front of him. He did not stir for some time, and he looked down at the bar with a fixity that proclaimed he was considering something of vast importance. Finally, his head lifted, and he raised his shot glass and drank swiftly. He beckoned the bartender for another drink.

Then the fellow turned and said something in a low voice to the two drinkers standing between him and Grayson. Grayson did not catch what was said, but the two hastily grabbed their drinks and stepped away from the bar. The man in the red bandanna turned back to his shot glass and downed his third drink. He exhaled loudly, and then he straightened and gave a hitch to his belt. He stepped back from the bar and faced Grayson.

There was a look of hate in the man's eyes, and Grayson could not understand this for he did not even know the fellow. The man stood there a moment, glaring savagely at Grayson, and then he spoke. "Your name's Burt Grayson, isn't it?"

Grayson took a step back from the bar, moving slowly, eyes narrowed while he watched the other. There was a .44 Frontier Colt six-shooter in Grayson's holster, but he was never hasty in using it; and when he did, he usually

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shot to kill. So he was careful not to make any hostile move that would prompt the other into drawing his .41.

"I'm Grayson," he said.

"You get around, don't you?" said the man, with the hint of a sneer.

"I'm the marshal for this whole Territory," said Grayson quietly. "It's my job to cover all of it."

"Is it your job to frame people?"

Grayson lifted one brow. For an instant a cold fear settled in his stomach as the inevitability of what lay ahead dawned on him. Then the coldness was gone and anger filled him. "In all my life I never framed anybody," he said.

"That's what you say," the man said, viciously. "You sure framed a pal of mine—right into a hang noose!"

Grayson's face paled slightly with the rage that surged in him. With an effort he kept his voice calm and subdued. "What was the name of this pal of yours I'm supposed to have framed?"

"You know his name," said the man.

"I don't know what you're talking about or even who you are. I never saw you until an hour ago."

"I'm Red Davenport," said the fellow. "I always square for my pals."

Grayson drew a deep breath. "I'm going to tell you something, Davenport," he said in a low, purposeful tone. "I know what you're up to. You're trying to build up to an excuse to pull a gun on me. For some reason I don't know, you want to kill me. Well, you're welcome to try, but first let me tell you this. I've been in tough scrapes before and I'm still alive. You don't scare me one little bit. However, I'm willing to overlook what you've just said. Turn around and walk out of here, and that will be the end of it between you and me." He paused. "I don't want to have to kill you, Davenport."

DAVENPORT laughed derisively. "Kill me?" he cried. "If you weren't so scared of me you wouldn't be trying to talk your way out of it." Davenport's shoulders hunched; his body inclined forward at the waist; his eyes burned with evil brightness. "I'm going to make sure you're not going to frame anybody any more!"

"Name some names," Grayson said with vehemence. The wrath was starting to overwhelm him. "Quit rattling your tongue and name some names!"

"We don't need no names. You know who I'm talking about."

"Name some names or shut up!"

"Nobody is shutting me up, least of all a dirty, stinking, sneaking law-dog!"

"For the last time, Davenport, produce some names or shut your filthy, lying mouth!"

"We'll see about that," Davenport cried, and reached for his gun.

Grayson saw it come. He saw the swift, practiced dart of Red Davenport's hand, and he grabbed for his own weapon. Davenport was good and fast and confident. He would not have got into this if he hadn't expected to triumph. The .41 Colt Lightning was a light, compact gun, but it could hit hard. Davenport got his out in a hurry and Grayson saw it pointing at him.

However, his own heavier .44 was in his hand, and he shot. The .41 exploded, but its roar was a quick echo to Grayson's .44. The slug staggered Davenport. He reeled back and then lurched sideways, falling against the bar. His mouth was a wide grimace of agony, but he was not through yet.

Braced against the bar, Davenport started to aim his .41 again. Grayson fired. This slug reared Davenport up on his toes. A moan began in his throat, and then the sound choked up and a trickle of blood came out of one corner of his straining mouth. His knees gave way, and he started to sink toward the floor, but with his left hand he clasped the rim of the bar and kept himself from collapsing all the way. The .41 wavered crazily in his hand, but then it steadied and pointed at Grayson again.

Grayson fired once more. This bullet hit Red Davenport in the forehead. Abruptly, there was only the vacuity of death in his eyes; and an instant later he hit the floor and lay unmoving. He would do no more squaring, real or imaginary, for his pals.

THE land lay flat for quite a way around the buildings of Lazy S. The spines of the cholla cactus poked up at the copper sky, razor-sharp, and the inevitable sage and greasewood seemed to huddle forlornly under the glare of the sun. In the distance, the craggy peaks of a mountain range shimmered behind a purple mist. In the air, there was only the arid smell of sand and sage.

Grayson kept the steeldust at a walk as he approached the yard of Lazy S. He kept thinking how different this place was from Twin Hearts. There was nothing of despair and idleness about Lazy S. He saw someone cross from a corral to a shed, and there were horses in one corral and several whitefaces in another, and out on the range Grayson could see other animals grazing. Lazy S looked as if it at least tried to be a going concern.

A windmill reared its tower at the sky, but the pump was silent for there was no breeze today. Grayson dismounted and watered his horse, all the while staring thoughtfully up at the house. A message had been sent to him, asking him to come out to Lazy S, although no explanation of why his presence was desired had been attempted. Still, he thought, it could be about only one matter, and this feeling left him a little taut and excited inside.

There was little doubt in Grayson's mind now that he had come to the right place in his search for the robbers of the Border Pacific train at La Fuente. The attack by Red Davenport had made this a certainty in Grayson's mind. Davenport, apparently, had been one of the gang. He had thought to get rid of Grayson by killing him in a gun duel on the pretense of avenging an imaginary friend. There could be no other motive for Davenport's attempt.

When the steeldust had drunk its fill, Grayson took the lines and, leading the horse, walked slowly up toward the house. He thought he felt eyes observing him from a shed, but when he glanced that way there was nothing to be seen. In a corral, a couple of horses whinnied and the steeldust threw up its head and answered. It was then that the woman appeared.

She was the same one Grayson had seen in Blue Hat and whom Bob Hamner had identified as Blanche Shackelford. She stepped out into the sun, and instantly her red hair was ablaze with luminescent color. She was smiling.

"How do you do, Mr. Grayson," she said. "My husband isn't home right now, but he will be shortly. If you'd care to wait, you can put your horse in a corral and then come into the house where you'll be out of the sun. I'll have something cool for you to drink."

Without waiting for a reply, she turned and disappeared into the house. Grayson led the steeldust to a corral, stripped bridle and saddle from the animal, and turned it into the enclosure. Then he started for the house.

She was waiting for Grayson at the door, and she ushered him into the parlor. The room was furnished with practical severity. The chairs and round table and couch were strictly utilitarian. There were no frills whatever in the room. But it was neat and clean, and the windows were edged with curtains made out of a white-and-red flowered material. They struck a cheerful note in the room.

Grayson selected a chair and seated himself, very much aware of the dust on his clothing. He had tried brushing himself off outside but nothing short of washing could do a thorough job.

Blanche Shackelford appeared, carrying a tall glass. "Here is some cold lemonade," she said, her cheeks dimpling a little as she smiled at him. "If you'd rather have something stronger—"

"Thank you. This will do just fine."

She took a chair across the room from Grayson, and for the next half hour carried on a light conversation about trivial things. Grayson sipped his lemonade and listened and looked at her. After a while, he became aware of something stirring in him, something which he could not define exactly but which struck him as being a lot like envy—envy for a man who had a wife like this.

She was young, no more than twenty-three or twenty-four, Grayson thought. Today she was wearing a high-necked blue dress that reached to the floor, but even the billowing folds of the ample skirt could not conceal the slim suppleness of her body. She gestured now and then as she spoke, and the shaft of sunlight slanting in through a window flashed on the wedding band on her finger, reflecting the light almost mockingly into Grayson's eyes.

She was detailing her efforts to start a flower garden in this arid land, and Grayson felt his attention wavering. Suddenly he found himself thinking of another girl, also young and pretty, and of another ranch whose atmosphere was so much in contrast to this, and then over all of this came a portent of evil that left him feeling ill at ease.

GRAYSON came back to the present to hear Blanche Shackelford saying, "I believe that's my husband now." She left the room, and Grayson's heart was hammering in anticipation.

A door banged and a deep masculine voice said something which Grayson could not catch and she answered even more quietly, and then there was a moment's silence followed by an intimate, pleased giggle. Then, after a short while, they entered the parlor.

Glenn Shackelford was a big, handsome man, a year or two younger than Grayson. Shackelford's barrel chest strained the buttons of his shirt, and he had his sleeves rolled up almost to the armpits, revealing his immense biceps. His waist was flat and hard, and around it he wore a slanting shell belt that supported a holstered Remington .44-40. His face was square; the line of his jaw was straight. He apparently had not shaved for several days, and a tawny beard stubble covered his cheeks and chin and the front of his neck. His stare was clear and direct, but Grayson had the impression of a calculating shrewdness deep in those gray eyes.

"Grayson?" Shackelford said in his husky voice. "I'm Glenn Shackelford. Welcome to Lazy S." He held out his hand and gripped Grayson's hard. Then Shackelford smiled at his wife. "Will you bring us some more lemonade?"

While she was gone, Shackelford sat down opposite Grayson and remarked that it was mighty dry going this time of year and that he hoped it would rain soon, but that there was little chance for it. Then he said the beef market looked promising if only a man had enough steers to take advantage of it. By this time, Blanche Shackelford had returned with two glasses.

She handed Grayson his first, and then she went over to her husband and gave him his glass with a lingering tenderness. It was apparent that she worshiped her husband. Grayson did not know why, but the realization made him a little sick.

Blanche Shackelford retired demurely to a chair to one side. Shackelford drained half his glass. Then he

"Calm down, old man. The signals your wife and I are exchanging have nothing to do with bridge!"

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leaned forward in his chair. A grave look came over his face. "I suppose you're wondering, Grayson, why I asked you out here."

"That's right."

Shackelford raised a hand and scratched at his whiskers. He was frowning a little. "It's very difficult for me to begin," he said, more to himself than to Grayson. "It's about that holdup at La Fuente," he said.

"Yes?" Grayson said.

Shackelford uttered a short, embarrassed laugh. "It's come to my ears that you've been asking around about all the acquaintances of Ben Flores, who was killed during the holdup. Well, you've no doubt learned that I was one of Ben's friends. But I'm not worried," said Shackelford. "I had nothing to do with that holdup, and you can investigate me all you want, Grayson, and there will be no hard feelings on my part. I know it's your job, and I want to tell you I've got nothing to hide from you." He paused and frowned again. "However, there's something coming up which you might not understand. That's why I had you come out here. Like I said, I've got nothing to hide."

"I don't know what you mean," said Grayson. He had heard rumors, but he didn't intend tipping his hand.

Shackelford looked straight at Grayson. "Am I under suspicion?"

Grayson smiled, somewhat wryly. "Right now, everyone in and around Blue Hat is under suspicion. But suspecting somebody and proving it are two different matters, Shackelford."

Shackelford made a deprecating gesture. "Well, I'm not really interested too much. I'm clean. I've got nothing to hide," he said with indifference. "But it all depends on who you talked to about me. There are people in Blue Hat who don't like me and there are those who are my friends. There are two kinds of information you could have picked up. Which kind was it?"

"I always discount a certain amount of what I hear as prejudice either one way or another. You've got nothing to fear in that respect, Shackelford."

"Well, since you might have talked to people who have no use for me," Shackelford said, "I've called you out here to tell you this in advance." He paused. "I'm leaving the country."

"Oh?" said Grayson.

"Don't you see?" said Shackelford, leaning forward in earnestness. "There are those who are going to say that the reason I am leaving is that I was in that holdup and so I'm running away. That is why I called you out here, Grayson. I wanted to tell you personally. I wanted you to know before I left. If I was afraid of anything, I wouldn't be telling you a thing like this. I'd just slip away in the night, and before anyone knew I was gone, I'd be halfway to Mexico. But I've got nothing to hide."

THE man sounded sincere enough, Grayson thought. What he said made sense, yet Grayson had a feeling that there was more to this than what appeared on the surface. He glanced at Blanche Shackelford and saw that she was sitting quietly in her chair, her glance fixed unwaveringly and adoringly on the face of her husband.

Grayson turned his lemonade glass around in his fingers. He stared down at it and he said slowly, "You seem to be set up pretty good right here, Shackelford. Why would you want to leave?"

Shackelford made an exasperated gesture. "You've seen the country. There's too little water, too little graze. I know. You can fatten cattle here, but you've got to be careful you don't overgraze. You've got to have a lot of land to pasture only a few head. A man can't get ahead like that."

He edged forward in his chair. "This is the way I've got it figured out, Grayson." He seemed carried away by what he was saying. "Maybe the land in Mexico isn't much better than here, but everything down there is much cheaper. Labor and supplies and stuff like that costs half of what it does here. I'm selling Lazy S, but I'm keeping my stock. I'm driving my cattle down to Mexico, and there I'm raising my steers cheap and then driving them back across the line and selling them at U.S. market prices. I figure I can clear twice what I'm making now."

"You've got a point there," Grayson agreed, "but why tell me all this?"

SHACKELFORD leaned back in his chair. He looked rather disgusted. "I want everything squared up before I go. I don't want to leave any loose ends lying around. I don't want you to get the idea I'm trying to run away from you." He laughed shortly. "After all, if I was trying to skip the country, I wouldn't be driving several hundred head of cattle with me. I'd be traveling real light, you can bet on that."

Grayson drank the last of his lemonade. He did not know what to make of this. There was a powerful logic behind everything Shackelford had said, but the situation could be interpreted in two ways. What confounded Grayson most of all was that he was helpless to do anything about it.

He stared intently at Shackelford. "What about this Red Davenport? Didn't he work for you?"

"That's right," said Shackelford, "but what my men do in their free time is none of my business and none of my responsibility." He cocked an eyebrow at Grayson. "The way I understand it, it was strictly a private fight between the two of you. Red was squaring for some old pal of his, wasn't that it?"

"I never knew any pals of Davenport's," Grayson said flatly. "He tried to kill me because he was one of the gang at La Fuente."

Shackelford was silent a minute. The corners of his mouth pulled down in an expression of indifference. "Well," he said, shrugging, "maybe he was. Come to think of it, Red did take a few days off about a month ago. He always did fancy himself as a tough *hombre* and a top gun-slinger. Of course, I never inquired into his private affairs. All I ask of my men is that they do their jobs."

"Did anybody else on Lazy S take any time off along with Davenport?"

Shackelford's glance turned cold for an instant. Then something sly seemed to enter his eyes. "Not that I know of," he said blandly. "My boys are all accounted for at the time of the La Fuente holdup."

"I think I'll be going," Grayson said, rising to his feet.

"Won't you stay for supper?" Shackelford said.

"No, thanks."

Grayson went down to the corral and roped and saddled the steeldust. He had just shut the corral gate when he noticed Bob Hamner riding up on a roan streaked with sweat and dust. Hamner smiled a greeting and Grayson nodded his head, and then he heard the quick footsteps behind him.

Grayson turned to find Blanche Shackelford standing there. She stared up at him, her face taut and drawn with anxiety. "You don't really suspect

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Glenn, do you?" she said, her voice full of worry. "You don't believe my husband had anything to do with that holdup, do you?"

He stared gravely down at her, thinking how pretty she looked with the sun blazing in her hair and how desirable and comforting she had looked moving about in the house. This was all that a lonely man dreamed of, Grayson thought, but she was another man's wife and that was that.

"I never make an arrest, Mrs. Shackelford," he said, "unless I have proof."

"Glenn isn't guilty," she said, hurrying on, tense and straining to convince him. "I know all the ugly lies that have been spread about him, but if you knew him like I know him—so kind and considerate and gentle—you'd know that a thing like that is beyond him. Glenn would never rob or kill!"

He smiled as reassuringly as he could at her. "Like I just said, I never act unless I have proof. If your husband is innocent, it stands to reason I'll never have that proof so far as he is concerned, so why worry about it?"

"Thank you," she whispered. Her eyes turned soft and reflective, but her lips were pale and stiff. "I love my husband very much," she said. Then she turned and ran up to the house.

Grayson looked at Hamner. The man had stripped the saddle from his roan and now he stood, holding the saddle, watching Blanche Shackelford disappearing through the door. Again Grayson had the impression of an old hopelessness and futility in Hamner's face. He stood there as if lost in some secret, poignant reflection.

Grayson mounted his horse. The creak of saddle leather appeared to rouse Hamner. He turned and looked up at Grayson.

"How long have they been married?" Grayson asked quietly.

"About a year."

"She thinks a lot of Shackelford, doesn't she?"

"He's always been the only one for her," said Hamner. Grayson thought he detected a note of bitterness. "He'll always be the only one."

"I hope I never have to hurt her."

"So do I," said Hamner sadly.

WHEN Shackelford's trail herd started out, a week later, Grayson followed it. About noon of the next day he dismounted, just below the sky line of a ridge. He tied the steeldust to a manzanite, and then he went up to the crest of the ridge and over it, cautiously, so he would not be outlined against the sky. Then he was on the other side, crouched behind a mesquite bush while he studied the scene below.

As usual, the sun blazed down. In the great distance stretched the low, alkali flats, a vast white expanse topped by a shimmering, glowing mist. Only the foolhardy or those to whom life no longer mattered would attempt to cross these flats.

The cows were strung out in a long line. Grayson estimated their number at no more than three hundred head. Not a very large trail herd, he thought, but large enough if it was being used only as a blind.

The herd moved slowly, sluggishly, under the heat of the sun. Over the cattle hung a pall of fine, swirling dust that at times almost obliterated them from Grayson's view. He was high up on the ridge, and the cows were skirting the bottom of the hill, but still their plaintive lowing drifted up to him.

Preceding the herd was the chuck wagon, and there also appeared to be several pack horses loaded with possessions. Grayson thought of the comfortableness of the parlor of Lazy S and how a neat and clean home was a woman's pride, and how a woman could become deeply attached to a few simple pieces of furniture. As he thought of this, a great disgust rose in him.

There they are, he told himself, quivering with helpless anger. There are your train robbers of La Fuente. They're running away from you right under your nose. They're laughing at you and heading for Mexico—and you can't do a damn' thing about it.

GRAYSON almost wept with frustration and rage. Then he got himself in hand and began to look at the matter calmly and sanely again. It was still a long way to Mexico, he thought. Cattle moved slowly. In this heat they might average about ten miles a day. Of course Shackelford could drive them mercilessly, not caring how many cows he killed, if deception was the motive behind all this and he had a quarter of a million dollars in gold bullion. But if he was to maintain a pretense of innocence and legality, he would have to drive the herd at a normal pace, and Grayson figured that Glenn Shackelford was just smart enough and cocky enough to do that.

So Burt Grayson took a deep breath and settled back and watched the herd below. It was a long way to Mexico at the rate the Lazy S herd was traveling, he thought again. Much could happen between here and the border.

The drive came on. The chuck wagon passed below Grayson, and the pack horses and then the leaders were there. The two men riding point were the most fortunate. They ate very little dust. It was the flankers and the drag riders who rode in a hell of swirling, choking dust. They were blurred, barely visible figures there far below, and Grayson suspected that because of the spuming dust they could not have seen him even if he were in the open.

The sun bore down; the alkali flats shimmered. Only the cholla and prickly pear and ocotillo and the other native plants did not seem to mind. This was their country.

The sun flashed brightly now and then when its rays were reflected by some polished stone or glittering strip of sand. It was the repeated flashing in one particular spot that finally caught Grayson's attention. The flashes came from off to the right and just a little way down the slope. He glanced in that direction and saw that the dazzling reflections were the sunlight off a rifle barrel.

There were several large slabs of rock there which formed a small parapet. Behind this wall, the rifleman crouched. Grayson took another look, and then he was out of his own shelter and angling across the slope toward the parapet. He moved at a crouch even though there was not much chance of his being spied from below. The dust was now too thick about the cattle for the riders to see any distance up the slope. So Grayson moved swiftly and quietly.

The bawling of the cattle sounded harsh and forlorn. In the clear air he could hear the sharp clicking of their horns as they plodded on, bunched close together. Whoever it was behind the parapet watched all this with fixed absorption.

This person's back was to Grayson, and he leaped down on him quickly. Sand shifted a little under Grayson's boots, and the soft whisper of this sufficed to warn the other. By now Grayson knew who it was. As the figure whirled, Grayson lunged, one hand grabbing the rifle by its barrel and twisting it aside; then he was staring into the startled, contorted face of Anita Flores.

One instant they froze like that, breaths caught sharply in their throats, and then the girl struck. She let go the rifle with her left hand and brought her palm across Grayson's face. It was done so swiftly he had no time to avert his head. She hit him again. Grayson swore with vehemence.

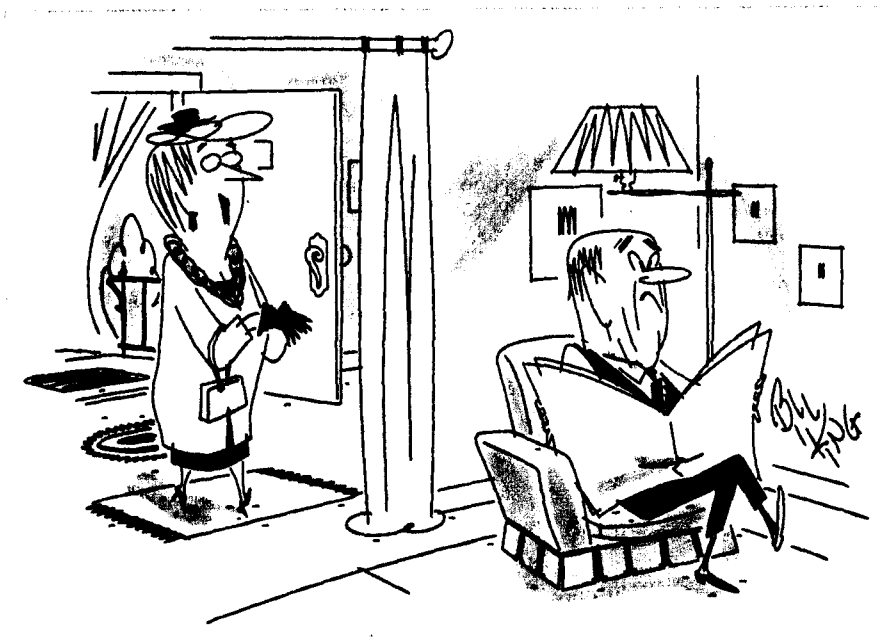
THE girl started another blow at him, but he reached up and caught her free arm. Releasing her right hand from the rifle, Anita Flores swung that hand at Grayson, and he barely caught it in time. The girl was in a frenzy. Her eyes were luminous with hate and rage, and her lips were drawn back, baring her teeth in a furious grimace, and suddenly her head ducked down as she sought to sink her teeth in one of Grayson's hands. He twisted her arms sharply, wrenching a gasp of pain out of her, and then he had her arms behind her back.

"Will you cut it out?" he said violently. "Will you behave?"

"Let me go," she said. "Let me go or I'll kill you!"

"Will you stop it?"

"I'll kill you, I'll kill you!" she said over and over, twisting and jerking in



COLLIER'S

"Ha! Who says you can't drive on a flat tire . . ."

BILL KING

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wild, frenzied efforts to free herself. She began to kick at his shins.

Grayson gave another twist to her arms, and this brought a small, short shriek out of her. "Will you behave?" he said. "Or do you want me to break your arms?"

He gave another twist and she gasped in agony, and then she seemed to give up. Her eyes closed, and she hung there limp and empty of resistance. The fury had left her features, and Grayson was conscious only of the smooth curve of her cheeks and the delicate length of her lashes and the tiny lines of haunted grief about her mouth. She sobbed once; as Grayson released his grip on her, she fell to her knees. Her head dropped down on her breast, and she knelt there like that, head bowed, a pitiable figure of utter dejection.

GRAYSON sank down behind the parapet beside her. Below, the Lazy S herd was still passing, but this was only the drag, and soon the last cows had gone by and the two drag riders; and then the sounds of the herd began to wane. Grayson sat down and stared at the girl.

At last her head lifted. She made it a point not to look at Grayson. He could see her profile, and she looked as though she were in control of her emotions. She brushed her hair back, and then she picked up her hat from where it had fallen and dusted it against her thighs and fitted it on her head. After that, she rose to her feet and began brushing at her skirt. All this while, she studiously did not look at him.

Grayson said, "What were you trying to do?"

"I don't see where it's any of your business." Her tone was flat and thin.

Grayson sighed. "If you had fired, you could have started a stampede."

She whirled on him now. "That would have been just fine," she cried. "Maybe some of them would have been caught in the stampede and killed. That would have been just fine!"

He felt a chill at the unbridled savagery of her tone, but in the next instant, however, he felt a vast pity. She lived too much with grief and tormenting memories. This kind of living could only lead to more tragedy, one way or another. "Why don't you let it be?" he said gently. "Things will work out."

"I don't want to think about anything else," she said, her mouth a straight, purposeful line. "I won't think about anything else until they're all dead!"

"Why do you feel like this?"

"Why? He was my brother. He was all I had in the world. He was good and honest until they started working on him, filling him with stories of big money, fast and easy. He never would have done a thing like that on his own. They talked him into it and he went to La Fuente with them and now he's dead and they're going to Mexico and nobody seems to care."

She could no longer control herself. She put her face in her hands and began to cry. Her shoulders shook with anguish. Grayson suspected that she had not cried about it for a long while. Perhaps it would do her good to give voice to some of her grief, instead of keeping it locked inside where it rankled and built up to overwhelming proportions. Gradually, her crying diminished.

She took out a handkerchief and dried her face. She sniffled once, and then her features were cold and stern and determined once more.

Grayson said, "They won't get to Mexico. I'll see to that."

She turned her head toward him, and her look was piercing. "Are you going to arrest them?" she said.

"As soon as I get some proof."

"Proof? What more proof do you want?" she said, anger putting a flush into her cheeks. "They're down there. You asked me once to name them for you. Well, I'll do it." She flung the names out with bitter vehemence. "Glenn Shackelford, Ed Ingram, Bob Hamner, Dick McEwen, and a couple others whose names I don't know. Well, go ahead and arrest them!"

"I can arrest them," Grayson said with quiet patience, "but when I bring them before a judge and he asks me for some evidence, what am I going to do?"

"I see," she said. Scorn filled her eyes. "While you sit on your rump and say you don't have evidence, they keep on getting closer to Mexico. I still think my way is the best one."

It was Grayson's turn to color. "At the rate they're moving, they won't reach Mexico for another ten days. I'll turn something up in that time."

"I just bet you will," she said, her tone weighted with contempt.

Grayson got to his feet. He reached out and took her arms in his hands. She tensed and started to pull away, but then she refrained and stood there stiff and suspicious, staring up at him.

"I want to tell you this, Anita," Grayson said. "I know how you feel. I don't blame you one little bit for wanting to get even. But this is something too big for you. They're a smart and clever bunch. They stole a quarter of a million dollars in bullion, and you can bet that they won't stand for anyone trying to keep them from getting away with it. They're smart and they're desperate. Tangle with them and they'll kill you!"

"I don't care," she said stiffly, "just so I take some of them with me."

"Don't talk like that," he said sternly. Again that feeling of pity for her passed through him. It made him feel futile wanting to help her so much and not getting anywhere with it. "Twin Hearts is no place for you, Anita," he said. "It's too full of memories. Don't you have any friends in Blue Hat that you can move in with for a while?"

"I won't go back to Blue Hat."

"Are you going back to Twin Hearts then?"

"I am—when that Lazy S bunch is all dead!"

A FEELING of going around in circles filled Grayson again. The talk always came back to this. It was an obsession with her.

"Don't you believe in me?" he said, getting a little exasperated. "I've told you I'll take care of the Lazy S bunch. It's a long way to Mexico, and they'll slip up somewhere along the way. Their kind always makes mistakes, and when they do I'll be there to take advantage of it. Don't you see?"

She said nothing. Her eyes, looking up at him, were bright with skepticism. There was a cynical curve to her mouth.

"Look, Anita," he said, trying hard to make her see the light. "If I can find the bullion in their possession that's all the evidence I'll need. And I'll bet anything that they've got the bullion with them. They wouldn't run off and leave a quarter of a million dollars behind them, and once I find it they're done for. Now do you believe in me, Anita?"

She pulled back a step, and Grayson let go of her arms. He could see that she still was not convinced, and this made him angry and disgusted.

"You do it your way, Grayson," she said, "and I'll do it mine."

(To be concluded next week)

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Happened to drop in at Judge Fred Hudson's district court in Spencer, Iowa, just in time to hear his honor rule that a rented rowboat is not an amusement device. Having known that for some years, we went on our way.

★ ★ ★

Got to talking to Mr. Paul Warsley, of West Topsham, Vermont, about the latest purrs from the Kremlin. Mr. Warsley suspects that Old Joe's cubs, now running the place, have been read-

ing his state-development commission's magazine, Vermont Life. Anyway, it has been accepted by a Moscow library and Mr. Warsley says you can't blame Malenkov and Company for casting their eyes longingly toward the serene loveliness of the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain.

★ ★ ★

Friend of ours got a letter from his small son, who had been spending a couple of weeks with his aunt in Lawrence, Massachusetts. The boy, aged nine, said he loved his aunt, but added: "Please write her to stop telling m bedtime stories about the sandman ar the good fairies and let me go to sleep

★ ★ ★

A slight coolness followed an eve ning of unilateral conversation in Newark, New Jersey, household late the other night. Wife paused as she was about to turn out the lights in the living room and asked her husband whether everything was completely shut up for the night. He merely said: "Everything else, dear."

★ ★ ★

There's a hard-working young fellow sharing his office with old 48 who has won a rare honor. He is Bill Davidson, associate editor of Collier's and one of America's finest reporters. For the second consecutive year, he has been awarded the Distinguished Service Award for magazine reporting by Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalism fraternity. This time, he has been chosen for his article Why Half Our Combat Soldiers Fail to Shoot, published in Collier's of November 8, 1952. We told Bill we hoped he'd really break records by winning again this year. He'll certainly be in there trying. Another office neighbor, associate editor John Lear, has just won the Lasker Award for the best magazine article on the subject of medical research and public health for his piece, Science May Give You a Second Heart, in our issue of September 27, 1952. We're really proud of our boys.

★ ★ ★

When the next Olympics are held in Australia, Mr. S. M. Stewart of Pleasant Hill, Mississippi, will be glad to compete and add glory to the athletic reputation of the United States. Mr. Stewart recently won the Tobacco Spitter championship at the Smith County Forestry Field Day. Hit the target spang in the middle from a distance of 17½ feet amid the frenzied plaudits of a gallery of 275 of his fellow citizens.

★ ★ ★

"If," says Mr. Lester Rodney in the Communist newspaper, the Daily Worker, "there was anything good about Russia in any article, Collier's wouldn't print it." For example, Mr. Rodney, for example? And another thing, Lester. That "if" is pretty certain to get you into a nasty dialectics hassel with the comrades.

★ ★ ★

In Jeffersonville, Indiana, Mr. Hermann A. Wenige told us about the mishap of a Scottish visitor to a new night club. The poor fellow emerged therefrom with a black eye and several painful abrasions. Seems the decorator, who obviously can't spell any better than we can, painted the word LADDIES on the door of one of the rest rooms.

★ ★ ★

Even if you don't care that there is a filling station in Los Angeles run by the Messrs. Katt and Byrd, you may enjoy knowing that the two gentlemen get along very peaceably together.

★ ★ ★

Like Mr. Ralph Zimmerman, of Sarata, Florida, we're having a little trou- understanding an announcement by W. H. Putnam, general manager e Birmingham, Alabama, Water s Board. Mr. Putnam says that consumption jumps about three gallons every half hour "just as

IRWIN CAPLAN

television programs change." And Mrs. Cass Hendee tells us in Denver, Colorado, that "a recent check shows that during TV commercials the water pressure in Greeley (also Colorado) goes down alarmingly."

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FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS

Located where Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers join to form the Ohio, Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle is nearly one-fourth rebuilt

You'd Never Know Pittsburgh

By HARRY HENDERSON

Returning visitors rub their eyes. A sparkling new community is replacing the once smog-ridden Steel City. The story of the great transformation is an American landmark in civic co-operation

AFTER an absence of [illegible] years, I got off the train in Pittsburgh [illegible] morning recently and stood blinking [illegible] bright sunlight. Where, I asked the porter, [illegible] old smoke-filled train shed? "It's gone," he said, laughing. "So's the smoke. You'd never know Pittsburgh."

He was right. I didn't recognize Pittsburgh. Gone was the well-remembered smog that once blanketed the downtown area so thickly that street lights had to be turned on at 10:00 A.M. Gone, too, or going, were many of the black and ugly buildings that smoke and fumes had hidden for so many years. Almost everywhere I looked demolition crews and ball-swinging cranes were smashing down grime-encrusted walls. Even old landmarks like the Carnegie Building, one of the first steel-structured buildings ever erected, had disappeared.

Over the rubble of the old Pittsburgh a new city was rising. In all, I found, nearly one fourth of the Golden Triangle—Pittsburgh's business section—was being rebuilt. And even those buildings not marked for destruction were being spruced up so as not to disgrace their new neighbors. Roughly $1,500,000 has been spent during the last six years to steam and scour clean their walls.

Right in the heart of the Triangle two new skyscrapers only a block apart reach toward the heavens: the shimmering 40-story stainless-steel Mellon-U.S. Steel Building and the sparkling 30-story aluminum-faced Alcoa (Aluminum Company of America) Building. And in the city block between them, old office buildings have been ripped out to make way for a landscaped park green with grass and trees over five stories of underground parking. The park is a $4,000,000 gift of the Mellon family.

Even more impressive is the change at the western end of the Triangle near the Point, formed by the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers. There, 23 acres have been cleared of blighted buildings and in their place have risen the first three of seven Equitable Life Assurance office buildings. Cross-shaped, faced with stainless steel, air-conditioned and some 20 stories high, each building rests on its own green area and is connected with the others by an underground concourse. Together they are known as the Gateway Center.

The 36 acres beyond Gateway Center at the tip of the Point also have been swept clear of crumbling warehouses and smoky freight sheds for landscaping into a state historical park around famed Fort Pitt Blockhouse, built in 1764 to protect early settlers against Indian raids. (In recent years, few people had visited the pre-Revolutionary War landmark because it was so difficult to find in the maze of decrepit warehouses.)

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Bridges across the Allegheny and the Monongahela at the tip of the Point will also be torn down next year and rebuilt farther east to give an unobstructed view of the confluence of the two rivers under the shadow of bulging Mount Washington. When the job has been completed, the new Point State Park and Gateway Center will present a beautiful and dramatic façade for travelers approaching Pittsburgh from the west.

Air travelers to Pittsburgh find still more surprises awaiting them. Their planes land at a new $33,000,000 airport, completed only last spring across the Monongahela and Mount Washington from Pittsburgh. When new tunnels through the mountain are completed, the airport will be only 15 minutes by car from the downtown area.

Airport Has Just About Everything

The airport is the fourth largest in the country and is bigger than New York's La Guardia and Washington's National airports combined. It not only has the latest technical equipment, but boasts a glass-enclosed night club, the Skyroom, atop its main building, a hotel, shopping center, theater and carnival midway. And to make sure the city won't be caught short in this aviation age, Pittsburgh is also developing nine seaplane bases on its rivers and scattering 16 smaller feeder auxiliary airports throughout Allegheny County.

But the planners of the new Pittsburgh still aren't satisfied. More improvements are scheduled. More than 100 acres of slums on Lower Hill, bordering the Golden Triangle, will be torn down for redevelopment. Included among the improvements will be a symphony hall, an $8,000,000 sports arena, an auditorium, and modern housing.

Construction also will begin soon on a new cross-town superhighway to eliminate traffic congestion in downtown Pittsburgh's narrow streets. And a 24-mile stretch of the Penn-Lincoln highway is being built at a cost of $4,000,000 a mile to carry traffic between the Pennsylvania Turnpike and its western extension nonstop through the center of the city.

Yet all this material progress does not tell the whole story of the rebirth of Pittsburgh. Proud as they are of the new construction, the city's top businessmen are apt to boast even more about Pittsburgh's spiritual and cultural revival. And to promote it, they have launched a $50,000,000 program covering every phase of cultural life.

As part of the program, a new Graduate School of Public Health has been established at the University of Pittsburgh with Dr. Thomas Parran, former Surgeon General of the U.S., at the helm. Old Carnegie Museum is being revitalized; an excited spectator watching the setting up of a vast panoramic painting which unreels electrically told me: "We're not just dusting off the dinosaurs. We're going to have them dancing!"

Then, too, a vast park and recreational program is planned. Thousands of acres of land will be purchased near Slippery Rock, about 40 miles outside the city, to provide picnicking, fishing, swimming and camping areas. Another park will be provided at the Youghiogheny River falls near Ohiopyle, and a children's zoo will be established.

Some 50 corporations now contribute to the support of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra; they underwrote 50 per cent of the orchestra's deficit for the 1952-'53 season and pledged nearly one third of the funds needed for each of the next two seasons. David MacDonald, who succeeded the late Philip Murray as president of the United Steel Workers of America, has been elected to the symphony's board of directors, and the orchestra this season for the first time gave concerts in Pittsburgh's industrial suburbs.

Pittsburgh seems to be well on the way to becoming a greater industrial and cultural center than ever before in its long history. Yet as recently as 1945, some of Pittsburgh's biggest industrialists had predicted the city soon would become a ghost town. Their predictions certainly seemed justified at the time. No major building had gone up in the downtown area in 25 years. Real-estate values in the Triangle were dropping at the rate of $10,000,000 a year. Big corporations complained they couldn't get young executives and research scientists to move to Pittsburgh; their wives were saying, "Not in all that smoke and dirt, not for all the money in the world!" Three major industries —Jones & Laughlin Steel, Westinghouse and Alcoa —were preparing to move to other parts of the country. Smoke and soot, traffic snarls, lack of parking space, poor housing and river pollution plagued everyone.

What happened to change that dismal picture? Who were the men behind the metamorphosis?

The renaissance of Pittsburgh is the creation of many people, but it all began with two men who had seen the crisis coming and had prepared for it: R. K. Mellon, head of the Mellon empire, and Wallace Richards, a former New Deal planner, now director of the Carnegie Museum.

They had begun their collaboration in 1941 when Mellon, nephew of the late Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon, was named president of the Pittsburgh Regional Planning Association, a privately financed body set up to survey the area's worst problems. Young, and like his father, R. B. Mellon, more interested in building than in banking, Mellon had become alarmed at the downward trend in Pittsburgh affairs. He had enormous stakes in U.S. Steel, Gulf Oil, Koppers, Jones & Laughlin Steel and Pittsburgh Plate Glass—and he intended to protect his investments.

Richards, while an assistant to then U.S. Undersecretary of Agriculture Rexford Guy Tugwell, had helped establish the co-operative community of Greenbelt, Maryland, early in the New Deal. He took over as executive director of the Pittsburgh Regional Planning Association in 1937 because he had concluded that Pittsburgh was either going to boom or bust—and he believed he could help prevent a bust. "I thought the city offered the greatest opportunity for constructive civics in the country," he told me.

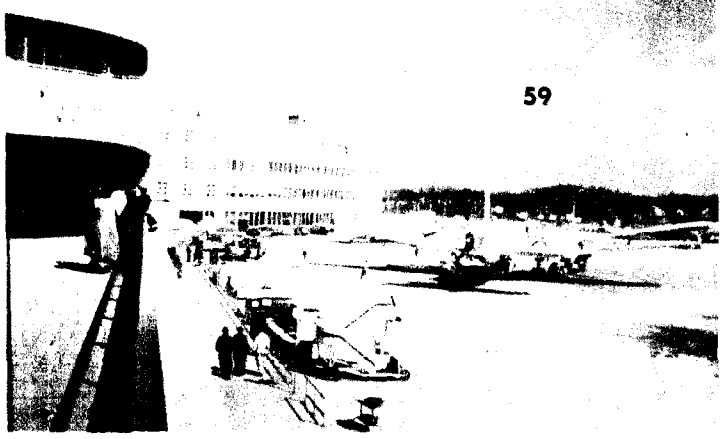
By 1941, Richards not only knew the city's problems, but recognized the truth of the old Pittsburgh saying: "You can't do anything without the Mellons." When young Mellon became head of the planning association, the two men met for hurried luncheons in wartime Washington and worked out a strategy to meet Pittsburgh's crisis. The real problem, they decided, wasn't planning; it was getting the plans put into effect. Therefore they created a new organization—the Allegheny Conference on Community Development—to by-pass all existing organizations, cut across all existing social and political lines. The conference would survey Pittsburgh's needs, create plans to meet them and see to it that these plans were put into effect.

The Man Who Did the Spadework

Arthur B. Van Buskirk, Mellon's chief adviser on civic affairs, did the spadework in lining up the city's top industrial, financial and political leaders for the conference. Mellon and Richards insisted that each one, even though he might be the president of a big corporation, agree to serve as a plain citizen, representing no one but himself. Each also had to serve personally, not deputize some subordinate to represent him.

Thus the conference tapped the brains and influence of men like Benjamin F. Fairless, then president of U.S. Steel and now chairman of the board; Clifford F. Hood, who succeeded him as president; H. J. Heinz II of the H. J. Heinz Company; Edgar J. Kaufmann of Kaufmann's Department Store; Roy Hunt and I. W. Wilson of Alcoa; Gwilym A. Price of Westinghouse; General Brehon Somervell of Koppers; Sidney Swensrud of Gulf Oil; William P. Snyder III of Shenango-Penn Mold; George Love of Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal; James F. Hillman of Harmon Creek Coal; and the Democratic party bosses, Mayor David L. Lawrence and Allegheny County Commission Chairman John J. Kane.

The first result of their collaboration was the passage by the Pennsylvania state legislature in May, 1945, of an urban redevelopment law. Then, by the fall of that year, the conference had convinced Governor Edward Martin that the state



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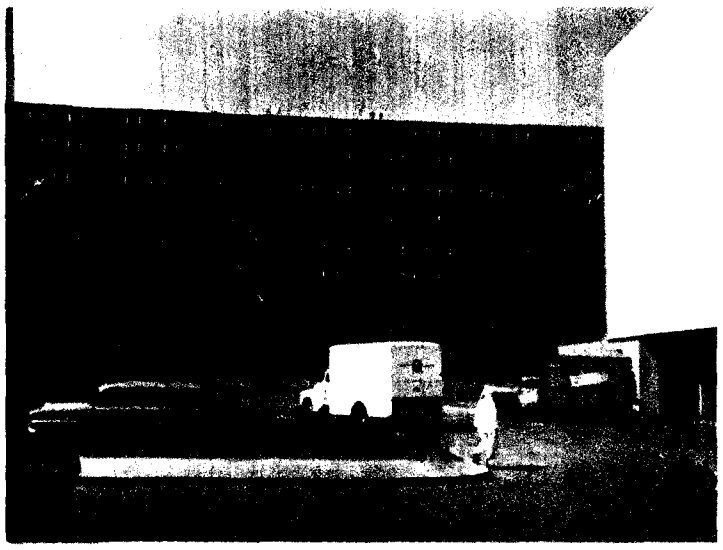
Modern terminal is center of the new Greater Pittsburgh Airport, the nation's fourth largest

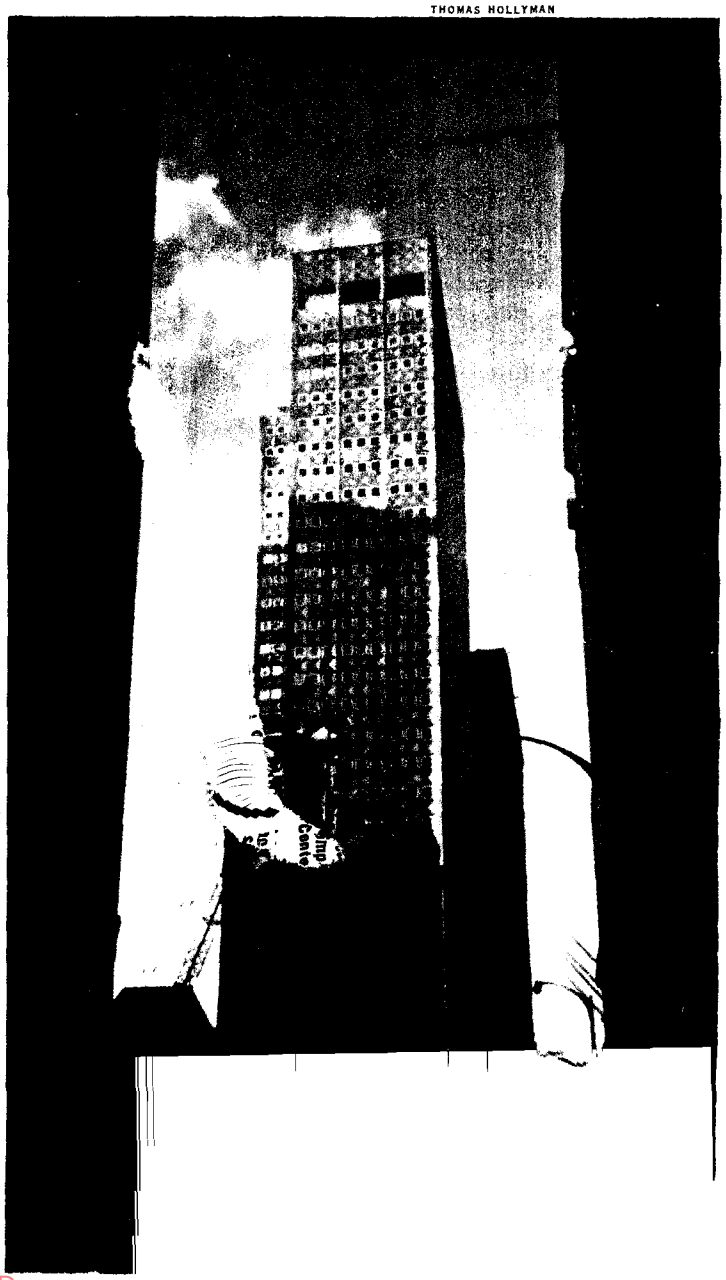


ZINN ARTHUR

Blue windows in Heinz Vinegar Building are designed to wash themselves when it rains

Mellon-U.S. Steel Building (left) and Alcoa Building partly frame downtown demolition

THOMAS HOLLYMAN



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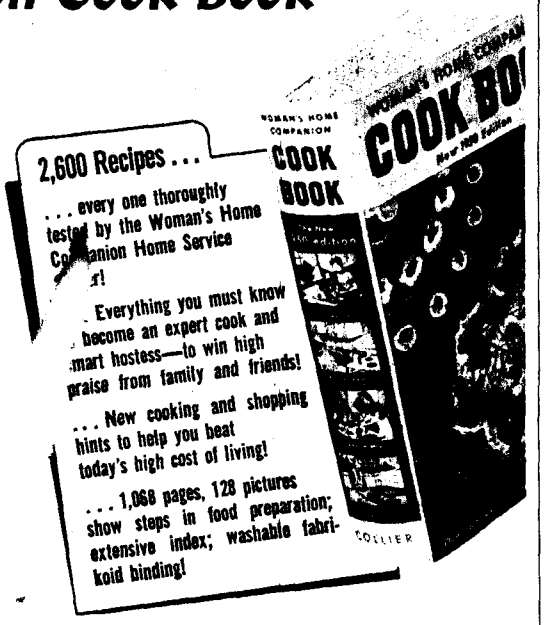
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There's new spirit in the city. "I

should take over the Point Park site and rescue the ancient Fort Pitt Blockhouse from oblivion.

The next summer the conference recommended that Pittsburgh's new Urban Redevelopment Authority acquire the next 23 acres on the Point and replace the obsolete structures there with new buildings that would dramatize the city's historic role as the "Gateway to the West." At the same time, a conference committee suggested to Thomas I. Parkinson, president of Equitable Life Assurance Society, that Equitable build the Gateway Center. Although interested, Parkinson pointed out that a state law forbade insurance companies to build and that during the 1936 floods the Point end of the Triangle area had been inundated. Then, too, he said, there was Pittsburgh's infamous smog.

With the Point restoration and the Gateway Center almost within their grasp, conference leaders went to the politicians. Economy-minded Republican congressmen found bankers like Mellon and Van Buskirk telling them the wrong kind of economy would create waste. Under pressure, the congressmen *increased* the budget for the Conemaugh Dam, which protects Pittsburgh, in an attempt to free the city forever from floods.

The conference people next prepared for the 1947 state legislature a whole batch of laws dealing with more of Pittsburgh's major problems. Lumped together as the "Pittsburgh Package," each bill was jointly introduced by a Republican and a Democrat and vigorously backed by Republican Governor James H. Duff, Pittsburgh's Democratic leaders Lawrence and Kane and the city's CIO and AFL leaders. All the bills were adopted by large majorities.

One law gave insurance companies the right to own and to build, paving the way for Equitable's Gateway Center. Another granted Allegheny County the right to control smoke; Pittsburgh proper had had the right since 1911, but smoke knows no boundaries—and lack of a county law had given politicians an excuse for nonenforcement. Another sought to end pollution of the city's rivers by setting up county incinerators to burn the refuse of 129 communities. At the same time, the Allegheny County Sanitary Authority began enforcing a ban on the emptying of sewage into the streams.

So far, however, the conference achievements were only on paper, and Pittsburghers refused to get excited. After all, they had heard about plans to improve Pittsburgh for years and seen nothing accomplished. When conference leaders pointed to their impressive program, skeptics retorted that there had been smoke-abatement committees and plans in Pittsburgh for more than 100 years—and the city still was blanketed by smog. It was obvious that something would have to be done about Pittsburgh's smoke and soot if the conference were to get the people's wholehearted co-operation.

Thus 1947 became Pittsburgh's year of decision, with everything hinging on smoke control. Park H. Martin, a veteran Pittsburgh planner who knew its problems and politicians long before becoming executive director of the conference, told me: "It was a real test of whether we were just glad-handing or going someplace. Some of our conference leaders had real financial stakes involved. I felt the sooner we got the chips down the better."

Under Martin's direction, the conference people went to work with renewed vigor—and they got results. That winter, 1947-'48, smoke decreased 39 per cent and for the first time Pittsburgh had no dense, daylong smog.

At the same time, Dr. E. R. Weidlein, head of Mellon Institute of Industrial Research and a conference leader, got together a citizens committee of smoke-interested people to write a county smoke-control law. The county commissioners had agreed previously to accept as law whatever the committee formulated. The committee included coal operators, mine-union leaders, housewives, coal dealers and top executives like Admiral Ben Moreell, boss of Jones & Laughlin Steel. After 18 months, the group overcame the fears and objections of industry, labor and coal men and wrote a tough county law.

The last phase of the county law,

COLLIER'S **"Just ignore those women golfers. If we let them play through we'll be here an hour"** HERB GREEN

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it's good for Pittsburgh, it's good for us," say her citizens

control of household smoke, goes into effect in June, but the main battle has already been won. The extent of the victory to date over smog and smoke is indicated by the following hours-per-month figures:

	Moderate Smoke	*Heavy Smoke*	*Total*
1945	701	226	927
1952	263	21	284

The over-all reduction of smoke amounted to 69 per cent. Recently New York newspapers headlined that New York City was now smokier than the "Smoky City," and Pittsburgh celebrated.

Everyone in Pittsburgh, from bank presidents to taxicab drivers, credits smoke control with finally awakening and rousing the whole city. A taxi driver summed up for me the way it changed people's attitudes. "Listen, buddy," he said, "when you can end the smog in a city like Pittsburgh, you can do anything." One of the city's major industrialists said, "I was in on the planning of smoke control and I can tell you that none of us realized the great spiritual uplifting this would bring. If we had, we would have been fighting for it long before."

As smoke disappeared, a kind of chain reaction took place. The conference program began to roll at high speed. Two big apartment buildings—not even contemplated in the conference program—went up. People who hadn't thought of painting their homes got out paintbrushes. Standing at his office window with Arthur B. Van Buskirk one day, Mellon pointed to the block between the new Alcoa and Mellon-U.S. Steel buildings. "That block ought to be a park, right in the middle of the city," he said. And he promptly gave the block to the city. Two years from now, its underground garages will be contributing mightily to the solution of Pittsburgh's parking problem.

Every Day Is Moving Day

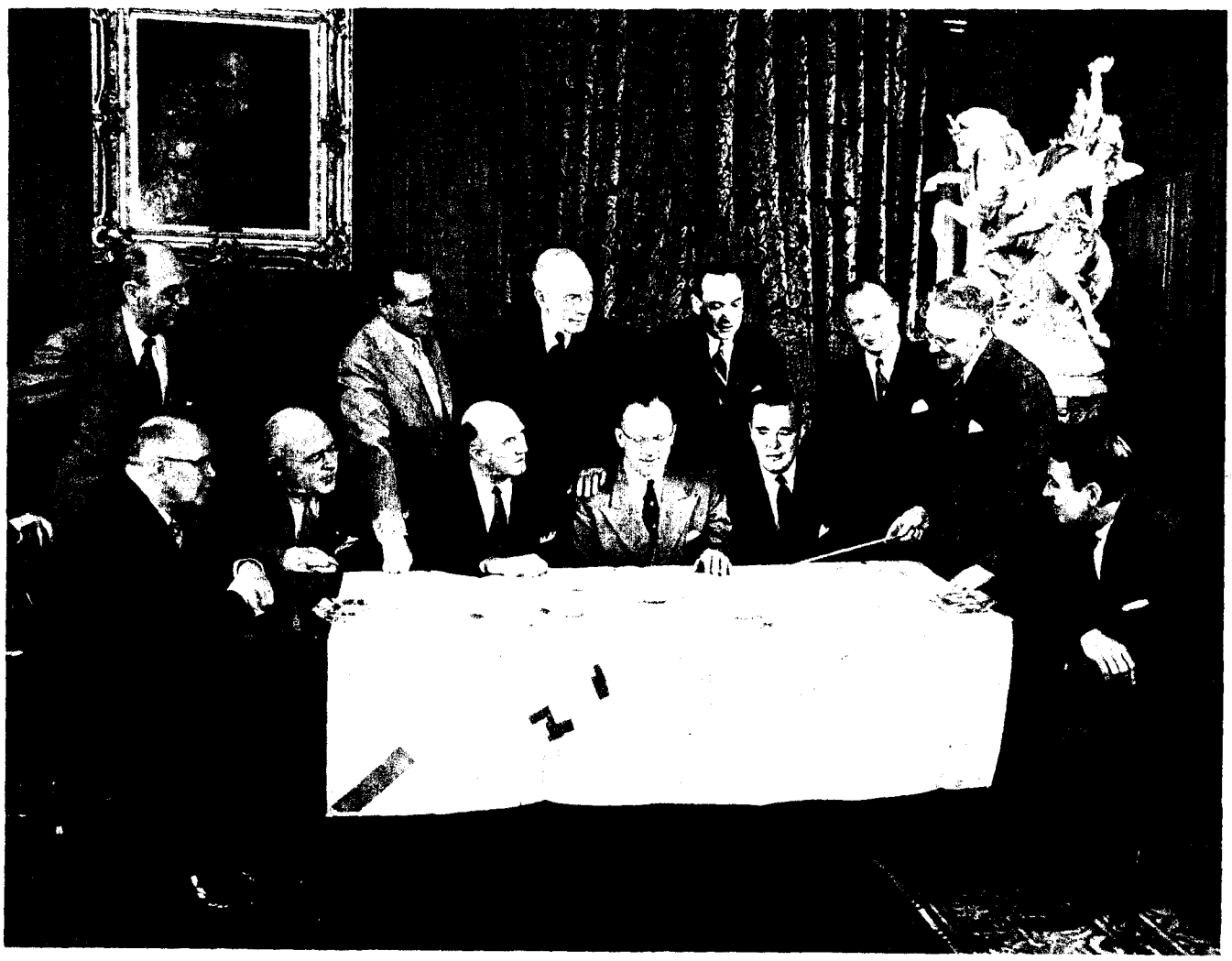
The demolition of old buildings and construction of new also touched off a series of checkerboard moves by Pittsburgh's businesses that has left even old residents a bit dizzy. Firms like Westinghouse Electric, Jones & Laughlin, Pittsburgh Plate Glass and National Supply have shifted their headquarters into the new Gateway Center. The buildings they vacated, if still serviceable, are filling up with firms from condemned structures. Kaufmann's Department Store is adding the U.S. Steel Annex to its building. Address changes occur daily.

The worst remaining problem is housing. It's so bad that clearance of 106 acres of slums on the Lower Hill and 20 acres on the Southside, where Jones & Laughlin Steel's expansion is taking place, will hardly dent it. Meanwhile, seven federal low-rent public housing projects have been extended. Pittsburgh needs, it is estimated, some 25,000 dwelling units—and Allegheny County could use another 25,000 units. When real-estate boards complained to the conference against federal low-rent public housing, they were asked why they didn't produce housing for low-income groups themselves.

Most of the conference work goes on behind the scenes. Usually it consists of getting people together, co-ordinating and educating rather than pressuring. In Mellon's words: "We expedite." There have been occasions, however, when fists were banged on tables and reluctant go-alongers have been pressured into line.

On the whole, Pittsburghers have shown a great readiness to lay aside private interests for the city's sake. When Gateway Center was announced, some of department-store owner Edgar J. Kaufmann's business associates ran to him in alarm. The new project, located next to Joseph Horne's department store, was certain to benefit Kaufmann's competitor; by working for Gateway Center, they said, Kaufmann was sabotaging his own interests. "Don't worry about where Gateway Center is," he said. "If it's good for Pittsburgh, it will also be good for us."

That spirit has swept Pittsburgh—of smoke, slums and hopelessness. And it points an inspiring path for other cities plagued by the same evils. ▲▲▲



BOB PURDY

Among the key men in transformation of Pittsburgh are (seated l. to r.): Leland Hazard, vice-president Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.; Mayor David Lawrence; Clifford Hood, president U.S. Steel Corp.; Sidney Swensrud, president Gulf Oil Corp.; James Bovard, president Carnegie Institute; William Snyder III, president Shenango-Penn Mold Co. Standing (l. to r.): Park Martin, exec. director Allegheny Conference on Community Development; H.J. Heinz II, president H.J. Heinz Co.; I.W. Wilson, president Aluminum Co. of America; A.W. Schmidt, vice-president T. Mellon & Sons, Robert Downie, president Peoples First National Bank; Arthur Van Buskirk, vice-president T. Mellon & Sons, chairman Allegheny Conference

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The Fabulous Satchel Paige

By RICHARD DONOVAN

Starting the hilarious story of one of baseball's greatest pitchers and characters—the elderly (45, or maybe 53) gent with the 19-year-old arm and the 1,000-year-old brain. Here's the Satch you've never known

MR. SATCHEL PAIGE, the lank and languid patriarch, raconteur and relief pitching star of the St. Louis Browns, fairly vibrated with dignity and satisfaction as he strolled around the St. Louis railroad station one recent evening. To begin with, his physical tone was splendid—no stomach gas, store teeth resting easy, plenty of whip in his pitching arm. More important, he was in a powerful moral position.

Because of an error in reading his watch, Mr. Paige had arrived almost an hour early for the train that was to take the Browns to Chicago for a series of games with the White Sox. Never before in nearly 30 years of baseball had Paige, called by many of history's greatest pitchers the greatest pitcher who ever lived, been early for a train or anything else. It gave him an uneasy, but exceedingly righteous, feeling.

As he strolled past the baggage stand, a police officer tapped his shoulder. "What's your name?" he asked, dispensing with preliminaries.

"Leroy Paige," said Paige, surprised.

"How old are you?"

Satchel pondered; it was a question he had heard many times before.

"Well, now," he said guardedly, "people says different things. I'd judge between thirty and seventy."

"Is that so?" said the policeman, his eyes narrowing. "Just get into town?"

"Oh, I'm in and out, in and out."

"What're you out of lately?" asked the officer.

"California," said Paige, referring to his recent participation in the Browns' spring training.

"And what were you doing in California?"

"Playing," sighed Paige.

The officer was reaching for his handcuffs when Browns catcher Les Moss arrived on the scene. "What's he done?" asked Moss.

"We're looking for a murder suspect," the officer replied triumphantly, "and I think we've got him."

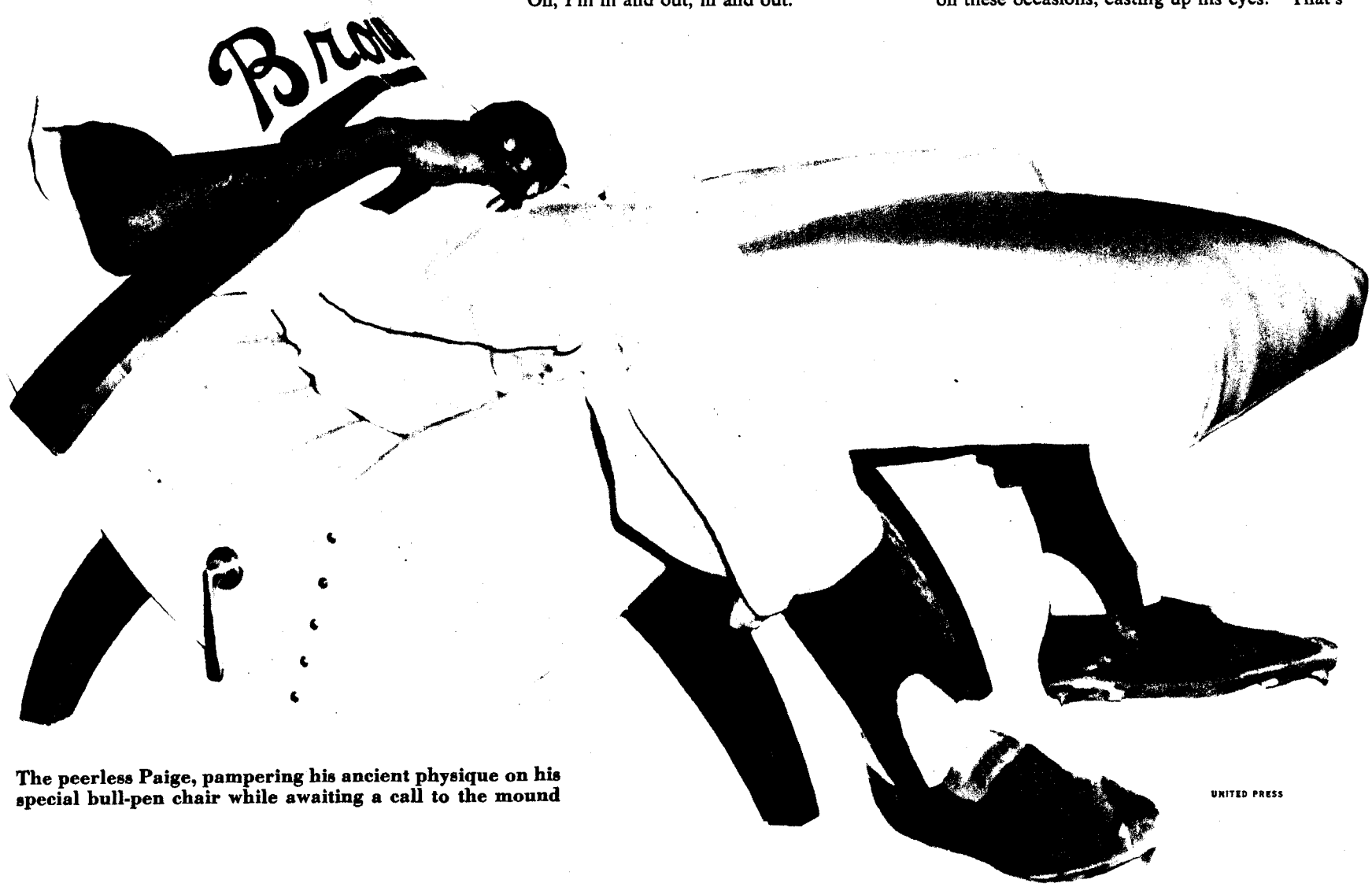
"How old is this suspect?"

"Twenty-two," said the cop.

Moss grinned, and Paige swelled visibly. "Twenty-two!" the pitcher exulted. "You hear that?"

People, as Paige truthfully said, say different things about his age, but not for 20 years or more had anyone suggested that the count might be less than twenty-five. In fact, the usually forgetful Paige knew (to his sorrow, for it had cost him a $500 wager to find out) that he had been firing his hard one in the Negro Southern Association at least as early as 1926—or five years before the officer's murder suspect was born.

Apprised of these facts, the policeman retired. But from that night to the present, Paige, whose true age undoubtedly lies somewhere between forty-five and fifty-three, has belabored his teammates with accounts of the adventure. "Twenty-two," the youthful-looking Paige says on these occasions, casting up his eyes. "That's



The peerless Paige, pampering his ancient physique on his special bull-pen chair while awaiting a call to the mound

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Yankee scouts knew rookie Joe DiMaggi

what the polices thought I was. Imagine."

Lately, however, it has been noticed that Paige's delight at being mistaken for a youth by the officer has vied with uneasiness at not being recognized by the man. "He probably thought I was passed on," he has been heard to grumble. There are many fans in the country who actually believe Paige is passed, and that irritates him. Even more aggravating are those who stubbornly accuse him of impersonating himself.

Results of Harlem Bar Poll

Paige recently was asked to make a round of bars in Harlem with two reporters who introduced him to patrons and recorded their reactions. Twelve of the 23 people approached told him to his face that he was too young to be the original Satchel. From this experience alone, it is clear that, somewhere along the line, that rarest of human conditions has crept up on Mr. Paige. He has become a legend.

That is an exasperating situation for Paige, who, before the 1953 season was a week old, had helped save three games for the Browns and who last year was probably the most valuable relief hurler in the American League (12 wins, 10 games saved, 10 losses).

Judging by his early-season performance, his fifth year in the majors may be his best.

"I'm making no predictions," his manager, Marty Marion, commented recently, "but I wouldn't be surprised if Satch crowded the 20-game-win mark this year."

Legend aside, the Browns rate Paige mostly in terms of present performance. His side positions of morale builder, historian and minstrel may have made him the most popular player on the club. But more important is his earned-run average, which was 3.07 last year —good enough to lead the Browns' regulars.

Not that the legend isn't useful. Paige is still one of the half-dozen great draws in baseball. Thousands of fans who first got wind of him in the mid-twenties now crowd parks in uneasy fascination, for who knows when he may come apart before their horrified eyes, like the one-hoss shay? It is a moving sight to see the old gentleman rise from his special canopied contour chair in the bull pen and creep out to the mound with his interminable, haste-makes-waste walk. It is even more moving to see him strike out highly advertised sluggers when he finally gets there.

Any sight of Mr. Paige is arresting, in fact. Rising six feet three and a quarter inches above size 12s, on semi-invisible legs, with scarcely 180 pounds strung between foot and crown, he sometimes seems more shadow than substance. His face mystifies many fans who peer at it to discover the secrets of time. Head on, it seems to belong to a cheerful man about thirty. From another angle, it looks melancholy and old, as though Paige had walked too long in a world made up exclusively of pickpockets. From a third angle, it

Paige in the uniform of the Kansas City Monarchs, one of the many teams he played for in the 20-odd years before he entered majors

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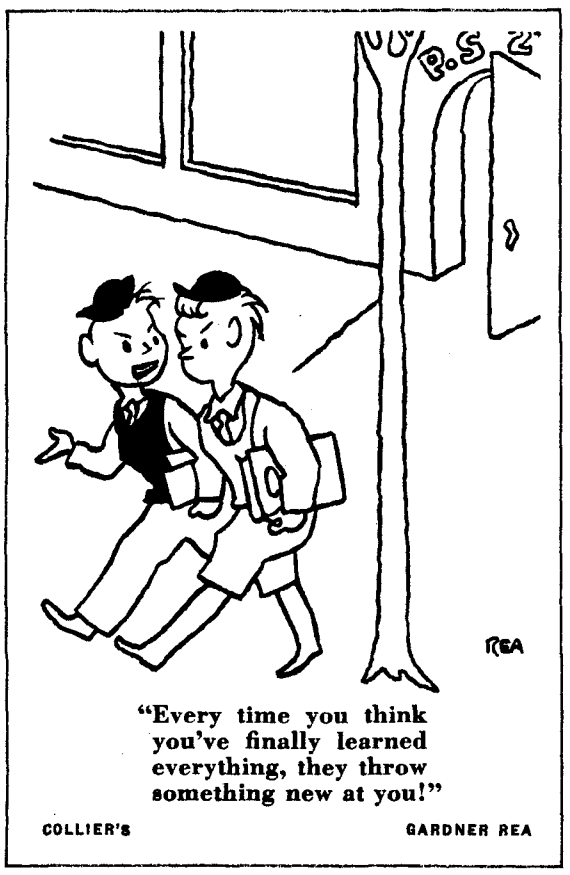
...as good—he hit ol' Satch one for four

seems a frontispiece for the great book of experience, with expressions of wisdom, restrained violence, cunning and easy humor crossing it in slow succession.

"We seen some sights, it and I," says Paige of his face.

Inside Paige, conditions are even more confusing. He faces batters, crowds, TV cameras or whatever, with the regal calm of a Watusi chieftain; yet his nervous stomach shows signs of long and severe emotional tension. He is a congenital AWOL, missing appointments, practice and, on a couple of occasions, games without much excuse ("My feet told me it was gonna rain," he explained after failing to show for a Red Sox game). He is one of the last surviving totally unregimented souls. Contracts box him in; off-field demands on his time make him jumpy; long stays in one place give him nervous stomach. With ballplayers, he is the soul of ease and friendliness; with reporters, people after him for public appearances, promoters of one kind and another, he is wary, abrupt or sullen.



"Every time you think you've finally learned everything, they throw something new at you!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

When it is recalled that he had to pitch out most of his best years on cow pastures because of big baseball's color line, and that every time he pitched he was expected to win or else, Paige's more antic attitudes are easy to understand. Now that he's up there, it is also understandable that he should feel opposed to being called a legend. Legends are tricky. On this point, however, Paige should feel entirely at ease. For underneath all the mythology lies a fact. Paige threw, and occasionally he still throws, what was probably the fastest ball ever to leave the hand of man. That is the main and enduring reason for his having been raised to the supernatural.

There are other good reasons, of course. Although records of his career are lost, forgotten or twisted by generations of sports writers, it is reasonably certain that he pitched 22 years of organized sand-lot, semipro or Negro League ball (about one and a half lifetimes for the average pitcher) before he ever ascended to the majors, and he has been in that high company almost five years. Although he may be the oldest man on record to perform regularly in the big leagues, last year he was invited to play in the All-Star game. Year upon year, he has pitched summer (over most of the United States and Canada) and winter (in California and Central and South America), and has pulled in more customers than Babe Ruth.

When historians meet, the matter of Paige's performance over the years is often the subject of mettlesome debate. It seems certain that Paige has worked a record total of at least 2,500 ball games in his life, often pitching 125 games a year, frequently working five to seven days a week without rest. He has won around 2,000 of those games, it is estimated, including some 250 shutouts and 45 no-hitters. In one month in 1935, he pitched 29 days in a row against smart hitters with but one loss; in four winter seasons (1932 to 1936), often playing against the best of the Negro leaguers and various off-season combinations of major-league all-stars, he lost but four games.

For some 20 years Paige was booked as a solo star, wearing a uniform with "Satchel" across the shirt, and playing with any team that could dig up $500 to $2,000 for three innings of his work. His travel average was 30,000 miles per year, and his earnings, in some years, $35,000. He was advertised as "Satchel Paige, World's Greatest Pitcher, Guaranteed to Strike Out the First Nine Men." Either he performed as advertised or he took side streets back to his hotel.

When Legend Is a Drawback

The Browns, who now have the legend as well as the man under contract, sometimes aren't sure whether it is a disadvantage or a benefit. On the disadvantage side, Paige's presence often tends to make opposing teams gun for early scores. Whenever the Yankees start to take the Browns too lightly, for example, Yankee manager Casey Stengel begins to pace up and down in front of the bench, pointing toward Paige warming up, and intoning: "Get the runs now! Father Time is coming!"

On the benefit side, rookie hitters, their little heads stuffed with stories of Paige's fast ball, are often retired flailing when they get nothing but floaters, slow curves and bloopers from the old gentleman. Many seasoned hitters are even more delightful to Paige because they are convinced he has lost his blinding speed and are laying for the soft one. These fellows seem perpetually outraged when the ball, delivered with the same motion Paige uses for his cute stuff, blazes across the sound barrier.

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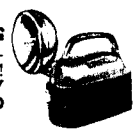

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The best batters he ever faced? Josh Gibson, Gehringer, Doby

troit's giant first baseman, swung embarrassingly wide of two Paige pitches, lost his head and loudly accused him of showboating. For reply, Paige threw a vicious fast ball.

Dropo swung so hard that he whirled around, ending in an odd, stooped position with the seat of his pants pointing toward the stands.

"My, my," clucked Paige, reproachfully. "Talk about showboatin'."

The anxious desire of most hitters, old and new, to drive him from the mound is regarded by Paige with fatherly amusement. Hitters have been trying it for approximately 30 years. As his legend grew, he became an individual target, like an old Western gun fighter whose reputation had gone out before him. Every hot-eyed bush kid, burning for immortality around the feed store, was fired up to knock him off as he rode through.

"Bangin' around the way I was, playing for guarantees on one team after another that I never heard of, in towns I never seen before, with players I didn't know and never saw again, I got lonesome," says Paige. "People didn't come to see the ball game. They came to see me strike out everybody, all the time. Occasionally I didn't."

One such breakdown took place in Union Springs, Alabama, one steaming Sunday in 1939. Paige had ridden all night in a bus, and had holed up at a hotel for a few hours' sleep before game time. He overslept, but it made little difference since the game was a social occasion and it was considered gross to arrive much before the third inning.

Going into His Show-Off Act

When Paige appeared, red-eyed and dragged out, in the middle of the fourth, the folks were just settling themselves, waving to friends, talking, sweating, looking everywhere but at the field.

"Then," says Paige, "I went in and it got quiet."

He went to work as usual and retired the first five men in order. Then, with the nonchalance of a seasoned barnstormer, he turned and waved the outfielders off the field. The crowd rose with a roar.

"I laughed to see it," Paige says. "I was still laughing when a little, no-account-looking fella come up, took that big, greazy swing and put my fast ball where my left fielder formerly was."

Paige sighed heavily at the memory. "The polices escorted me from the place as the little man crossed home," he said. "Without my guarantee."

Country boys were not the only ones seized with intimations of immortality after hitting Paige. In 1935, Joe DiMaggio, who was to go up to the Yankees the next year, got a single off Satchel and immediately lost all doubts about how he would fare in the majors.

Paige has forgotten this game, along with a couple of thousand others, but Oakland, California, sports writers have not. At the time, DiMaggio was playing around the Bay Area with an off-season team of major-league all-stars. Yankee scouts, who wished to see how their new find reacted to serious fire, finally got hold of Paige, who was taking the sun in Los Angeles. Paige was willing, after hearing about the guarantee, and started North with his team, composed entirely of Ebel Brooks, catcher for the New York Black Yankees of the Negro National League.

In Oakland, Paige found three local semipro players, filled out the roster with high-school boys and gazed solemnly at the terrifying line-up of major-league talent. Then he proceeded with the business of the day, which was to fan 15, allow three hits in 10 innings and lose the game, two to one, when his youths, possibly rendered hysterical by the reputation of the opposition, threw to the winds the three balls that came their way. With a man on third in the tenth inning, DiMaggio, who had struck out twice and fouled out once in his previous official times at bat, finally hit a hopper which Paige lost in the shadows of dusk. One ex-Yankee scout remembers sending a telegram East: DIMAGGIO ALL WE HOPED HE'D BE; HIT SATCH ONE FOR FOUR.

Paige, whose memories of names, dates and faces tend to blend in the haze of time, is always interested to learn of such past feats from archivists in the various towns he visits. But he is essentially a forward-looking man, besides being a seasoned raconteur, sage, wit and student of the human race.

As a guest of the Second International Gerontological Congress, held in St. Louis in 1951, Paige was almost as interested in the gerontologists as they were in him. The doctors had gathered to report on their studies of the effects of age upon the human body. "They heard there was a man ninety years old playing major-league baseball in the United States," says Paige, "so, naturally, we had to meet."

The doctors interested Paige because he had the impression that only one of them spoke English. "They was all from Venice (Vienna)," he explains. Everything about Paige interested the doctors—his legs, which resemble golf-club shafts, his great feet, his stringy chest and neck muscles. When they got to his right arm, there was acclaim and astonishment.

"Most of you could be between thirty-five and fifty-five," translated the English-speaking doctor, tensely, "but your arm"—the doctor hesitated—"your arm doesn't seem to be a day over nineteen."

"I just explained to the gentlemen," Paige says, "that the bones running up from my wrist, the fibius, which is the upper bone, and the tiberon, which is the lower bone, was bent out, making more room for my throwin' muscles to move around in there. I attributed most of my long life, and so on and so forth, to them two bones. The gentlemen was amazed to hear about that."

Well Informed on Many Topics

The doctors did not examine Paige's head, which is a pity, for there is enough in it to go around the average infield. He is a mountain of information on hunting dogs, expensive cars, jazz, Central American dictators, quartet singing, cameras, Kansas City real estate, Missouri River catfish, Indian maidens, stomach powders, mules and other matters. Whenever the Browns gather in a railroad club car, Paige is generally in the middle, spreading light on such matters as the futility of spring training under men like Rogers (Rajah) Hornsby, the Browns' manager the first part of last season.

"With Mr. Hawnsby, it's all runnin'," Paige told some listeners recently. "Now, I don't generally run at all, except for the showers, because of the harmful effects. I believe in training by rising gently up and down from the bench. But old Mahjong had me flyin' around, shakin' my legs and carryin' on until I very near passed. Now, what did all that do for my arm?"

Despite his sharp observance of many things, Paige's coaches complain that he does not look closely enough at the faces of the men batting against him. According to St. Louis sports announcer Bud Blattner, for example, switch-hitter Mickey Mantle hit a left-hand home run off Paige his first time up in one Yankee-Browns contest last year, then changed over and batted right-handed from there on. All the rest of the game, Paige kept asking:

THEY KNOW MORE ABOUT RUSSIA THAN ANYBODY

By BILL DAVIDSON

Do you know where the Kremlin's supersecret uranium mine is located? Did you know that Russia has 3-D movies? Or that tennis is the subject of a bitter controversy behind the Iron Curtain? A small group of Americans who never leave this country know the answers to these questions and many more. Who are they? You'll find out in the next issue of Collier's

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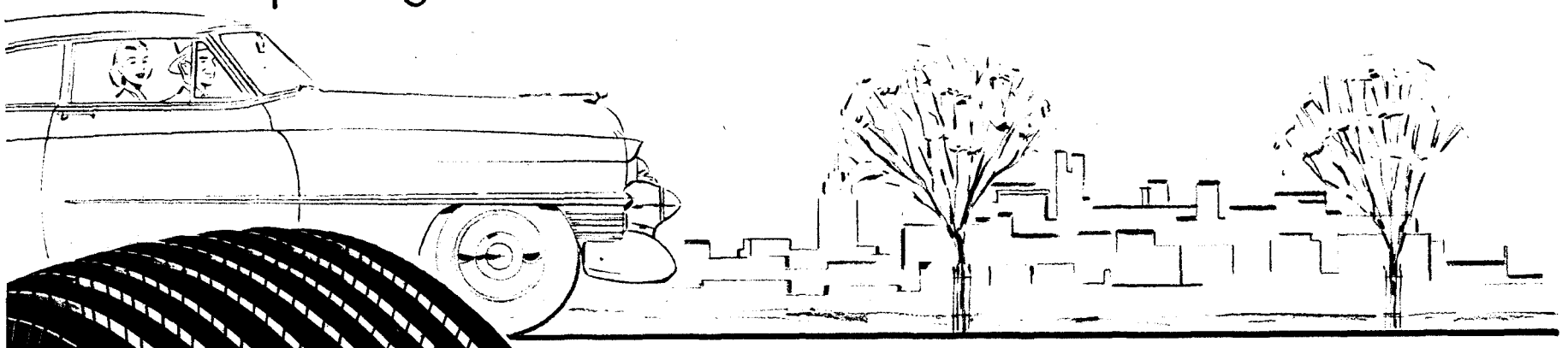

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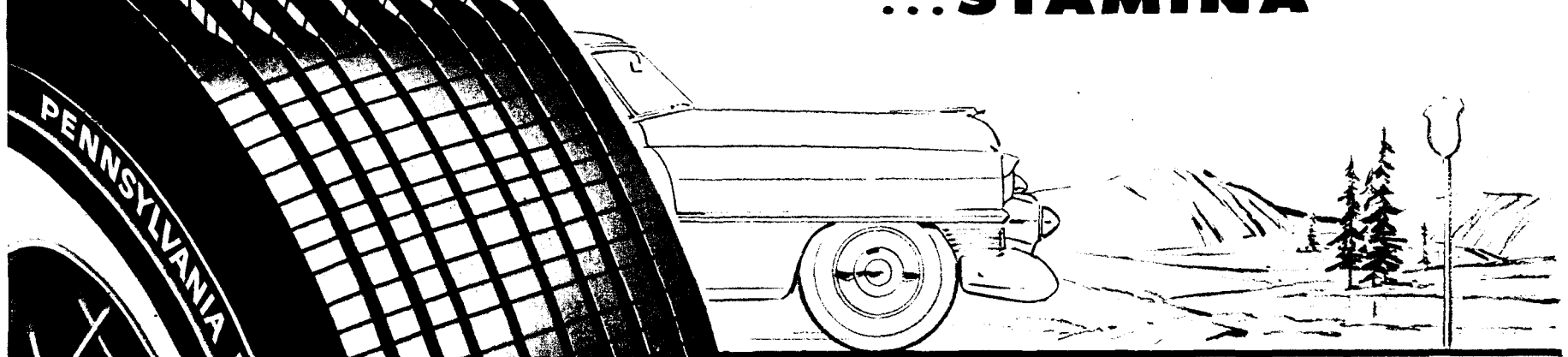

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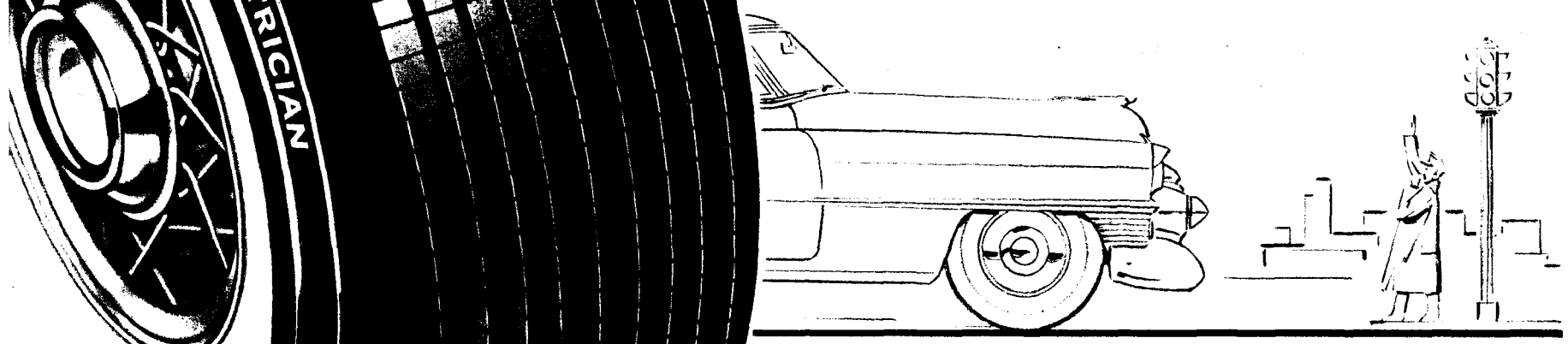

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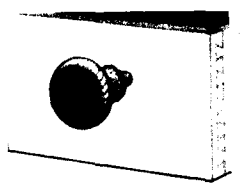

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A rock thrower, Paige switched to baseballs in reform school

"Where is that boy done me the injury?"

Chicago first baseman Ferris Fain has an explanation for the confusion Mantle created. "Paige always seems to be looking at my knees. I think he recognizes batters by their stance."

Besides his difficulty in identifying his opponents, Paige is said to suffer from a couple of delusions—that he is swift on the base paths and that he is a powerful hitter. Paige runs like an unjointed turkey, except when covering a bunt, at which time he runs like a jointed turkey. (When last checked, his major-league fielding average was 1.000.) As for his hits, he bunches them. He got five hits in 1952, three fifths of them in one 17-inning game against the Senators. Paige came on in the eleventh with the score 2-2 and, besides holding Washington hitless for five and two-thirds innings, got three singles, the last of which drove Joe DeMaestri home with the winning run. In gratitude and astonishment, owner Bill Veeck bought him a new suit.

Paige's uncertainty about names, while confusing to his audiences, rarely bothers him; he invents reasonable approximations of the original handles. Sitting in the trophy room of one of his two large brick houses in Kansas City a while ago, he recalled the tension Mark Griffin (Clark Griffith, owner of the Senators) must have felt in that 17-inning game. Reminiscence took him back a piece and he called up some of the great pitchers he had known. Bob Rapid (Feller) and ol' Homer Bean (Dizzy Dean) were among the best, he said. His memories of Grover (Big Train) Cleveland (a composite of Grover Cleveland Alexander and Walter Johnson) were vague, but he was positive about the hurling characteristics of Tom Lemons (Cleveland's Bob Lemon) and The Actor (ex-Brownie Gene Bearden of Chicago, who has been in two movies).

He Picks Three Best Batters

Hitters loom larger in Paige's mind, naturally. Josh Gibson, late home-run king of the Negro leagues, is the best batsman he ever faced, he says, with Detroit's Charley Gehringer next, and Larry Doby, Cleveland's stylish and cultivated outfielder, third. DiMaggio, with whom Paige never had much trouble, is also well remembered, probably as a social gesture. So is Boston's Ted Williams, now of the U.S. Marines.

Now that Paige is getting on toward evening, reporters are constantly prying into him for treasures of the past. Paige is discomfited by this curiosity, for he claims to be only forty-five and the questions hint at retirement.

"Who's gonna straighten out 2,500 ball games in my head?" he inquired indignantly a few weeks ago. "How many cow pastures you played on, Satchel? they wanta know. How many bus rides you took? Who put the spike scars on your shinbone? Why is your feet flat? Who was it offered you $50 to pitch a triple-header that time?" Satchel screwed up his face, which indicated that the concentration was giving him indigestion. "Man," he said, "the past is a long and twisty road."

Leroy Robert Paige started down the road during the Teddy Roosevelt administration from a small frame house in the Negro section of Mobile, Alabama. His father was a gardener. His mother, Tula Paige, who is now eighty-three and for whom Satchel bought a house in Mobile recently, said he was the sixth of eight children when questioned by Bill Veeck a while ago. She also put his birth year at 1903.

"What mama knows when her little child was bawn?" Paige said patiently when he got this news. "My draft card says 1906. I say 1908. Take your pick."

Food and living room were permanent problems for the family, but for Leroy, who was almost six feet tall at age twelve, the big problems apparently lay on the outside. One problem—where to find money to buy baseball equipment—he solved by becoming a redcap at a Mobile railroad station. After a couple of days' labor, the headwork for which he is now revered manifested itself and he rigged a "totin' device" of sticks and ropes on which he could hang as many as 10 bags for one trip. Staggering along one day, looking like a tree of satchels, he caught the eye of someone who gave him the name he has carried down the road.

The predatory warfare between Mobile's boy gangs was a much bigger problem for Paige. Several times he was beaten; just as often, he participated in the gang-beating of others. He rarely went to school. Reasoning that continuous battle against odds was the staff of life, he turned sniper, breaking windows and lumping heads with deadly, accurate rocks from his hand. The truant officer became a weekly caller; the police called, too, with complaints from parents of winged children. Finally, a juvenile judge sentenced him to the Alabama Reform School for Boys, at Mount Meigs. He was approximately 12 when he went in, 16 when he got out.

"One thing they told me in the refawm school," Paige says, "they told me that all that wild-a'-loose feelin' I put in rock throwin', I ought to put in throwin' baseballs. Well, I listened to that. Many men have watched my fast ball all these years without thinkin' what put that mean little hop on it. That's the wild-a'-loose."

Paige was six feet three inches tall and weighed 140 pounds when he rejoined society; he was reedy, solemn and taciturn in conversation but highly expressive on the mound. His mother kept him home nights but most afternoons he spent in sand-lot games, one of which happened to be witnessed by a Pullman porter in from Chattanooga. This man spoke to Alex Herman, owner of the Chattanooga Black Lookouts, and forthwith Mr. Herman appeared at the Paige house with offers. Mrs. Paige, who smelled sin in the footloose baseball life, refused to let Satchel go until Herman promised to watch him like a father and send his $50-a-month salary home. Full of reform-school warnings and memories at seventeen years of age, Satchel took the next train into the outer world.

Company's Coming

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
I'll be asking what you are
Till some nosy rocket crew
Gets a closer look at you.

—WILLIAM W. PRATT

When he appeared on the Lookouts' field for the first time, the legend-to-be was an arresting sight. His uniform flapped about him, his neck, arms and legs indicated severe emaciation, spikes had to be nailed to his street shoes until some size-12, triple-A baseball shoes could be found, his walk was labored, he cranked up like the Tin Woodman of Oz and he appeared to be speechless. Looking at him, veteran players expressed the gravest fears for owner Herman's judgment. The first man to face him in a practice session held his bat in one hand, for charity's sake.

Then Satchel threw his fast ball.

Horrors of a Sheltered Life

That evening, as the newly established most valuable player on the Lookouts, he was invited to dinner by several veterans. But he informed them that he had to eat at Mr. Herman's house and go to bed at nine thirty.

When the team went on the road, Herman's watchfulness trebled. Crowds were wild about Satchel, female eyes followed him relentlessly, and scented notes, addressed to Mr. Paige, appeared at every hotel desk. This was heady stuff to Mrs. Paige's child; sometimes, after Herman had locked him in his hotel room, Paige felt the strain was too much for flesh to bear. In the warm Southern dusk, Satchel, gazing down from high hotel windows, could see the older players talking to the girls down below. When he chanced to hear soft voices inquiring as to the whereabouts of the tall pitcher, there were times he felt he'd have to jump.

Although Alex Herman delivered Satchel to his mother, as was, at the end of his first season, it was obvious that this arrangement could not go on. By the time he was twenty-one, Satchel Paige was a seasoned traveler and an apprentice philosopher, to say the least. He had run through two roadsters. He had sat in with Louis Armstrong and his band ("I played my own chords on the Spanish guitar"); he had had ham and whisky with ol' Jelly Roll Morton at a wake in Memphis ("I didn't know the dead man but Jelly thought he'd want me to be there"); he had gone across the river from New Orleans to have his palm read by the seers of Algiers, who found a short life line; he had been a running story in the Negro press, and from Savannah to Abilene and Mobile to St. Joe, he had heard of dozens of young ladies he had never seen who were letting it be known that they might shortly become Mrs. Paige.

"It was an education," Paige recalls now. "I was tired all the time."

As he put on a little more meat, Paige's fast ball got faster. This phenomenon has been explained by Biz Mackey, a memorable catcher for the Baltimore Elite Giants, of the late Negro National League.

"A lot of pitchers have a fast ball," says Mackey, "but a very, very few—Feller, Grove, Johnson, a couple of others besides Satchel—have had that little extra juice that makes the difference between the good and the great man. When it's that fast, it will hop a little at the end of the line. Beyond that, it tends to disappear.

"Yes, disappear. I've heard about Satchel throwing pitches that wasn't hit but that never showed up in the catcher's mitt, nevertheless. They say the

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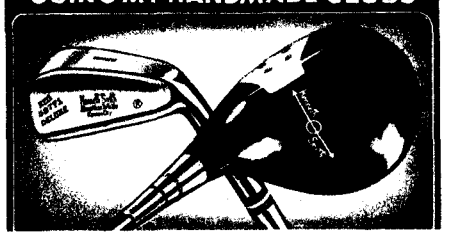

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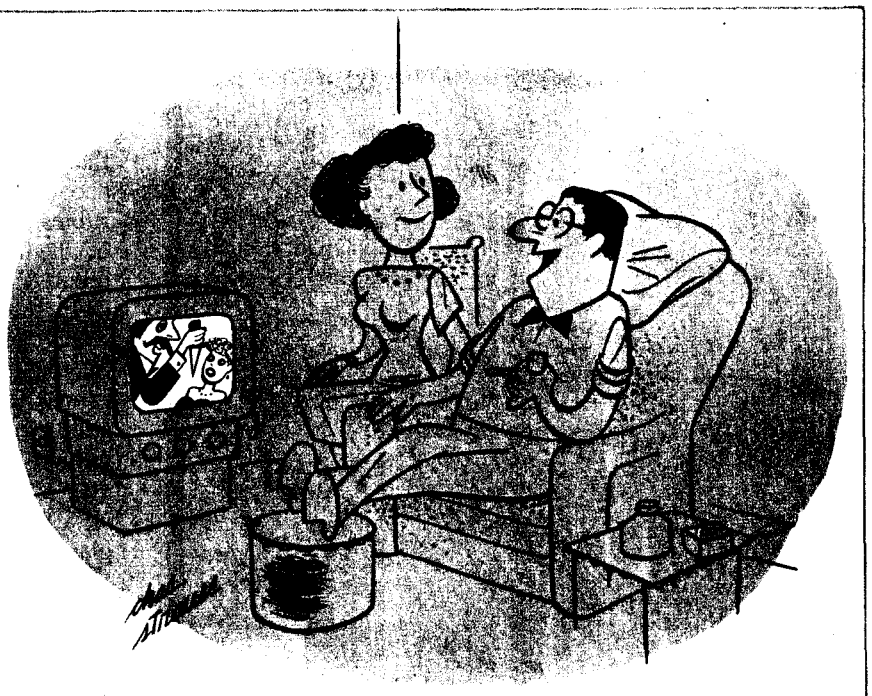

COLLIER'S

"I enjoy these old movies on television that my parents wouldn't let me see when I was a kid"

CHARLES STRAUSS

catcher, the umpire and the bat boys looked all over for that ball, but it was gone. Now how do you account for that?"

Word of such disappearances got around the Negro leagues quickly, it seems, for competition for Satchel's services was intense. Since clubs issued loosely worded agreements in lieu of contracts, players could switch to the highest bidder.

Paige, a man of sound fiscal policies except in the savings department, jumped often, playing for such teams as the Birmingham Black Barons, the Nashville Elite Giants and the New Orleans Black Pelicans. But always he had in mind the goal of most Negro players of the time, Gus Greenlee's Pittsburgh Crawfords, a team that at one time might have won pennants in either major league. For the late Mr. Greenlee, who once managed light heavyweight champion John Henry Lewis, Paige was also a goal. In 1930, he sent Satchel an offhand note: "The Crawfords might possibly be interested in having you pitch for them next season." Paige replied: "I might possibly be interested in pitching for the Crawfords sometime."

A Hard-Hitting Battery Mate

When Paige joined Pittsburgh in 1931, his receiver was Josh Gibson, a better-than-average catcher, and one of the great right-hand hitters. With the Paige-Gibson battery in action, the Crawfords could afford to be big.

At one time, for example, they were playing an exhibition game against a champion team from the U.S. Marine Corps. In the last of the ninth with the Marines up, two out, and the score 12 to 0 in favor of the Crawfords, Satchel and Gibson had a worried consultation.

"The United States Marines have got to have at least one run," said Paige.

Back behind the plate, Gibson asked who was the captain of the Marine team. It was the man at bat. "You're gonna be the hero," Gibson said.

Thereupon, Satchel pitched one so fat the surprised Marine chopped it into the ground a few feet in front of home. Gibson grabbed it and threw it 30 feet over the first baseman's head. While the Marine rounded the bases and dug for the plate, the astonished right fielder retrieved the ball and threw it home for the putout. The ball hit Gibson's chest protector and bounded high in the air. "I had a feeling you were gonna be the hero," Gibson informed the Marine captain later.

With the Crawfords, Satchel's pitching bag grew. He threw overhand, sidearm and underhand; he served up the "two-hump blooper," a queer-acting slow ball; "the barber," an upshoot that grazed the batter's chin; "Little Tom," a medium fast ball; "Long Tom," *the* fast ball, and the "hesitation pitch," a bewildering delivery in which Paige stops in mid-throw before following through.

Paige's reputation, by this time, had traveled afar. Toward the end of the 1931 seeason, he got a pleasing offer from a Señor Linares, owner of the Santa Clara, Cuba, club, to play winter ball. He accepted with every expectation of adding to his education. He did.

As a pitcher in the United States, Paige had been expected to win most of the time, but it was also realized that he might lose someday. In Cuba, this realization never came to the fans. When he got behind in a game, a terrible hush settled over the barefoot señors in the low, rudely constructed stands; if he got further behind, he could see the sun glinting on machetes all around him. And then there was the language barrier. While Satchel toiled, his teammates would hop around, chattering in Spanish.

"Speak English, brothers!" Paige would cry helplessly. "I is with you!"

After 24 straight wins for the Santa Clara club, Paige finally did lose.

"I didn't wait," he says. "I started yellin' Polices! Polices! and then I begin flyin' around the infield with the fans flyin' behind. They caught up with me at second base but the polices was a couple of jumps in the lead and we stood 'em off, knockin' some heads here and there.

"They wrote me up in the paper the next day," Paige said sourly. "Said I throwed the game."

Next week, Satch falls in love, wears a beard, fans Rogers Hornsby five times, fights a bull (it was a draw), meets an Indian maid, helps win an election—and is told he's washed up

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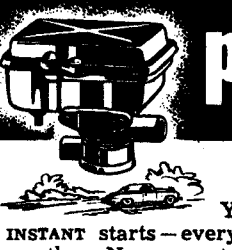

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JO SPIER

GRAFT-RIDDEN RUSSIA

SHORTLY BEFORE Stalin's death, Russia's 4,000 newspapers began bulging with a crescendo of attacks on graft. Time was when the press wasn't allowed to publish any hint of corruption in Utopia. Stalin himself decided that those days were over. His orders were to give corruption all the air it would take. Pravda and Izvestia, the nation's most important newspapers, were directed to lead the parade with columns every day of crook stories. This policy seems to be continuing under Malenkov.

The Kremlin had discovered at long last that suppression of crime news doesn't suppress crime. It works exactly the opposite. Skulduggery grows and flourishes wherever it is protected by a muzzled press.

That's what happened in Russia. Pilfering, embezzlement, padded payrolls, phony expense accounts, nepotism and a thousand other forms of theft and racketeering had been snowballing for a long while, and the time finally arrived when the government had to do something drastic. Swindlers were taking billions of rubles out of the Soviet economy.

As an aroused editor expressed it, "There are termites gnawing at the sills and foundations of the house."

Until recently, Soviet policy was to settle these matters quietly, and keep them out of the public eye. That policy just didn't work. The virus of dishonesty kept spreading. All the way from Moscow to Sakhalin, it began moving up into the ranks of government managers and directors. Local leaders established little rings of graft around themselves. Surrounded by relatives, they protected their operations by sharing the loot with officers of the party, the prosecutors and the courts.

A single recent issue of Izvestia contained accounts of a dozen major embezzlements just uncovered in various parts of the country. A clerk in a beer store got away with 10,000 rubles. (The ruble is officially valued at 25 cents.) A woman cashier in a food market stole 30,000 rubles. Both escaped punishment because they had relatives in the provincial department of justice.

In far-off Kamchatka, embezzlements of 425,000 rubles were not heeded for eight months by the prosecutor's office. In Khabarovsk, northeast of Korea; embezzlements totaling 5,000,000 rubles were uncovered in the fishermen's co-operative, and additional thefts of 25,000,000 were suspected there and in the state trading department. "Instead of mercilessly combating the pilferers," says Izvestia, "the local officials have defended them! How can those who safeguard the law prosecute others, if they themselves have their snouts in the trough?"

The situation appears equally serious on thousands of the collective farms which supply the nation's food, hides, wool, cotton, flax and other necessities. The system of bookkeeping devised for these state farms is so complicated that it invites double-dealing. Even an honest accountant can lose track of a few thousand rubles without half trying. The annual report of the average farm runs to 200 pages, plus about 300 pages of inventory.

In the republic of Georgia, farm losses got so bad last year that a big cleanup was ordered. Directed against "lawbreakers, pilferers of state property, bribetakers and embezzlers," it resulted in the return to the state of 37,500 farm animals, 20,000 acres of top-grade farmland and 93,000,000 rubles in cash.

A similar cleanup on the 3,000 farms of the giant Siberian republic of Kazakh (nearly four times as big as Texas) resulted in the recovery of 250,000 animals, 1,500,000 acres of land and 13,000,000 rubles in cash. The cutting down of an inflated administrative staff released 50,000 white-collar folks for farm work, and 5,500 people were taken off the padded payrolls as "having no relation to farm work."

In the Baku oil district, which supplies the major part of Russia's petroleum, an official statement testifies to widespread bribery and corruption. For example: "Comrade Gasanov, director of a district Motor Transport station, states that no one can obtain spare parts from the Chief Administration of the Automobile and Tractor Administration except by bribery. . . . Many dubious and unscrupulous persons have turned up among executives in district and ministry organizations, persons who use their positions for mercenary and shady ends. For a long time, criminal elements have held sway over certain decisive trade sectors, stealing and organizing mass pilfering and embezzlement. Even among our glorious oil workers—drillers, geologists and producers—irresponsible people have penetrated somehow."

And so it goes in all branches of enterprise throughout the Soviet realm. At Tashkent there is a million-ruble embezzlement in a "champagne factory," as the Russians call it. In Moscow, right on the doorstep of the Kremlin, the manager of a garment factory gets away with "several millions." In Ivanovo, the Grain Procurement Administration admits shortages of two millions. In Leningrad, the Ministry of Fishing is charged with having 1,500 excess administrative personnel, drawing 15,000,000 rubles yearly.

Day by day the newspapers keep up the anvil chorus of dispatches about grafting Russians and conniving officials.

What's the purpose behind all the hullabaloo? The aim, of course, is to get rid of crooks by arousing public opinion against them.

To this end, the daily revelations are accompanied by a barrage of exhortation from the Kremlin, urging every citizen to become a spy upon his neighbors, and to report all suspicious acts, not merely to his local party group, which may be contaminated, but also to the higher-ups and—finally, *without fail,* to the newspapers. The Kremlin regards them as its surest defense against thieves and crooks. A corrupt manager of a government enterprise may be able to bottle up the local politicians, prosecutors and courts, but he probably can't long endure the white light of publicity. The once-despised press is the Kremlin's last hope of keeping its financial resources intact for current and future needs.

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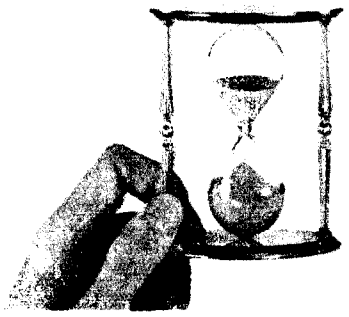
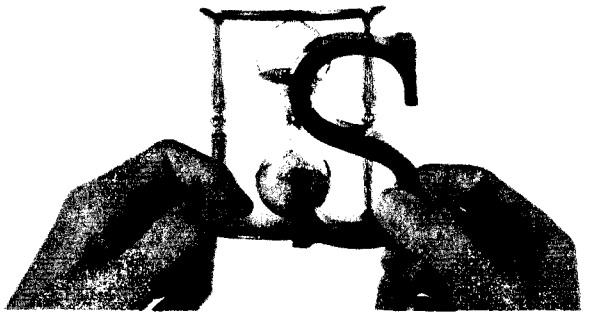
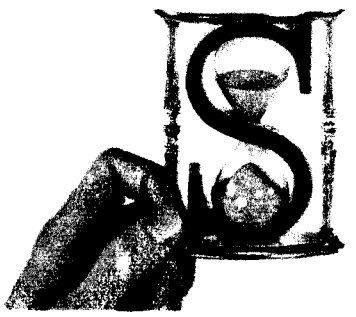

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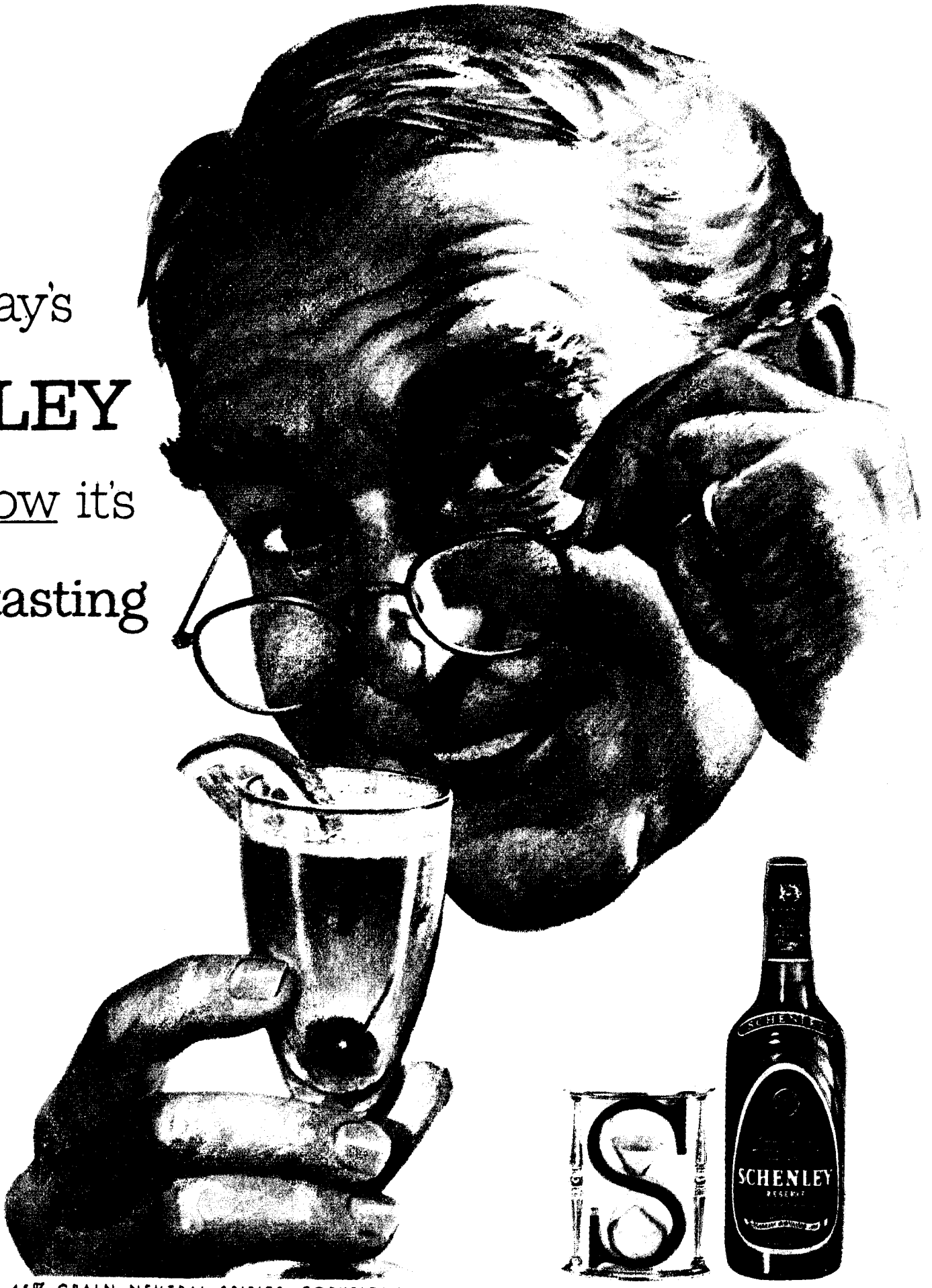

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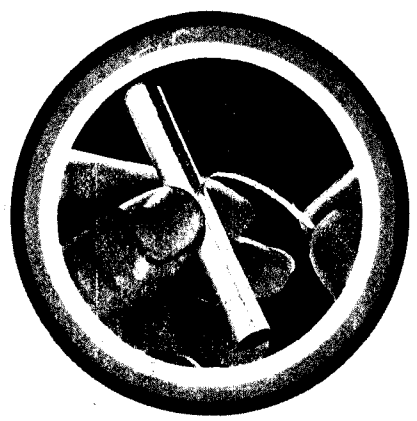

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Luckies taste better—cleaner, fresher, smoother! You can see *why* when you strip the paper from a Lucky by tearing down the seam.

First, you see that your Lucky is *made better*, because it remains a perfect cylinder of fine tobacco—round, firm and fully packed.

Second, you see Luckies' famous fine tobacco itself—long strands of fine, light, truly mild tobacco with a rich aroma and an even better taste. Yes, L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco.

Nothing—no, nothing—beats better taste, and Luckies taste better—cleaner, fresher, smoother. So . . .

Be Happy-GO LUCKY!

PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

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